March · 1929

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Elsie Janis

Albert Payson Terhune

Claire Carvalho & Boyden Sparkes

Elliott White Springs

Rupert Hughes

William Slavens McNutt

A Romance of Wilderness Trails and Airplanes

By William Byron Mowery

Can YOU Make More Money? A fascinating Test of Yourself

Everywhere, men and women look for the symbol which assures . . .

absolute certainty in motor car buying

To prospective motor car purchasers who are, perhaps, confused by the assertions of superior merit on every side, it is comforting to know that there *is* a sure and simple way of arriving at super-quality and super-value in a motor car.

No matter in what price field he may be interested, the emblem "Body by Fisher" guides the prospect unfailingly to the better motor car in every price field—and not only because "Body by Fisher" also means "General Motors car". Years, even, before Fisher became a part of General Motors, Fisher *deliberately restricted its clientele to those manufacturers noted for the superiority of their cars.* Thus Fisher was attracted to membership in General Motors as inevitably as a magnet attracts fine steel. It is for this reason that the emblem "Body by Fisher" actually constitutes absolute assurance of better value in those cars (listed below) to which it is affixed.

CADILLAC • LA SALLE • BUICK • OAKLAND PONTIAC

BODY BY FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS

OLDSMOBILE CHEVROLET

"Large cups of fragrant coffee," says MRS. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR planning her famous Maryland suppers

LIKE an oasis in the pressure of busy official and diplomatic life in Washington comes an invitation to Sunday evening supper at Rainbow Hill—Mrs. Douglas MacArthur's beautiful home in the lovely Green Spring Valley outside of Baltimore.

Knowingly provided, from her wide experience in entertaining, are those "large cups of fragrant coffee." Like others of America's most brilliant hostesses, she serves Maxwell House.

Maxwell House Coffee takes its rightful place in scenes of Southern hospitality.

Years ago a fine hotel in the Old South became famous for its superlative coffee. Travelers from all parts of the United States came to taste and remained to praise the rich mellow flavor of Maxwell House Coffee.

Southerners themselves boasted of it. They said no single coffee grown could match it. And they were right. For Maxwell House Coffee is not a single coffee flavor, but a rich, sparkling *blend* of selected coffees grown in many lands. A Southern gentleman first worked out this choice blend, which ever since has appealed unfailingly to other men and women who know good food.

Let your own family and your friends enjoy this delicious coffee at your table. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee.

"I think of all the parties I give at my Maryland house, the most popular and informal is my Sunday evening Maryland Supper. I always serve the coffee in large cups, for somehow those large cups of fragrant coffee seem unfailingly to knit a group of diverse individuals into a cordial company. For many years the mellow blended flavor of Maxwell House Coffee has been identified with the gayest, most charming aspects of life in the Old South."

Louise MacArthur

THE GENIUS OF ONE MAN gave America its ideal coffee. Only after countless, patient experiments was the mellow, full-bodied flavor of Maxwell House Coffee achieved.

LISTEN IN ON THURSDAYS

Delightful weekly radio programs are broadcast by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra, from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

"For men who want *specific* training"

says Ezra Hershey

"the Institute's New Program should be *invaluable*"

ON JANUARY FIRST, the Alexander Hamilton Institute inaugurated a new era in business training. The words of Mr. Hershey are typical of the letters that have been coming to us since that day from men of high station in the business world.

The new enlarged service is the result of two years of work with leaders of business management and business education. From this four-fold service, executives may now choose any one of the following courses:

1. The Complete Course and Service for General Executives
2. A Special Course and Service in Marketing Management
3. A Special Course and Service in Production Management
4. A Special Course and Service in Finance Management

The plan is too important and far-reaching to be set forth in an advertisement. We have prepared a special booklet describing the entire program. The following groups of men will find this booklet particularly useful in helping them to solve their most pressing business problems:

— The heads of businesses who recognize that the training of competent associates is their major problem.

— Executives interested especially in Marketing, Production and Finance, who want to concentrate their efforts in one of these branches of business.

— Younger men who desire definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

This book is in itself an interesting business document, and well worth half an hour of your time. The convenient coupon at the right will bring it to your desk. We invite you to inform yourself on this great forward step in business education by mailing the coupon at once.

EZRA HERSHEY, *Treasurer*,
HERSHEY CHOCOLATE CORPORATION

The Hershey Chocolate Corporation is the largest manufacturer of chocolate and cocoa in the world. From 1922 to 1926 its sales and revenues increased over $10,000,000. As Treasurer of this successful corporation, Ezra Hershey is notably equipped to speak on the value of business training.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
778 Astor Place, New York City

Please send me the facts about the Institute's new four-fold service.

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Position_____

Business Address_____

In Canada, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto

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$1.50 THE LARGE SIZE
$.75 THE SMALL SIZE

OF a suave smoothness, Face Powder Houbigant is lastingly and invisibly adherent. Each exquisite package is a superb achievement—a trifle more costly, perhaps, but can a triumph of makeup be measured in terms of price? Fragranced with the delightful parfums of Houbigant—Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Mon Boudoir, Subtilite and Le Temps des Lilas—Face Powder Houbigant may be had in your most becoming shade—Naturelle, Rachel, Ocre, Rosee, Ocre-Rosee or Blanche.

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

The Red Book Magazine

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FANNY HEASLIP LEA

The distinguished author of "Expert Testimony" has written a great emotional story with a tremendous situation possible only in this day when men fly, news-films suddenly flash sensational occurrences — and women love more deeply, perhaps, than ever before. It will appear in our next issue, entitled—

"Half a Moon"

Subscription price: $2.50 a year in advance. Canadian postage 50c per year. Foreign postage $1.00 per year.

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"What Can I Do Next?"

By ETHEL J. McCOY
President, Southern Appalachian Section
Camp Directors Association

"WHAT can I do next?" The desire for change, for thrills, for something new, different, and sufficiently engrossing to employ stores of surplus energy, lies behind this familiar cry of childhood and youth. No parent can afford to ignore this demand, and so lose an opportunity to turn this natural desire to profitable ends.

During nine months of the year, the modern school, with its varied curriculum, its entertainments, clubs, social and athletic functions, and numerous related activities, gives the average boy or girl little time to feel restless or bored. But, with the end of the school term, the parents are again faced with the problem of providing directed, wholesome occupation for the vacation months.

The average boy or girl has little responsibility around the home; the resort hotel is organized to meet the recreational needs of adults, not growing children. Often the leisure which vacation from school affords may result in positive harm, unless the "what to do" question is intelligently answered.

Understanding, far-sighted parents realize that modern family life cannot supply the activities which will keep growing boys and girls busy, happy, and constructively occupied, with the stimulus of wholesome companionship, all day and every day for three months. So, because they are devoted to their children and desire to give them the best things of life, they are turning, in increasing numbers, to the organized summer camp as the ideal solution to the vacation problem.

The right kind of camp is in charge of educators who understand young people and are giving their lives to their service. The camp provides leaders who are trained to anticipate the often unvoiced cry of youth, "What can I do next?" and to supply a satisfactory answer. These leaders are prepared to guide their charges into a fuller, more satisfying, more abundant life, and to help them develop the qualities which make for efficient and happy manhood and womanhood.

If you want to give your children an experience which will bring rich rewards in health, happiness and character-building, send them to summer camp. You need not concern yourself about the minor details of the program,—whether Mary had better specialize in handcraft or swimming, or little Billy in horseback riding or archery. If you are satisfied that you have chosen a good camp, you may safely leave the rest to the Director, to whom each child is a distinct personality, to be dealt with as an individual.

Organized camping is answering the perpetual question, "What can I do next?" in line with modern educational principles, in the way most pleasant and helpful for the boys and girls of today.

Ethel J. McCoy

"I GAMBLED 2¢ *and* WON $35,840 *in* 2 YEARS"

A Story for Men and Women who are dissatisfied with themselves

THIS is the story of a gamble—a 2c risk—which paid me a profit of $35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

Almost any $40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the $40-a-week rut. My earnings were $2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising costs of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of $20,000 a year. That's exactly $17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of $35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife's and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do. When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the *will* to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a $5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a $100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a $40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old $40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am $36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

* * *

The Pelman Institute will be glad to send a copy of "Scientific Mind Training" to any interested individual. This book is free. It explains Pelmanism. It tells what it does to the mind. It tells what Pelmanism has meant to others. For over 25 years Pelmanism has been helping people to happiness. Over 650,000 others have studied this remarkable science. Among those who have praised it are such great world figures as Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Harry Lauder, T. P. O'Connor, Major Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden, and many others. Your whole life may be altered as a result of reading "Scientific Mind Training." Send the coupon. You have nothing to lose. If Pelmanism does not help you it costs you nothing. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon. No salesman will call on you. Decide for yourself what to do after you read the free book about Pelmanism. Mail the coupon NOW.

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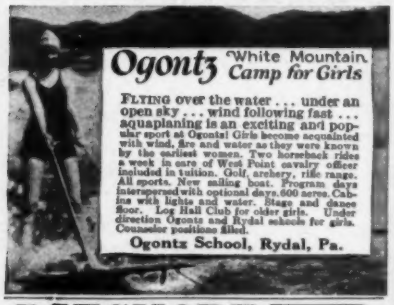
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S CAMP SECTION

SUMMER CAMPS AND SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND FOR GIRLS

NEW ENGLAND STATES



Ogontz White Mountain Camp for Girls

FLYING over the water . . . under an open sky . . . wind following fast . . . aquaplaning is an exciting and popular sport at Ogontz Girls become acquainted with wind, fire and water as they were known by the earliest women. Two horseback rides a week in care of West Point cavalry officer included in tuition. Golf, archery, rifle range. All sports. New sailing boat. Program days interspersed with optional days. 600 acres. Cabins with lights and water. Stage and dance floor. Log Hall Club for older girls. Under direction Ogontz and Rydal schools for girls. Counselor positions filled.

Ogontz School, Rydal, Pa.

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"The Camp of Happiness" on Lake Fairlee, Ely, Vermont. Attractive sleeping bungalows. Horseback riding featured. All water and land sports. Excellent food and personal care. Limited enrollments. For booklet, write the Directors,

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Camp WIHAKOWI

For Girls In the Green Mts.

All outdoor activities on land and water. Riding. Illustrated booklet. PROF. AND MRS. A. E. WINSLOW, Box 85, NORTHFIELD, VT.

ABENA FOR GIRLS

Belgrade Lakes, Maine. Twenty-third season. Booklet. Miss Hortense Hersom, 46 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CAMP WICHITEE

WEST DRESDEN, ME. Girls 8 to 18. All sports and crafts. Moderate rate.

MISS HARRIETT M. BALCOM,
1193 Commonwealth Ave., Allston, Mass.

BENDITO

A CAMP for GIRLS

HARRISON, MAINE. Water Sports. Riding. Hiking. *Illustrated booklet.*

Miss Phoebe R. Haskell - Rochester, Mass.

CAMP ACADIA

Girls 8 to 16 21st Season
Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.
All sports—Gypsy Trips—Dramatics—Dancing

Dr. and Mrs. S. Grant Quinby
Lakeport, N. H.

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In the White Mountain region. The rate, $250, includes horseback-riding and mountain trips which are featured. No extras. 10th season. Illustrated booklet.

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ADEAWONDA

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In one of the most healthful and beautiful spots in New England. Price for the season, $175.00. No extras for horseback riding and auto trips to White Mountains. Write Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Bowlby, Meriden, N. H.

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Pleasant Lake NEW LONDON, N. H.

Moderate rate, inclusive fee. All activities. Swimming a specialty. A horse for every girl. Booklet.

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CHAPPA CHALLA Duxbury, Mass.

A Camp Cod Camp for Girls and a Day Camp for Boys and Girls 5-16. Variety of Sports, emphasizing sailing and water sports. *Write The Directors for booklet.*

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Personality training. Crafts. Art. Dancing. Dramatics. Tutoring. Horse-back riding. Safe water sports. 300 acres. Half mile shore. Bungalows. Junior unit. Training school for counselors.

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TEELA-WOOKET

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Wätätic

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Healthful location. All salt water sports. Free horseback riding. Illustrated booklet.

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CAMP MYSTIC MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

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MARY L. JOBE AKELEY, Room 11068, 607 Fifth Ave., New York City

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Seashore camp for boys 5-16. A wonderful summer of salt water and land sports. Shopwork. Separate Camp Knollmere for girls. Booklets. DRS. G. ALBERT R. SLOPER, East Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

BONNIE DUNE CAPE COD, MASS.

The Nautical Camp for Boys

Sailing, Swimming, Aquaplaning, Cruising, Canoeing, Model Boat Building. Expert Staff. Membership limited to 30 boys, 8-14. 18th season. Catalogue.

Dwight L. Rogers, Jr. 45 W. 45th St., New York

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Which Camp?

Boys' and girls' camps have become the most popular branch of our educational system. Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, said they constituted America's greatest contribution to the educational systems of the world. There are good camps and bad. So THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE sent observers to visit hundreds in the principal camping regions. You cannot begin your investigation and selection of a camp too early. Write today for the catalogues of those which interest you. If you need help in finding the right camp write to our Camp Information Department giving all details. A free service to our readers. Address

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

CAMP NAGARDA 125 ACRES Lisbon, Maine

Where Home and Camp Are One

Boys 3-12. (Twenty-five only, small groups.) For each child a gain in right thinking, health and happiness. $300 Season. Class "A" rating, Maine State Department of Health. Ethel W. Wass, Primary Supervisor Public Schools, 116 N. Allen St., Albany, N. Y.

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Boys 7-17. Separate units. Mature experienced counselors. Elective daily program. Cabins. Riding. Mountain, canoe, ocean trips. All sports. Shop. Infirmary.

WM. H. MORGAN, Director
Hotel Mayflower, 1138 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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FOR BOYS 7-17. OXFORD, MAINE

40 miles from Portland. Airy Cabins. Modern Conveniences. Golf Course. Horseback trips. Athletics and Aquatics. Limited number. Booklet. Joseph F. Becker, Lawrence-Smith School, 168 E. 70 St., New York City

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L. D. ROYS, 42 Bowdoin St., Cambridge, Mass.

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Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

15th SEASON. Junior and Senior Camps. All sports. Long canoe cruises and Mt. trips for Seniors. Auxiliary White Mt. Camp included in fee. Exceptional Junior Camp for young boys. Exceptional care. Illustrated Booklet. Thomas E. Freeman, 240 Maple St., West Roxbury, Mass.

CAMP PENACOOK North Sutton, N. H. 31st Season

For boys who want a real camp with a varied program of activity. Water sports. Limited number. Exceptional equipment. Booklet.

R. B. Mellors, M.S., Scarborough School, Scarborough-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Sunset Camp for Boys Greenfield, N. H., on Sunset Lake in Mt. Monadnock Region

Equipment modern and complete. All Land and Water Sports. Nature Study and Manual Training. Overnight Hikes to Monadnock and other peaks. Charles S. FitzGerald, Teacher-Coach of Boston Latin School, Director. For Booklet address

Mrs. M. AGNES BOYLE, 64 HARTFORD ST., DORCHESTER, MASS.

WASSOOKEAG SCHOOL-CAMP

School Program — 13 College and School teachers for 40 boys, 14-21. Camp Program — Riding, Tennis, Sailing, Golf, Aquaplaning, Trips. Sports Staff of 8.

LLOYD HARVEY HATCH, Director, Dexter, Maine

GLENBROOKE for BOYS

On Lake Memphremagog, Near Newport, Vermont

Progressive individualized camping for a limited number of boys of all ages.

H. R. Dane, 74 Kirkland St., Cambridge, Mass.
Harvard Graduate School of Education

PASSUMPSIC for BOYS

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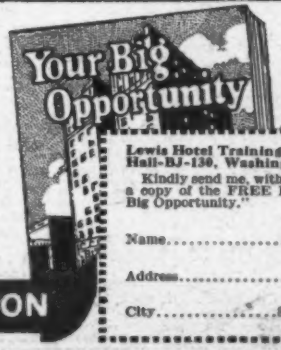

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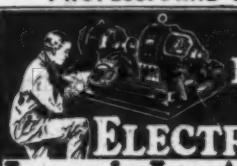

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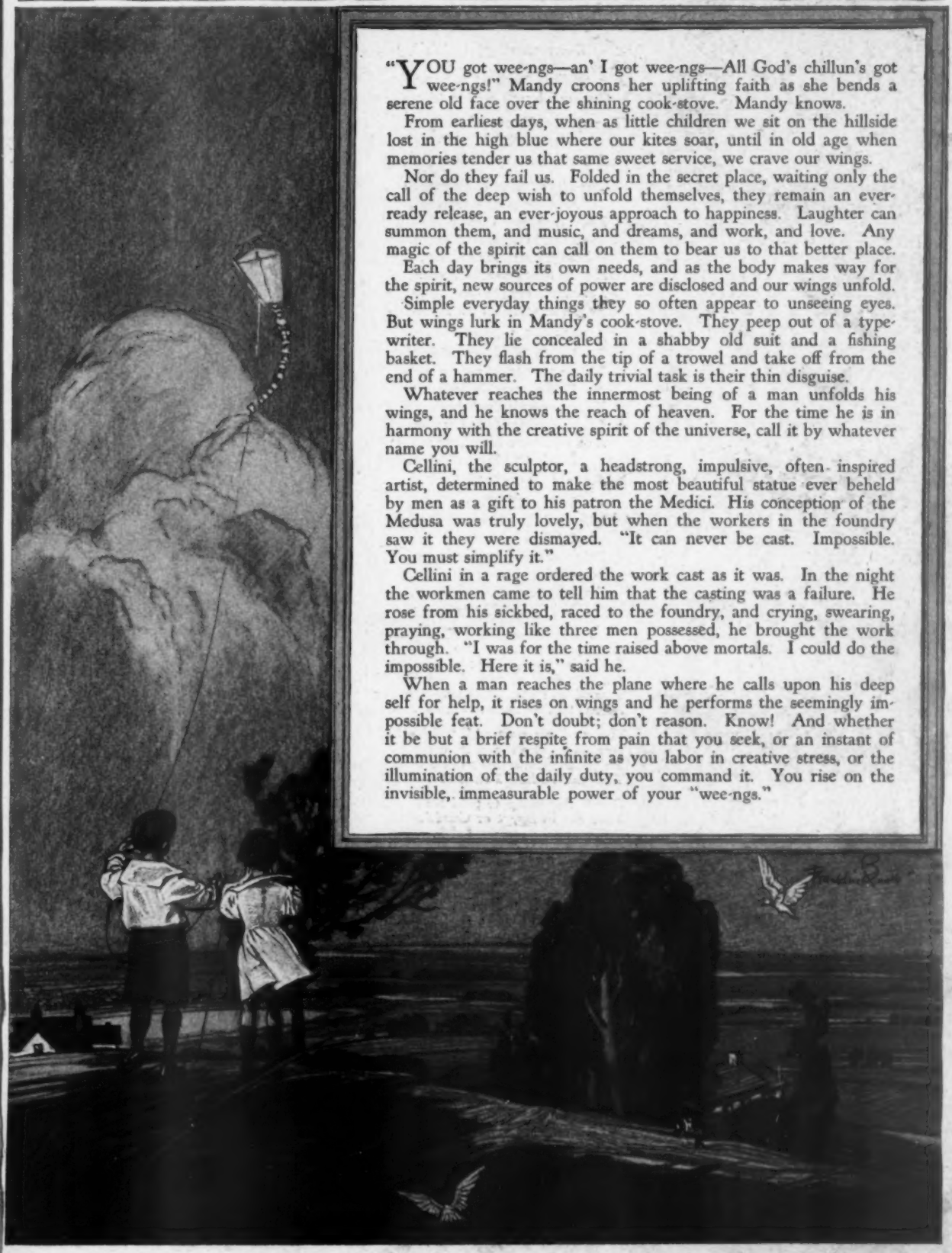
By Angelo Patri • Decoration by Franklin Booth



"YOU got wee-ngs—an' I got wee-ngs—All God's chillun's got wee-ngs!" Mandy croons her uplifting faith as she bends a serene old face over the shining cook-stove. Mandy knows.

From earliest days, when as little children we sit on the hillside lost in the high blue where our kites soar, until in old age when memories tender us that same sweet service, we crave our wings.

Nor do they fail us. Folded in the secret place, waiting only the call of the deep wish to unfold themselves, they remain an ever-ready release, an ever-joyous approach to happiness. Laughter can summon them, and music, and dreams, and work, and love. Any magic of the spirit can call on them to bear us to that better place.

Each day brings its own needs, and as the body makes way for the spirit, new sources of power are disclosed and our wings unfold.

Simple everyday things they so often appear to unseeing eyes. But wings lurk in Mandy's cook-stove. They peep out of a typewriter. They lie concealed in a shabby old suit and a fishing basket. They flash from the tip of a trowel and take off from the end of a hammer. The daily trivial task is their thin disguise.

Whatever reaches the innermost being of a man unfolds his wings, and he knows the reach of heaven. For the time he is in harmony with the creative spirit of the universe, call it by whatever name you will.

Cellini, the sculptor, a headstrong, impulsive, often inspired artist, determined to make the most beautiful statue ever beheld by men as a gift to his patron the Medici. His conception of the Medusa was truly lovely, but when the workers in the foundry saw it they were dismayed. "It can never be cast. Impossible. You must simplify it."

Cellini in a rage ordered the work cast as it was. In the night the workmen came to tell him that the casting was a failure. He rose from his sickbed, raced to the foundry, and crying, swearing, praying, working like three men possessed, he brought the work through. "I was for the time raised above mortals. I could do the impossible. Here it is," said he.

When a man reaches the plane where he calls upon his deep self for help, it rises on wings and he performs the seemingly impossible feat. Don't doubt; don't reason. Know! And whether it be but a brief respite from pain that you seek, or an instant of communion with the infinite as you labor in creative stress, or the illumination of the daily duty, you command it. You rise on the invisible, immeasurable power of your "wee-ngs."

No Place Like Home

By BERTON BRALEY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

The syndicate poet sat at home,
Getting a hunch for his daily pome.

He wrote at the top of the page,
"CONTENT"
And this is the way his verses went:

The city's full of clamor,
And the people frown.
I find a softer glamour
In My Old Home Town,
Where faces never harden,
And in that peaceful Arden,
I cultivate my garden
In My Old Home Town!

A little cash is ample
In My Old Home Town,
Where people do not trample
Fellow-mortals down;
Where crowds don't push and shove me,
I find old friends to love me
And rustling trees above me
In My Old Home Town.

I find the life is fitter,
In My Old Home Town,
Than all the glare and glitter
Of the city's crown.
I'll go where friends are truest,
Where worries are the fewest
And skies are always bluest,
In My Old Home Town.

The syndicate poet said, "That's *that!*"
And grabbed his overcoat, stick and hat,
And started out. But his secretary
Said, "Wait a minute! A bird named Harry
Phoned up from the lobby. Some one who
Asserts that he went to school with you."

The syndicate poet said, "Those hicks
Are always blowing in from the sticks
To peddle gossip that's old and stale from
That terrible hole I chanced to hail from.

So tell that lollop to twirl his hoop,
That I'm in Egypt or Guadeloupe!

And when you've streeted him, call my car—
I'm going up to the Mirabar.

The gang is staging a party, which
Is gonna be something rare and rich,

And here and now I am giving warning—
Don't look for me till tomorrow morning.

Remind me, though, when I heave in sight
To do that poem I've got to write

About the flowers and cows and bees
And the Little Cottage Beneath the Trees!"

Photo by Hal Phyfe New York

DOROTHY KNAPP: One day not so very long ago, Miss Dorothy was introduced to that premier judge of feminine beauty, Howard Chandler Christy, who unhesitatingly acclaimed her the most beautiful girl in New York, America, and points east, west, north and south. Her discovery, however, ought to go to the credit of Mr. Stewart, who saw her first. That was in her native Chicago, where he as an illustrator, and she as his model, achieved their introduction to the public via The Red Book Magazine. Eftsoons the Knapp family moved to New York, and daughter Dorothy, strongly leaning toward art, entered the Art Students League there. Now, were it not inhuman to expect her to continue her art studies long, with surrounding artists of all ages and renown entreating her to desist? So she easily posed her way to fame, gained the title of American Venus in a beauty contest, became a season's leader in the Ziegfeld galaxy, and is now one of the smartest features in Carroll's Vanities. Study of singing, dancing, elocution, exercising to preserve her trim fitness, posing—there is a busy lady for you.

Photo by Robinson, New Rochelle, New York

ROBERT W. STEWART: It is probable that Mr. Stewart happened upon the light of day in the glorious commonwealth yclept Cleveland, Ohio; for there he celebrated the fifth anniversary of his birth, memorable because that day he became possessed of a box of water-colors, and by the same token, obsessed with the desire to live the life of an artist. As soon as the Cleveland School of Art would take him, he entered it, which was very soon indeed. 'Twas there he laid his plan for the future. Followed in quick sequence a job as a newspaper artist, a westward trek to Chicago into a similar position with richer emolument, the coveted début into the realm of illustration via The Red Book Magazine, and then New York. All of this transpired according to a sort of schedule, in an amazingly short time. Now he resides and has his studio in New Rochelle, N. Y.

VALERIA LAMAR WILLIAMS

Every so often the Lamar family supplies a character pro bono publico. Such as the second president of the Republic of Texas, and a United States Senator, and a Supreme Court Justice—all Lamars—not to mention other bright luminaries in the lineage of Miss Valeria. It is to be expected that every member of the family tries to contribute his or her share to its fame. This young lady undoubtedly had her duty to the clan in mind when she left her old home-town, Macon, Georgia, and came to New York to study the drama. There simply has to be some diversion to counteract close application to one's scholastic chores, and Miss Williams found it in posing for Mr. Hoff. It was very interesting, fascinating, in fact; and having completed her studies, she continued in her avocation of model. She is fond of all sports, and likes to watch those in which she does not personally engage; but she excels in cookery. She lives on Long Island.

Photo by Hal Phyfe New York

GUY HOFF: Rochester, N. Y., owns Mr. Hoff as its native son. When a very young man his family started for the West, took him along, and got as far as Buffalo. This suited Guy admirably, for the town boasts an attractive art school, which presently numbered him among its students. This turn of the youngster's ambition was not according to parental schedule; for he had taken a course in forestry at college, which, however, had intrigued him not. After some successful semesters, he decided upon going to New York to widen his art horizon, and enrolled in the Art Students League. Returning again to Buffalo, he felt the call to make practical use of the knowledge acquired, and began by lending his art and dexterity to the uplift of the art of signpainting. So well did he do his Q's and P's, that he came to the ken of the theatrical Shuberts, who sent Mr. Hoff back to New York—there to display his technique. Eventually the chance to do illustrating came. His magazine covers are among the best known and most admired. He does his work in one of the Van Dyck studios, in Eighth Avenue, New York.

LOREN STOUT: The best instruction to be had in Kansas City, Missouri, was bestowed upon its native son, Mr. Stout. Art arbiting is not only aptly done by the Kansas City *Star*, but its appreciation of an A-1 promising student was commercial as well as esthetic to the point of eventually providing him with a position on its art staff. Mr. Stout had this distinction. After serving the *Star* for a time, he transferred his efforts to the Chicago *Tribune*, and later took the long step to New York, where he lives and toils during the winters. In the summer he deserts the big town for his abode in Rhode Island, spending the season painting and paddling a canoe—or the piano—doing very well at it, indeed. There is a man who knows what to do with a vacation! During the war he was in the thick of the scrapping, with the old Seventh Regiment of New York. Though not over-sympathetic to the feminine model as an inspiration, it is quite different when he can have Miss Goya's posing. And who would wonder at that?

Photo by Dunkel, New York

CAROLA GOYA: Miss Goya is the famous Spanish beauty who electrified New York a year ago with her Andalusian and Aragonese dances, then went to Europe and quickly became the toast of the *haute monde* in London, Paris and Madrid. Now she is back with us—bringing with her the *Flamenca*, a type of dance never before seen in this country. And the costumes she wears! Such lacery, embroidery and general finery, all from her native Spain. Dear, oh, dear, not to say *caramba!* What all this beauty and accoutrement mean to the artist for whom she will pose—lucky Mr. Stout!

Photo by
Alfred Cheney Johnston
New York, N. Y.

POLLY WALKER:

Stage and art have equal claim upon the talents of Miss Polly, who is a Chicago lass. Walker, père, was a Scotch bagpiper, and Uncle Al was a clown; both belonged to the circus world. They were anxious that Polly, too, should grace the sawdust ring, but she failed to spark to their idea. Now the stage—that was better. She sang and she danced, but before she did either she painted. George Cohan, in whose musical play "Billie" she is now starring, points with pride to several paintings by her which he owns. Posing for Mr. Knight and sometimes painting with him she regards a distinct pleasure.

Photo by Frederick Bradley, New York

CLAYTON KNIGHT:

From Rochester, N. Y., where he was born, Mr. Knight came to the Art Institute in Chicago to lay the foundation for his future career as an illustrator. Of this he had just made a signal success when the war broke out, and he enlisted with the British as an aviator. Having thus an opportunity to watch the greatest drama of modern times from a point of admirable advantage, he made splendid use of his ability to record pictorially what he saw, until he was shot down over the German lines and interned in an enemy hospital. All the drawings he had made he carried with him when he fell, and they were confiscated by the Germans. Flying being so popular just now, a publisher wanted a book for boys on the subject, and Mr. Knight undertook the task, both writing and illustrating it; he entitled his story "The Non-Stop Stowaway." Katharine Sturges, the artist, is Mrs. Knight.

JEAN TENNYSON: Chicago's production of talent and beauty is high-grade and prolific, and Miss Tennyson is another who proves that assertion. She came to New York to study music, and eventually sailed to Italy—there to attain, under a master's tutelage, vocal perfection. Returning to New York she was made the understudy to the lead in a musical comedy. True to prima donna instinct and temperament, the star of the play got herself married one fine evening, leaving the show high and dry at the same time. That was Jean's big chance; she "saved" the show and was famous in a week. The season ended, she again went to Europe for more study—goodness, she's a glutton for education! Returning home, she toured the country in vaudeville, and is now prima donna in the "Vanities." Her goal, naturally, is grand opera. When her many duties permit it, she surrenders some of her time to posing for Mr. Henkel.

Photo by Austin New York

AUGUST HENKEL: Philadelphia is August's native heath, and his parents decided early that he should become a slave to the weekly pay envelope. But he had chosen art for a mistress, and so a compromise with the folks had to be effected—to wit, he was apprenticed to an engraving house, salary three dollars per week. Having held this position half a day, the boss handed him twenty-five cents and his hat. The lesson of this experience was bitter, but the Henkel career must not be hampered. For a time he labored in the art department of a newspaper, then tried his luck at carving picture frames. Always he managed to avail himself of every opportunity to keep going his studies at the Pennsylvania Academy. In 1912 he went to New York, and soon came into his own as one of the funniest of comic artists. His residence and studio are in Queen's Village, N. Y.

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than many women think

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

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A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Intelligence Tests

By BRUCE BARTON

VERY early in the morning I got off the train in a small city and asked the taxi-driver to take me to the principal hotel, which was only six blocks away. Up the hill he went, whistling, while I glanced at the headlines in the paper. Presently I looked up to discover that we had driven past the hotel a quarter of a mile.

When I remonstrated, he said guilelessly: "Where is that hotel, anyway? I just took this job yesterday, and I don't know."

If it had been later in the day, I might have been tempted to utter some helpful advice. I might have suggested that he could have bought a map of the city the night before and found out how to reach the twenty addresses to which taxies most frequently go. Abraham Lincoln would have done that. Napoleon would have done it. Otto Kahn would have done it.

But such advice would not have pleased my driver. He was quite sure that whatever he did was all right. He will go through life losing one job after another, growing constantly a little more baffled and bitter. And when he is an old man, he will complain to his grandchildren that the rich kept him from ever doing well.

His brothers and his cousins and his sisters and his aunts come to see me. They go to see everybody who has a business address. Their story is always the same. If some one with influence would help them a little, they could get a good job. It never seems to occur to them that if they would kick at a door until it fell down, and grab a broom and start to sweep, they would sweep themselves into a job.

The dean of a great university has an office in one of the college buildings, and the word *Private* is painted conspicuously on the door. Next door to him is the office where the freshmen go to take their intelligence tests.

One day when the dean was busy in his own room, the door was flung open by a young man who saw at once he had made a mistake. He drew back, embarrassed. "I came to take my intelligence test," he stammered.

In a gentle voice the dean replied: "You have already taken it."

He had already taken it! Poor chap —forever he will be getting his numbers mixed; always he will be bursting in through the wrong door.

Most troubles come not because people lack sufficient brains to do well. They refuse to use their brains, hoping blindly that something will turn up.

The best intelligence test is self-administered. It is to ask each night at bed-time:

"Just what have I done today *to help myself?*"

The Treasure has been found. It is shared with all those who love sweets. The trail of the treasure hunter leads to the sign of the nearest Whitman agent —Ask him for Whitman's PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES. © S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

Illustration by J. Allen St. John

WEATHER and water had won again—the frightful Arctic cold and open leads in the Arctic Sea. For the sixth time Peary had ushed to the limit of his strength toward his goal,—the North ole,—as yet unattained by man.

He had gained a point north of that won by his gallant rival lansen, and he had bettered the record of the bold Duke of bruzzi. Robert Edwin Peary stood at 87°6′, the farthest north of an; and with exhausted dogs, supplies nearly spent, and "with eavy and discouraged heart," he had no choice but to retreat. eary was fifty. He had made a tremendous record—more than nough to satisfy an ordinary man. . . . .

Three years have passed; he is fifty-three, "with three more ears of the inevitable wear and tear of the inexorable game." gain he has gained that "farthest north;" and this time he stands rong, unexhausted, with fresh dogs and ready men.

His party has fought its way forward in six sections, each tak-g in turn the brunt of trail-breaking over the heaped-up pressure dges of the Arctic floe.

Dr. Goodsell, surgeon of the base ship *Roosevelt*, has given his est, and with the weakest Eskimos and dogs, has gone back; onald MacMillan, of Bowdoin, next has borne the burden of the dvance, and has returned toward the ship; Borup, the young Yale thlete, and Marvin, the Cornell professor, have passed the points t in the plan of the campaign; they have given over their extra pplies and best dogs to the polar party, and they in turn have gun the retreat. Only Bartlett, skipper of the *Roosevelt*, and enson, the negro servant, and Eskimos and dogs are with Peary.

At last, on the eighty-eighth parallel—two degrees from the Pole—Bartlett ceases to break the trail; he gives over his best men and best dogs and turns back. Peary and Henson, with four Eskimos driving five sledges and thirty-eight dogs, advance.

"The years," said Peary, "seemed to drop from me. . . . . We were in a region where no human being had ever been. On we pushed . . . . the ice bending under sledges and men" (as they crossed leads but newly frozen) ". . . . but a man who would wait for ice to be really safe would not get far."

Five fast, forced marches, and five camps from where the last supporting party turned back; and now:

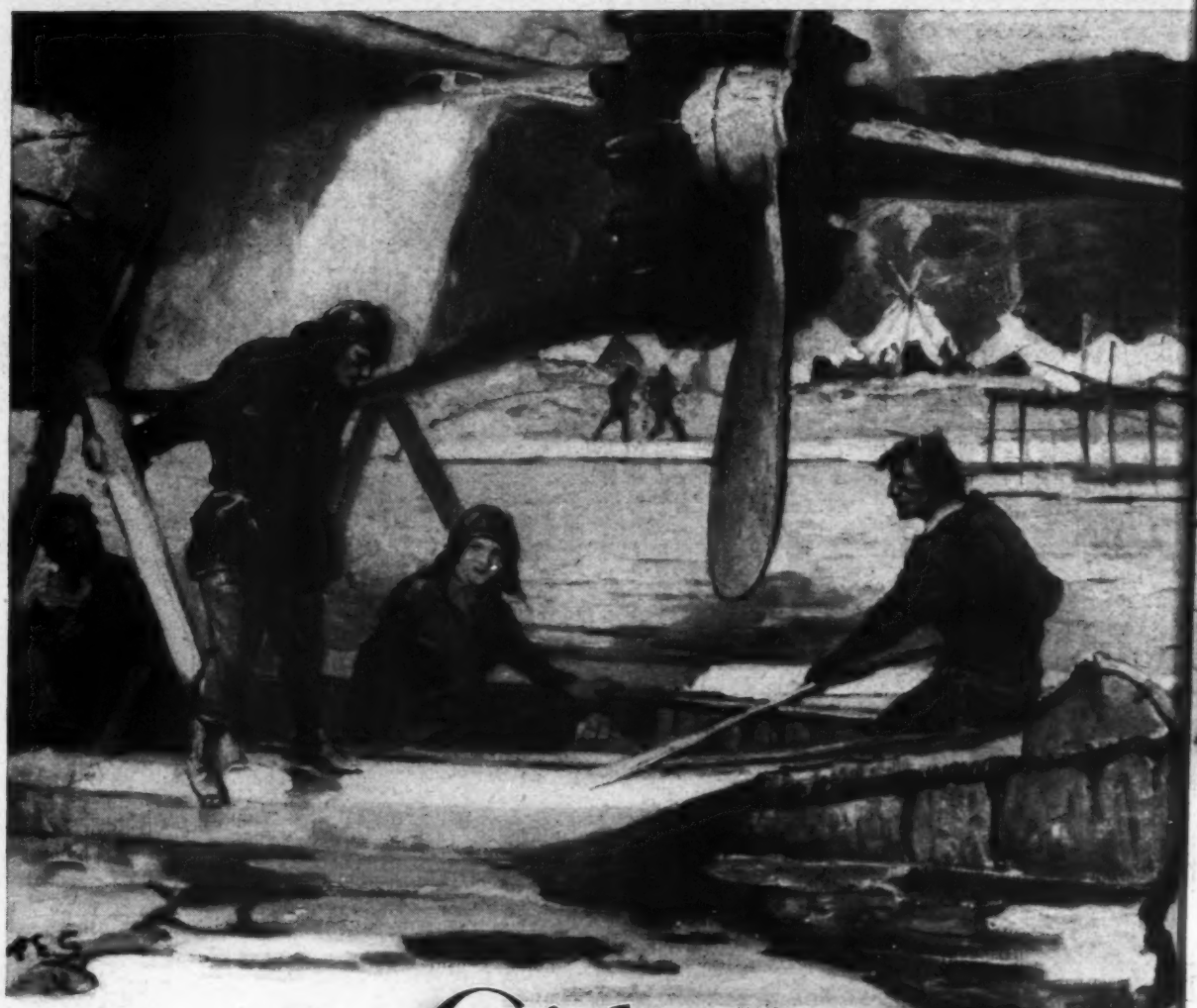
"The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace!"

For fifteen years, on every attempt, Peary had carried wrapped around his body an American flag given him by his wife. He raised it now at the Pole.

Marvin, traveling alone with his Eskimos, perished on the journey south; the rest returned to meet the acclaim of the world.

"One of the great feats of the ages, the greatest feat of our generation," the President of the United States pronounced it. This was Theodore Roosevelt, last great protagonist of the earth-bound generation of adventurers—and he lived to salute the glorious death of a son in air battle.

Since this first visit just twenty years ago, the eyes of Richard Byrd and Nobile and Amundsen and their comrades have gazed upon the polar floe; but all of them flew in the sky.



The Girl from God's Mercie

AGAIN, without wishing it, Stanley found himself watching the black-haired girl who sat eight seats ahead of him in the Pullman coach. And once more he began spinning an elaborate guesswork about her: who she could be, where she was going, what business was taking her on and on into this Northern wilderness.

Through the open window she was looking across a vista of lakes and woods and bluish hills into the endless North, as though her thoughts were there. Very strange, Stanley mused—his long journey with her. By the same trains they had come up across the latitudes together for more than twelve hundred miles. He first had seen her on a diner between Chicago and Duluth, and could not forget her—one face out of the blur of crowds and the flitting kaleidoscope of his trip. Then he had seen her standing tiptoe at a ticket-window in Winnipeg. At the Pas—that gateway into New Manitoba and dimly known Keewatin—he had come suddenly upon her in the Hudson's Bay store, and that night his room in the Star-Board had been next to hers.

Now, on this freight-passenger train crawling on northeast toward the End of Steel, she was still his fellow-traveler.

Stanley wondered where their trails, chance-joined for so long, were to separate.

A cool piney breeze through the window was rippling her silken hair like unseen fingers. When she stood, to take down a package from the rack above her, Stanley had the impression of a body as willowy and graceful as a dancing girl's. In her wholebearing she seemed so unawakened, so very unaware of her beaut

This girl was a presence in the car; the talk was not so rou as it would have been; glances went her way; no one of the m for an instant was unaware of her. Stanley observed that, unli himself, she was not at all a stranger in this pioneer country fur-trading and feverish prospecting. A good many people on t train seemed to know her well; and they treated her as thou she were a princess. A trader from over Churchill way had awwardly made her a present of birch candy. She had bought ticket for the day-coach; but Conductor Waterby, a bluff, father sort of person, indignantly marched her back to the Pullman a ensconced her there with pillows and magazines. A grizzled prospector, guiding into the bush a party equipped with a "radio or radio prospecting-machine, had visited for an hour with h and unthinkingly eaten half her box of chocolates. An Indian, fine-looking, intelligent young man, had brought a bouquet wild-flowers and chatted familiarly with her; and Stanley w amazed to hear an Indian language, which he thought must Cree, flowing smoothly from her lips.

He reasoned: "She certainly has lived up here; she was do in the States on some trip, and now she's coming home." Th much he knew to be true; she was coming home; she was kno in this country. But she did not seem to belong now; she w

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"I'll take Harl your note of introduction," Frances suggested. The canoe skirted away; Clarke saw Harl step into the shallow wavelets to carry Frances ashore.

By

William Byron Mowery

Upon these pages, you enter the new North! Here is the story of the far frontier today told by a man to whom it is home; a man with a marvelous career. Mr. Mowery is the son of a trapper and spent his youth in the fur-camps of the Athabasca and Hudson's Bay. At the age of eleven he struck out for himself, sometimes playing in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sometimes trapping, sometimes schooling. At Ohio State University and at Illinois, he became Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts; he taught English at the University of Texas; then he returned to the North of reindeer, Indians and airplanes, and suddenly realized—now he could write it!

Illustrated by
Frank Schoonover

more an alien, like himself. And where, in this wild country ahead, could her home be, and to whom was she returning?

Stanley wished that he might nod and speak to her. Their long journey together offered him excuse to do so. But there was a hint of unpleasantness in a stranger seeking acquaintance with a girl traveling alone. He admired the rough chivalry of these men toward her; and he paid her his own respect by staying aloof.

The train was passing through virgin country now—so virgin that the railroad named its stops not by towns, for there were no towns, but by the surveyor's mile. Hours ago the last timber-camp and mining development had been left behind. The last Polack and Icelander, homesteading in the wilderness, had dribbled off. Except for the railway swath, the region was primitive and undespoiled. Through a rift in the minaret spruces Stanley glimpsed a lonely blue sheet of water and saw a band of deer and three woodland caribou standing belly-deep under the lazy afternoon sun. Far down the lake, against a background of silver birches and dark-green pines, he made out the half-mysterious lines of an Indian birch-bark canoe; and strangely fascinated, he watched till heavy woods cut off his view.

This was Stanley's farthest north, his first real glimpse of the Northland, for his other trips had taken him to the tropics and Japan. The country surprised him, awed him; it was a strong land, a mighty land, savage and yet beautiful. He too had come to resent this railroad, which in another summer would push its steel-end on to Hudson Bay. It might cut off a thousand miles from Saskatchewan wheat-fields to London mills and bakeries, but it was tearing the heart of this lovely wilderness. He sympathized with the mood of the fur-trader sitting behind him, who hoped the damn' thing wouldn't pay for its axle-grease!

It was a typical crowd that the "Muskeg Flyer" carried: Indians, looking odd in "store clothes;" half-breeds, very anxious (if one observed them closely) not to be mistaken for Indians; prospectors eager to be threading nameless rivers and moccasin trails in the lonely bush; trappers, fur-traders, and engineers going to construction work.

Conductor Waterby dropped into the seat facing Stanley, who smiled in a friendly manner. The conductor had taken a liking to him, and he did not at all resent the man's somewhat officious interest in his welfare.

"Say," Waterby remarked presently, "you're Mr. Clarke, aint you?" And when Stanley nodded: "I got the name from your baggage. You're a newcomer down north here, aint you? You're getting off at Mile 301, I notice."

"Yes."

"Taking a vacation, or something like that, down here, maybe?"

"Partly a vacation. I'll do some work too—along with the change and rest-up."

"What do you—if you don't mind a fellow asking, what's your line? You mentioned about 'doing some work'—"

Stanley sensed a purpose behind these rather personal inquiries. He answered directly, without thinking:

"I'm going to make an entomological col-

lection and survey of the upper Hudsonian and lower Arctic life zones."

"You—uh—what?"

Stanley smiled and corrected himself. "I'm a scientist, a—a"—he hated the word and the type of man it suggested to the public mind—"a bug-ologist."

"Oh, I see! Uh-huh. I was just reading in the paper about two fellows going over somewhere—Chiny or Borneo—and bringing back some foreign bug that'll eat up these British Columbia apple-worms and clean 'em out hide-'n'-hair."

"Yes. That's Muller and Von Hurter. That worm came from China, so they went over and found the parasite which kept it in check there, and brought it over here."

"Well, wouldn't that singe your whiskers! But that's practical; it's common sense, come to think about it. A fellow tells me you're going down north to Fort Kinlay."

"Yes; then I'll go on north to the Barrens and do most of my work there. I expect to stay a year."

"I see." There was a moment's pause. "Say, Clarke, d'you know where Kez-Etawney is?"

"I've got a general idea. It's about halfway to Fort Kinlay?"

"Yes, little more'n half, and the worst half. By canoe you'd have to put your foot in front of your nose and *git* to make it in twelve days. But there's a chance for you to go by air. I'd have mentioned this to a couple other fellows who're pitching off down that way, only I figured they maybe were better able to look out for themselves. So I thought I'd tell you about it."

"Well, that's mighty kind. I'd jump at the chance, of course."

"That's how I figured. I also thought that this party chartering the plane couldn't—I mean the whole expense would be pretty heavy on her, so the favor works both ways. Now, why I asked you all them questions about yourself—you see that young lady up yon?" He turned and indicated the black-haired girl.

Stanley nearly jumped. "Yes, I—I've noticed her," he said.

"Well, she's getting off at Mile 256. There'll be an airplane there waiting to take her to Kez-Etawney. I believe you'd be right welcome to go along. That way the expenses wouldn't be so heavy on either one of you. I'll take you up and introduce you—if you'd like to make that arrangement."

Stanley gasped. "If you'd like to—" He who had wanted for twelve hundred miles merely to nod and speak to her—not only to meet her now, but to travel on for three hundred and fifty miles with her! The suddenness of the offer overwhelmed him.

In confusion he objected: "But—but maybe she—I don't want to intrude—"

"You can ask her about that yourself. I didn't say anything about it to her. I sort of wanted to make sure, first, who you was, so's I could feel free to introduce you to her. It's a Western Airways plane," Waterby continued, as he took Stanley up the aisle. "They operate quite a few in these parts. Mighty fine they are for mail and patrols and quick trips, like bringing sick people out of the bush. It'll save you close onto two weeks, Clarke—going by air."

But Stanley was not thinking of days to be saved; he was looking on past Waterby at a girl's shapely head, at a mass of black silken hair resting against the white of the seat cover. . . . .

"Frances."

The girl turned as Waterby spoke. She glanced up at him, then at Stanley. Her lips slightly parted in surprise; and he knew Waterby really had not spoken to her about the "arrangement."

Previously, from his respectful distance, Stanley had seen that she was not at all a vivacious girl, but quiet, thoughtful. Her black hair framed a face of cameo-clear features, finely regular, with clear, soft skin.

Stanley met her eyes for a moment, black eyes which seemed to him, under their long dreamy lashes, the rendezvous of unconscious sorceries; they seemed to betray a fire and passion deep-lying in her nature. She looked very neat and cool there between the cushions Waterby had brought her. Stanley had long since decided she could be no older than twenty. Her clothes, though she wore them prettily enough, were quite inexpensive. She had taken off the jacket of her traveling suit; her sleeveless, filmy blouse showed her rounded white arms, the slope of her shoulders, a hint of the curve of her bosom.

"Miss Barton,"—formality came hard with Waterby,—"this here gentleman is Mr. Clarke, Mr. Stanley Clarke."

She gave Stanley her hand, but without inviting him to sit down. Waiting, she looked at the conductor questioningly.

It was then that Stanley first noticed the little gold and jeweled thing pinned low on Frances' waist, a sorority emblem from a college down in the States, evidently.

His glance fell upon a ring Frances wore—a diamond, on her left hand: a fair-sized, beautiful jewel, quite out of keeping with her inexpensive clothes and a ticket in a day-coach.

Suspicion had grown upon Méti Paul; he decided to spy upon them and hear what they said. . . . . Unaware of their shadower, Frances and Stanley walked on beneath the evergreens.

Frances was thinking, as she glanced at him, that the H. B. man at the Pas had outfitted this stranger very neatly and sensibly in high laced boots, cord' trousers and leather jacket. He was about thirty, a little more than medium-tall, lean and hard, but without much tan; she fancied he must keep himself conditioned in a gymnasium.

The name "Stanley Clarke" seemed hauntingly familiar; she could not place it, but when she heard it she was transported for a moment back into the zoölogy seminar of the University of Illinois, where she had been in attendance these last two years.

The puzzle was quickly cleared up for her.

"Mr. Clarke," Conductor Waterby explained, "is a scientist, Frances. He's going north to make a—uh—" He turned. "What was it you—"

"A survey and collection of insects in the northern biotic zones," Stanley spoke up. "I'm attached to the Fielding Institute, Miss Barton."

"Oo-oo-oh!" It was nearly a gasp from Frances. She placed him *now!* Recollection overwhelmed her like a flood. Dr. Clarke, entomologist, of the Fielding Institute—there couldn't be two! Why, this man was Dr. Stanley Clarke, the man whom scientists in German universities were constantly quoting in their footnotes, the authority of whom her professors spoke, in summing up an argument: "And lastly Clarke states—" Never "Dr. Stanley Clarke" or "Clarke of the Fielding Institute," but simply "Clarke"—in economic entomology a world-figure.

Frances was dumfounded. To meet this formidable personage here on an H. B. train two hundred miles north of the Pas was the very last of her expectations. And the man himself—why, he was not at all a recondite old savant, but a fairly young man, a most human and unassuming young man—and shy of her!

"He's going to Fort Kinlay, Frances," explained Waterby. "I told him about you having a plane waiting at Mile 256 to take you as far as Kez-Etawney. Him being sort of a newcomer down here and not much used to the bush, I thought that maybe—" And contrary to promise, he himself broached the arrangement, adding: "He didn't want to come to see you; he says it might be intruding. But I says it wouldn't be that; I says that down here people going the same way go together, and that he'd be right welcome to go along with you."

Stanley wished that Waterby had not couched the proposal in such a manner that Frances Barton could hardly refuse. She did not answer at once; Stanley believed she was studying how to say no politely. But then:

"If you'd care to, Mr. Clarke. . . . . The plane is big and can

carry two people nicely. It would be a shame for the machine to fly half-empty three hundred and fifty miles when it could just as easily be saving you that long, hard canoe trip. . . . . Of course, I'd be glad for you to go."

She was altogether sincere and cordial; and Stanley said: "I'm grateful, Miss Barton. Being an utter stranger, I really was ashamed to ask you—"

Waterby cut in. "Before we forget it, we'd better go find Sam and tell him to put your stuff off at Mile 256 with her'n."

Stanley went with him, still wondering what business could be taking this girl three hundred and fifty miles by plane beyond the last vestige of civilized frontier; and wondering, with misgiving that was pain to him, about that diamond on Frances Barton's ring-finger. . . . .

They found Sam in the day-coach playing euchre with a French-Sioux *méti*, a Swampy Cree and a provincial police corporal; and after giving him directions, they came back into the Pullman. At the seat where he kept lunch-box and other paraphernalia, Waterby stopped. It was several seats away from Frances Barton.

"Didn't you say you're going north from Fort Kinlay on to the Barrens?" Waterby asked. "It's a lone land down there."

"Yes, I've heard it is. But I'm carrying a letter to a man who has some sort of establishment down there. He was once the chief guide for a party that the Institute sent out. His place is just inside the Barrens at—I believe it's called the White Wolf Country."

Waterby perceptibly started. "The devil you say! Humph! So you're taking a letter to Harl Armstrong!"

"How did you know it was to him?"

"Mighty easy to guess! There's only one white person in that country, and Harl's the man."

"So you know him. Is he a trader?"

"No, he's got a reindeer ranch there in the White Wolf Hills. He's beginning to farm some fox as a side-line, too."

"What sort of man is he?"

Waterby seemed to meditate his answer. Presently: "You know, Clarke, men living a strange life like that, living alone for a long time—they're either damn' good or damn' bad. It makes or breaks 'em, brings out the best or the worst. I see it every day; this railroad is a sort of jumping-off place; I see everything that goes in and everything that comes out. You might be a lot different person when *you* come out next year."

Stanley was startled by this prophecy pointed like an arrow at him.

But Waterby was continuing:

"You ask what for a man Harl is. Well, he's thirty-two or -three, a little taller than you and considerable heavier. He's been there five years now, by himself, building up his ranch. He's had a hard row to hoe down there. All his life, for that matter. If you can boil a man down to a couple words, Clarke, Harl's one of the damn' good ones!"

Stanley was glad to hear this of the person whom he probably would be thrown against for a year. Beyond that he was not greatly interested. His glance went to Frances. A shaft of golden sunlight lay across her breast and shoulders, and he caught the darting fires of her ring. He asked:

"Miss Barton is coming back from school, isn't she?"

"Yes. She went to some university in the States. But she finished, and now she's come back to stay."

"Then her home is here in the North. I noticed a good many people know her."

"Everybody does that's been here any time. She was borned and raised away to hell 'n' gone down north at a post called God's Mercie. I mean—she was *raised* there; old Bishop Barton, Church of England missionary, raised her; and a mighty sweet and sensible girl he and his wife made of her, too. But she wasn't borned there at God's Mercie."

There was a story behind the mere inflection of his voice.

Stanley asked quickly: "You say Missionary Barton raised her; do you mean he wasn't her father?"

"No, Barton wasn't her dad; he was just her foster-father." Waterby paused a moment; then: "Clarke, being a newcomer, you haven't any notion of what odd things can happen hundreds of miles back in the bush. Maybe you wont believe this about her, but where you're going you'll find out it's dead true. After a year down there, you wont think *anything* is very queer. You'll see then that the story fits the country, that stories like this can come out of a country like that.

"Barton was missionary there at God's Mercie for well onto forty years. Used to say his parish was all Keewatin. He didn't wait for the Smokies to come to him; he went out to them. Spent most of his life traveling by canoe or on dogs from one band to another—through the northern part of the Strong Woods, through the muskeg country that the Smokies call 'Land of Little Sticks,' and away into the Barrens.

"It was on one of his Barrens trips that it happened. Wasn't far from the White Wolf Hills where Harl has his ranch now. Barton was visiting a band of Antler Hares that he'd never found before, so isolated that they were still using spears and bows and copper things they got by trading with the Yellowknives. He happened to notice a covey of little Indian kids playing games; and what got him suspicious, those were queer games for Indian kids to be playing—Drop the Handkerchief, Blind Man's Buff and so on. He asked the head-man: 'Any of these tots ever been out to white man's school? Any missionary or white people been here to teach 'em?' Head-man said no. He wouldn't talk much about it. But Bishop Barton was all curious by now; he watched around sharp, and pret' soon he saw that these games all originated with a little girl about five years old."

Stanley's nerves tingled. He shot a quick glance at Frances Barton, who was gazing out her window.

"This little tot, the leader, appeared to act different from the others. Bishop Barton got her off by herself and washed her till he could see what she looked like; and he knowed then he was looking at a child of white parents. She'd forgot every word of English, but when he'd repeat the first line of jingles like 'Mother Hubbard' and 'Jack and Jill,' she'd go on a line or two, parrot-like, showing she had knowed 'em once.

"Then Barton somehow got the whole truth out of the head-man. You'll meet this chief yourself—an old man called Winter Sun. He's working for Harl now. He'll tell you the story. Over Resolution way a trader fell in love with the young wife of another man, and got her to run off with him. They started east toward Fullerton. Their baby was borned there at that Antler Hare camp. The man must have tired of the girl; he must have been one of the damn' bad ones, Clarke; for he pitched off clean and left her and their baby helpless there. One of the bucks made the wife go into his tepee; she died after a couple years of that, but the baby lived."

"God!" The word was jerked from Stanley. His face set hard at the thought of the woman-hungry trader luring the girl away, then flinging her, abandoned and defenseless, to the mercy of a primitive tepee.

Waterby must have guessed his thoughts, for he said: "Yes, the trader got what was coming to him. That girl's husband met up with him years later and killed him bare-handed. At Roes Welcome, that was. A thing like that doesn't go unpunished down here."

Stanley glanced again at Frances, sitting so quiet and thoughtful in the golden sun-shaft and gazing far away north. From an

Indian camp on the shore of a Great Barrens lake, to a sorority house at a university—what a gamut of experience for a girl only twenty years old!

Presently Waterby took up the story again: "The Bishop bought the child and carried her back to God's Mercie and raised her like she was his own. There was a time, when his health broke and he was forced to come out of the Strong Woods, that they had to put her into an orphanage. But he come back and took her again. When she was fifteen, he arranged for her to be taken into a denominational school in 'Peg. It wasn't any great shakes of a school, but he hadn't money to send her anywhere himself. She used to come back every summer and spend vacation-time with him."

"Oh! And she's returning to him now."

"You don't understand," Waterby corrected. "Bishop Barton's dead. He died two years ago. It was just after that that she went down to school in the States—"

"He's dead? Then who sent her? Who's she returning to?"

"Why, to Harl. His ranch wasn't bringing in anything yet, but by fur-trading and such like he managed to squeeze out enough—"

Stanley caught his breath. He heard but the one word, the name. "Harl? Harl Armstrong?"

"Why sure, Clarke. That's why I was flabbergasted, a few minutes ago, to hear you were carrying a letter to Harl, when I'd just introduced you to Frances." He added calmly: "Didn't you see that ring Frances is wearing? She's on her way to meet Harl. She's going back to marry him."

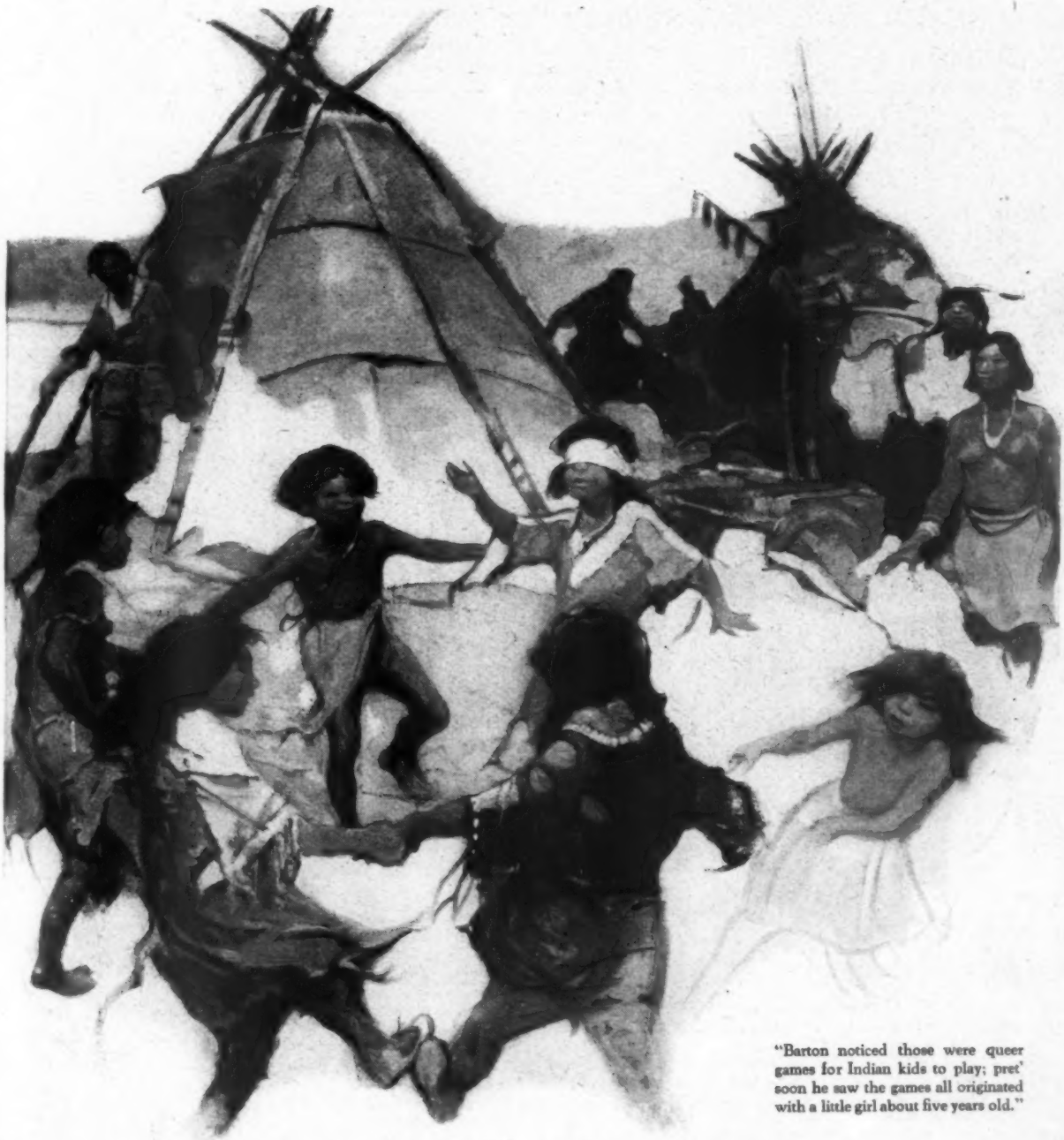
Luckily Waterby was ruffling ticket-checks in his fingers, and did not see the swift flush that sprang to Stanley's face. But a little later, as though expecting some comment, he did look up.

"Humph! Must have surprised you."

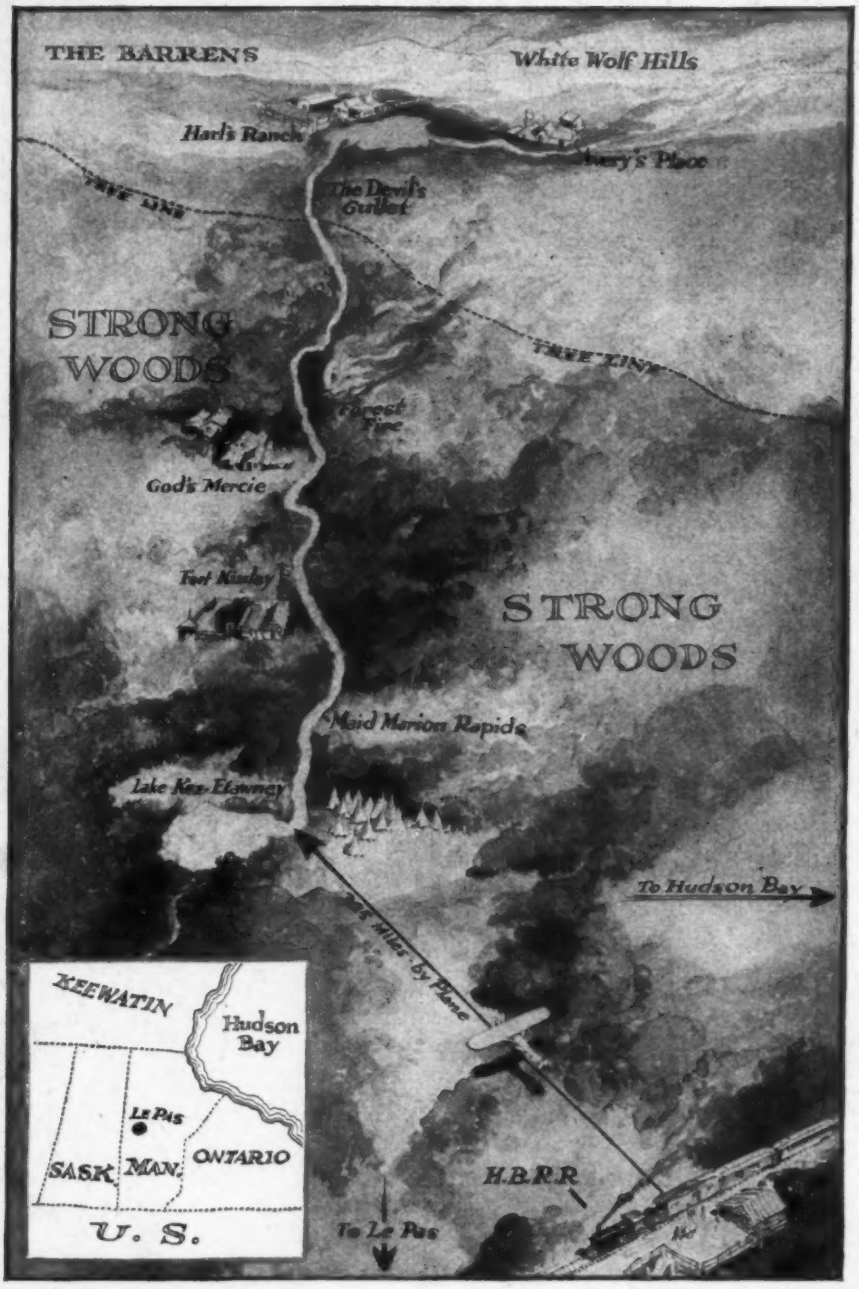
Stanley caught at the word. "Yes," he snapped, wetting his lips. "Surprised, that's it."

He glanced away, out the window, fighting a sudden hostility toward this man Harl Armstrong, whom he had never met.

Waterby was speaking again:



"Barton noticed those were queer games for Indian kids to play; pret' soon he saw the games all originated with a little girl about five years old."



A country so virgin that the railroad named its stops not by towns, for there were no towns, but by the surveyor's mile. . . . . It was a strong land, a mighty land, savage and yet beautiful.

"Harl figured on meeting her in 'Peg and marrying her there. But he's having trouble, bad trouble, with the Smokies—and the *métis* too, down there. The Smokies especially. They're a restless lot. I just heard only a bit about it; news don't leak out much from that country. But he didn't dare be away very long; so she's going to him."

Stanley barely heard; his mind was too much in a turmoil. Frances Barton, the black-haired girl with whom he had traveled twelve hundred miles, was on her way to meet and marry a man. And he knew intuitively that she had scarcely noticed him on that long journey, that she had not singled him out. His better judgment was whispering that on any pretext or none he should now step aside from this arrangement to go with her to Kez-Etawney. His usual proud, sharp self-severity told him that he should see no more of her whatsoever. That was the sensible, the clean-cut thing to do. He must not even go and sit with her to Mile 256, as just a few minutes ago he had intended.

He tried to frame a plausible excuse: there were guides waiting for him at 301; he wanted to do some collecting in this middle Hudsonian before going on down north. But his eyes went to Frances Barton.

She turned her head and, as his eyes met hers, she acknowledged their new acquaintance with a smile; and he had the swift thought that she wanted to talk to him.

Stanley got up, and with some vague, muttered apology to Waterby, he walked down the aisle to her.

Chapter Two

AT Mile 256 that evening, as the train ground to a stop, Frances searched the little group gathered on the rough platform, half-expecting Harl to be there; but he was not, and it was Stanley who gave her his hand down the steps.

Harl's failure to come brought home to her that his trouble with the Indians and 'breeds was more serious than he had allowed her to know. It took danger of a grave sort to make him give over those long-cherished plans for their marriage in Winnipeg and to keep him even from coming to her here.

At the upper end of the platform she saw, in place of Harl, a half-breed, Paul, giving orders to an Indian about the baggage.

As she walked with Stanley across the rough planks, she explained: "This half-breed Paul is Harl's chief manager. You might say he's major-domo to Harl. He really is awfully efficient at managing anything."

"That sounds as though efficiency is the only good thing you can say of him."

She replied rather oddly: "I want your opinion."

The *méti* turned to them, and Stanley had a look at the fellow: a swarthy, wiry 'breed, perhaps forty-five, clad in corduroy trousers and vest, with a faded *ceinture flêchée* or colored sash-belt about his waist, and a kerchief knotted at his bony throat. The thin, cruel lips, the falconlike face, the secretive, furtive manner, all reminded Stanley more of a bandit in Sicily than of a half-breed here in the Strong Woods of Canada.

The *méti* bowed to Frances. His voice was the purr of a cat. "Ah, *le bon Dieu* has brought Mam'selle safely. I have ze affairs all in order for her trip."

Frances started to speak; but the train was just then pulling out. The pious hypocrisy of the 'breed failed to deceive Stanley. Snap judgments were never his habit, but he thought Méti Paul the most evil-hearted person he had ever met.

Most of the platform group were Indians; Stanley guessed this was an Indian settlement. With her hand on his arm, Frances caused him to look around at a clearing behind the station, where a dozen neat whitewashed cabins, with flower-plots and gardens, nestled along the bank of a small river. As the last coach cleared, he turned again; looking across the tracks and down through a drogue of balsams, he saw the silvery sheen of a lake, where the plane waited for them.

"Paul," Frances directed, "this gentleman, Mr. Clarke, is going with me to Kez-Etawney; please see that his baggage is put into the plane."

The 'breed's eyes narrowed, questioning who the newcomer was; and Stanley sensed a quick suspicion in them—a nameless hostility at this very first glance.

The 'breed purred in sibilant French: "If it is Mam'selle's wish."

"It is," Frances answered sharply. *(Please turn to page 124)*

"Your watch fell on the divan," said High-hat. "Miss Andrews will help you find it." He looked pointedly at Dippy Dinah.

Too Many Crooks

By *Frederick Hazlitt Brennan*

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

For his newspaper Mr. Brennan wrote the big crime stories; for us, and now for the "talkies," he writes the high humors of crooks.

WALDO BLENHAM, the celebrated amateur criminologist and humanitarian, was provoked. He stared at his guest-list for the week-end and said, "Bother!" He said "Bother!" again. He started to frown, but checked himself with a quick glance at one of the handsomely framed mottoes on the library wall. The motto read: "*A Frown Is an Insult to the Happy Heart of Humanity*—BLENHAM." It wouldn't have been much of a frown, anyway. There were no furrows on Waldo Blenham's round pink face for a frown to settle in. Framed by a circle of Horace Greeley whiskers and bushy white hair which stood on end, Waldo Blenham's countenance resembled nothing so much as an egg fried sunny side up.

Nevertheless the great man was provoked. He had discovered an important omission in the guest-list. A very important omission. He would have to speak to Murgatroyd, his secretary, about it. A good secretary, Murgatroyd, a quiet, respectful, obedient man. Waldo Blenham read the guest-list again to make sure. Yes, there the names were, seven of them, in a neat column: "Society Crimes—Mr. Homer Fontenay, alias High-hat Homer, and Miss Janice Mercer, alias Silver Slippers; Crimes of Violence—Mr. Peter Genardi, alias Juicy Pete, and Mr. William Clenahan, alias Bill the Bump-Off; Incidental Crimes—Mr. Chapman T. D. MacArthur, alias Chappie Mac, Miss Dinah Andrews, alias Dippy Dinah Dodge and Miss Gladys Tuthill, alias Gladrags Gladys (also known as the Flapper Bandit of the Loop)."

No, it wasn't there. Quite obviously not there. Waldo Blenham reached for the buzzer button.

Murgatroyd appeared so promptly a stranger might have suspected him of waiting poised outside the library door with an eye to the keyhole. Waldo Blenham avoided looking at Murgatroyd when he came in. Murgatroyd's face always depressed him. It was a lean, flabby, lachrymose face gathered in folds which were pinned to his skull by mournful black eyes.

"You rang, Mr. Blenham?"

The noted criminologist tapped his guest-list, and the sheaf of confidential reports appended thereto.

"Murgatroyd! You have no convicted murderer here. Not even a murderer who was acquitted. I expressly directed my assistants to invite a murderer."

Murgatroyd coughed.

"I know, sir. But Mr. Joseph Mahoney, alias Hardpan Joe, was obliged to send his regrets. He will be unavoidably detained for some time yet at Michigan City. If I recall correctly, he is serving ninety-nine years for garroting a woman."

"Did you speak to the warden? Wouldn't he release Mr. Mahoney on his honor for the week-end?"

Murgatroyd coughed twice.

"I'm afraid the warden is a bit of a reactionary, sir. He remarked that Mr. Mahoney's sense of honor was deficient. In fact, I believe he mentioned that Mr. Mahoney is at present in solitary

confinement for stealing his cellmate's tobacco-allowance and hitting a guard over the head with a tin cup."

Waldo Blenham shook his head sadly.

"A reactionary indeed, Murgatroyd. Remind me to make a report on the fellow to the Friendly Ones Prison Reform League. But—h'm—didn't you try further?"

"Yes sir. We had our eyes on a very fine murderer, a Mrs. Bradley of Oklahoma City, who killed her lover, a State senator, with an icepick. But the Psychiatric Clinic informed me that Mrs. Bradley developed a serious anxiety neurosis while awaiting the jury's verdict and is now under treatment. The jurors procrastinated for forty-five minutes before bringing in a verdict of acquittal, I am told."

"Make note of the case, Murgatroyd. I can use that in my address on the inhuman tendencies of the jury system, next Monday night. But—see here, Murgatroyd, I wanted a murderer. You knew I wanted a murderer."

Murgatroyd looked more uncomfortable than usual.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Blenham." Then, with a visible effort he achieved the hopeful note: "Perhaps Mr. Genardi and Mr. Clenahan might qualify unofficially. You will see them listed under Crimes of Violence. While neither has ever been indicted for murder, it seems quite logical to assume that in the course of their careers quite regrettable incidents occurred."

His employer brightened.

"Oh, do you think so, Murgatroyd? That's fine. That's fine."

Waldo Blenham relented. He patted his jolly stomach. He smiled. He beamed.

"All seven will be here this evening, Murgatroyd?"

"This evening, sir."

"Very well, Murgatroyd. I suppose we shall have to make the best of our available material. Only"—and his voice was wistful—"I do hope that next time we can locate a properly accredited murderer. Well, let us count our blessings, Murgatroyd! That will be all for the present. Tell Hughes I will receive my guests in the living-room."

"Yes, Mr. Blenham." Murgatroyd hesitated. "Hadn't I better remove your securities box from the wall-safe, sir? And perhaps send some of the paintings and more valuable bric-a-brac and rugs to the storage warehouse?"

The great humanitarian sighed. Murgatroyd was an excellent secretary. But sometimes—well, sometimes Waldo Blenham feared that Murgatroyd had not quite caught the vision.

"No, Murgatroyd, no," he said, gently. "That would be an insult to my guests and destroy the purpose of this experiment. I am seeking to prove that the underprivileged units of society—I do not like the term criminals, as you know—will respond to sympathy, intelligent understanding of their psychopathic conditions and proper environment. Leave everything in its place."

"Yes, Mr. Blenham." Murgatroyd lifted his eyes patiently toward the ceiling as he moved out the door.

"Remember, Murgatroyd," called Waldo Blenham, in a voice milky with human kindness, "there are no criminals, there are no bad people. There are—merely—people who do bad things."

"Very true, sir," said Murgatroyd.

Waldo Blenham had spoken as one having authority. And why not? In the bookshelves at his elbow were a number of impressive volumes, books which had revolutionized the science of criminology. There was Blenham on "The Neurosis of Napoleon at Waterloo," and Blenham on "Jack the Ripper, a Victim of Environmental Tropisms," and Blenham on "Not Jails but Kindergartens," and Blenham on "Landru, Martyr to Inhibitory Autocoids."

The famous man mused happily on his epochal experiment soon to commence. Seven experts in crime were to gather this evening at his invitation here in this country retreat, Blenham Wood. Sheltered from the misguided disapproval of society, these seven would be free to follow the natural dictates of their autocoidal secretions. Here, surrounded by the finest of environments, these victims of disordered ductless glands, distorted eugenic strains, neuroses and mental traumatisms might for the first time be guided into normal destinies. And who would act upon their receptors and reflexes? Who but Waldo Blenham, the great criminologist and humanitarian? By free word association and psycho-analysis, by dynamic radiations and corrective suggestions, Waldo Blenham would restore these seven unsocial units to harmony with the World Impulse. When this experiment was an established success, Waldo Blenham would take rank with Freud and McDougall and Wiggam and Watson!

In the silence of his library Waldo Blenham chuckled, or rather he emitted the automatic vibration of breath through his lips which through distortion of the primordial image has come to be associated with the word "chuckle."

Bill the Bump-off drew his trusty "persuader" and raised his arm..... "Oh, I say, William!"

Meanwhile, in the servants' hall of Blenham Wood, Murgatroyd was addressing an indignation meeting composed of Hughes the butler, Mrs. Phelps the housekeeper, Albertina the cook, Tom the chauffeur, and two maids named Joan and Mary.

"And I said to him most firmly: 'Mr. Blenham, this ill-advised experiment will end in disaster inevitably.' Furthermore, I said, 'Sir, as one who has his employer's interests, aye, his very safety, at heart, I entreat you to cease this mad fraternizing with

"Here's the stuff," said Homer. He jerked his hands out suddenly—each held an automatic. Gladys swung open the door.

the criminal element.' I became even more emphatic. I said, 'These criminals will steal you out of house and home.' I was even blunt. I said. . . . ."

The seven house-guests of Mr. Waldo Blenham of Blenham Wood sat in the living-room. Introductions had been made, and dinner was just over. The seven had gathered about a fireplace at one end of the room, although there was no fire in it and the August evening was warm. They had by common consent drifted toward this spot because it was the point most remote from the library, where they knew their host was engaged in some vaguely mentioned literary chore.

"I got dat old bozo pegged," remarked Bill the Bump-off, opening the small talk. "He's a nut. His conk's drafty. See?"

"You an' me both," said Juicy Pete. "I met a guy just like him the last time I was in stir. He give me a bag of gumdrops an' told me I must have went on the racket because my old lady t'rowed me over the bannisters when I was a kid. I called him a liar, an' he was. My old lady never t'rowed me nowheres. She raised me careful."

Chappie Mac breathed on one of his diamond rings, preparatory to polishing it.

"Nut or not," he observed, "I say it's a swell set-up for us. The thing looked phony at first, but I'm glad I came. We can all do some business here, eh?"

He looked askance at the four who had been silent. High-hat Homer pointed his spike mustache, smoothed a crease from the arm of his snappy dinner-jacket and said nothing. Silver Slippers yawned. Dippy Dinah nodded. Glad-rags Gladys giggled, adding, "And how!"

Bill the Bump-off arose, drew a hand across his bluish chin with a rasping sound, and patted a pocket of his gaudy but not neat gray suit.

"I get mine quick, see? And den I blows."

High-hat Homer regarded him indolently through half-closed eyes. He hid the contemptuous quirk of his lips with a dribbling cloud of cigarette smoke. Bill's methods of "getting his" were direct and forceful, but to the sensibilities of High-hat Homer abhorrent.

"Hold on a minute, William," he drawled. Then, including Pete and Chappie in his languid nod, he asked: "Hasn't it occurred to you gentlemen that this may not be a set-up at all?"

"Huh?" growled Bill, thrusting out his jaw.

"I don't like our host's secretary," Chappie admitted, looking thoughtful, "and the butler and the maids are certainly keeping their eyes open."

Juicy Pete spread out a disdainful hand.

"Aw, that frozen-pan Murgatroyd is packing a gat, but Dippy Dinah c'n lift it offen him with her peepers closed. They aint no dicks around this dump. It's just like the goofy old bozo says. He's a reformer, an' he's got us here to work on. It's a good lay, High-hat. I'm with Bill. Me for a quick clean-up an' a lam outa here."

Silver Slippers yawned again. She was as pale and tall and blonde as her partner, High-hat Homer, but even more languid.

"You cheap mugs are likely to spoil the set-up for all of us if you don't calm down," she remarked.

Juicy Pete whirled on her. He stood at the top of his branch of the profession—*i.e.*, burglary and safe-robbery; and he resented the implication.

"Who's a cheap mug?" he snarled, his sharp, swarthy face flushing. "Listen, sister, you just lay offa that hoity-toity gabble. See? Cheap mug? Saaaay, the last job I was on I got away with as many grand as *you've* collected all the time you been on the racket. Just—"

Chappie interposed a suave hand.

"Both of you pipe down. The old gentleman's just next door in the library. Want to tip him off?"

Dippy Dinah glared at the exquisite Silver Slippers.

"Pete's right, Chappie," she said. "This frill and her boy friend has been upstage since we got here. I aint forgot the crack she made about me being a petty larceny girl."

"Well, you are, aren't you?" demanded Silver Slippers. "What have you ever lifted but petty stuff?"

The most notorious shoplifter and pickpocket on three continents put her chin in the air. She gestured with slim, nervous fingers—educated fingers which had been in some of the best pockets to be found anywhere. At that very moment Dippy Dinah was wanted in Melbourne, Cairo, Vienna, Troy, N. Y., and Erie, Pa.

"It's not the value of the individual items, Miss Snooty," she said. "It's the gross turnover that counts in my racket. Why, last season I grossed—"

Glad-rags Gladys giggled. She was the youngest in the group, a vivid, reckless-eyed child with bobbed red hair. She wore a theatrical, flouncy jade green evening frock.

"Now I'll tell one," she broke in. "You folks give me a pain in the neck. You're all wrong, anyway. Dip stuff and strong-arm

stuff and spieler stuff and crate-souping are bum rackets. In Chi we go out with the cutest little sub-machine guns and take it away from 'em. We—"

"Yeaaah," said Bill. "Then why didn't you stay in Chi?"

This was an embarrassing question, crude and in wretched taste. The others looked reproachfully at Bill. High-hat Homer started to say something, and Dippy Dinah started to say something, and Chappie started to say something, when suddenly Silver Slippers cleared her throat in a loud and significant tone.

Waldo Blenham came waddling into the living-room. He beamed upon his guests. He rubbed his hands together.

"Well, well, my good people," he greeted. "And what is the argument?"

The seductive, silvery voice of Chappie Mac broke an awkward silence.

"Oh, mining stocks, Mr. Blenham," he said, advancing on his host. "Mr. Clenahan, here, was saying he favored Pine Tree Consolidated just now, while Mr. Fontenay was championing the merits of Andes Copper, Ltd. It just happens that I own nice blocks of both. Couldn't I—" He laid persuasive hands on Mr. Blenham's coat lapels.

But at the same moment Dippy Dinah, reaching from her corner of the divan, tugged at Mr. Blenham's coat-tails, her dulcet voice saying: "Now, sit right down here by me, Mr. Blenham."

It happened that Waldo Blenham had decided to study Dippy Dinah first. He sat down beside her on the divan, shifting a table lamp as he did so in order to observe her better. To him she was a fascinating type. Decidedly thyroidoxic. Inhibitory autocoids functioning improperly. Poor creature—poor psychopathic creature! Doubtless her association neurones were abnormally receptive. What unfortunate synapse had led her into crime? What autocoidal secretions had victimized her? What ultramicroscopic derangement of her subliminal ego had set this lady to picking pockets?

For some reason which Mr. Blenham could not quite grasp, conversation languished. He tried his best to put them at their ease with a humorous account of the celebrated Jukes family. In the sixth generation of Jukeses a screamingly funny genetic aberration threatened to overturn the Mendelian theorem. But quite obviously the awarenesses of his guests were not attuned to the jocose this evening. So Mr. Blenham turned talk to a serious discussion of capital punishment. He wished particularly to get the mass reactions of Juicy Pete and Bill the Bump-off to the idea of electrocution as compared to lethal gas.

Bill said: "Aw, I'd just as soon kick off one way as another, Mr. Blenham."

Pete said: "If my foot slips and I get the sad news from a bench nibs, let 'em put my pants in the swing." Mr. Blenham discovered after some cross-questioning that in this statement Mr. Genardi had indicated a preference for hanging.

Still, conversation unmistakably languished.

"I will withdraw now," said Mr. Blenham finally, "and allow you good people to get better acquainted with each other. Hughes has set out the bridge table, I see. The chess-board is in that aperture beneath the escritoire, and I have a cribbage-board in my den, which you may send a maid for if you like."

He got up, clutching his notebook.

"Just a moment, Mr. Blenham," said High-hat Homer. (Mr. Blenham had singled him out for special study as a plainly extroverted Nordic blond.) "Your watch and pocketbook fell out on the divan. Miss Andrews will help you find them."

High-hat looked pointedly at Dippy Dinah.

"Bless me, so they have," said Mr. Blenham, feeling his pockets.

Dippy Dinah leaned over, rummaged quickly among the cushions and produced the watch and pocketbook. Mr. Blenham thanked her kindly, wished his guests a genial good evening, and disappeared into the library to complete his preparatory notes.

Dinah turned on High-hat Homer.

"Queering my act, eh?"

Homer nodded.

"Naturally," he said. "It was crude, terribly crude. Do you want us all thrown out of here before we can arrange something worth while?"

Dinah flushed.

"Aw, I was just limbering up the flippers," she said apologetically.

Chappie Mac rearranged the rose in his buttonhole, shot his cuffs and remarked in a casual tone: "I'm going in and chat awhile with the old boy. I felt sorry for him sitting in here and trying to warm this bunch up."

Silver Slippers took gentle hold of the doorknob. . . . . A hand gripped her arm; another muffled her scream.

Bill the Bump-off stopped him.

"Naw, youse don't," he said belligerently. "Youse aint gonna sell dat guy any phonies till I got mine, see? T'ink I want de dicks in here when he squawks, an' me wid nutting to de good?"

"Why, my dear sir—" Chappie began, but the hostile stares of the others broke his spirit. He sat down.

The seven experts in crime started a discussion of ways and means. Being experts, they disagreed at first politely, then violently and then profanely. For an hour talk raged. "T'hell wid dat hooey. My buddy Sam Dino tried dat on Long Island last year, an' he's doing five at Sing Sing." . . . . "Well, that other lay wont work. I know a redhot who pulled the same thing. He's doing it all at Stillwater. He had to plug the butler in the get-away." . . . . "Oh, my Gawd, not that. Not that! I tried that lay in Boston when I was with Ollie Kitchell's mob. This frozen-face Murgatroyd would get next. There's five nice boys doing seven-spots at Atlanta for pulling a job just like that." . . . . "We don't want no society gag in this. Make it short an' sweet, I says."

Finally, Silver Slippers yawned.

"I'm going to bed," she announced, "and before I go, I want an agreement that nobody starts anything tonight. I don't want this lay gummed up."

High-hat Homer and Glad-rags Gladys had withdrawn from the agenda on ways and means and were conversing animatedly in another corner. Silver Slippers called to them, without jealousy, and restated her proposal. They agreed.

"That suits me too," said Chappie. "I can't do my stuff when our host is asleep." Dippy Dinah remarked that her professional problem could best be solved in daylight, although she added, with a touch of pardonable pride, that she had once lifted a handsome watch from the coat pocket of a man's pajamas on the beach at Lido.

He felt something cold and hard against the back of his neck. "Turn around," said a voice. "What's the big idea?"

"I can wait till morning to turn my trick," said Bill amiably.

"You an' me both," agreed Juicy Pete.

There was a shaking of hands around the circle to bind the pact. The party broke up. High-hat Homer and Glad-rags Gladys loitered behind the others to say good-night, but Silver Slippers, from the staircase said: "Come on, Homer. I trust you with the gal, but not with the stuff in the living-room."

Shortly thereafter Mr. Blenham's guests retired for the night. . . . .

It was about two o'clock of the Sabbath morning when Juicy Pete decided that the coast was at last clear. With his overnight bag of tools and phial of nitro-glycerine he made his way cautiously from his room on the second floor, west wing, of the Blenham mansion to the living-room. It was as neat a job of cat-walking as he had ever accomplished. He drifted downstairs like a shadow.

Having gained the living-room, he went at once to a tapestry hanging on the south wall. He drew this aside, disclosing in the circle of his flash-light, the door of a small wall-safe. Pete studied the door of the safe with an expert's precision. In twenty seconds he had set his drill for the first soup-hole. He braced himself and gripped the handle.

Just then he felt something hard and cold against the back of his neck. His hands went ceilingward immediately.

"Turn around," a voice said.

Pete turned. Glad-rags Gladys stood there, one hand holding the folds of a silk mandarin coat, the other holding an automatic pistol of the caliber known as a "cannon" in Chicago.

"I saw you blinking at this tapestry all evening," she said. "And I just figured you had spotted this little crate. What's the big idea, anyway?"

"Dope it out for yourself, sister," answered Pete gloomily.

Gladys surveyed the scene critically. She shook her head.

"You petemen are all the same," she observed. "Look at that—" She pointed to the door and the wall around it. "If you've left one print, you've left a dozen. Call that good work? And—oh, my Gawd, if he wasn't drilling into manganese steel over laminated plates and hoping to get a clean bust with a shot of nitro! In Chi we quit going up against crates like this ten years ago."

Pete's pals often said his worst fault was that he couldn't stand criticism. A fine cracksman, Pete. He blew a neat crate. But he was a mite weak around soup-holes.

"I know my racket," he said now, with some asperity, "an' I'm telling you I can crack this box with three bores—here, and here, and here." He pointed out the crucial spots. "And if you don't t'ink so, why, stand back half a mo', and I'll—"

Gladys spoke, her voice sharp and the automatic menacing.

"Keep 'em up, Pete! And listen. S'posing you did crack it? What then, you dumb yegg? I guess you figured you'd blow before the dicks came and they'd pinch the rest of us on suspicion, eh? And what would we do? Keep shut, knowing what a break you'd given us?"

Juicy Pete hung his head.

"Aw, hell! I t'ought maybe you c'd all get yours about the same time an' we c'd blow together, see?"

Quickly Gladys sprang to one side, drew the tapestry over the safe, hid her pistol and kicked Pete's drill toward the divan.

A light snapped on.

Murgatroyd stood there, clad in a flowered silk dressing-gown and holding a small revolver gingerly before him. His gaunt, melancholy face wore a more than ordinarily suspicious expression.

Gladys faced him.

"Why, Mr. Murgatroyd!" she exclaimed. "What a start you gave us. Oh!" she tittered artistically. "We thought you were a burglar. You see, Mr. Genardi and I heard a noise, and we came down here to protect dear Mr. Blenham's property."

Murgatroyd's face was gathered in folds which were pinned to his skull by mournful black eyes.

"H'mph—h'mph!" said Murgatroyd, but then remembering his employer's admonitions against insulting his guests, he added stiffly: "It is not for me to say nay. No—it is not my place to say nay."

"Don't, then," remarked Gladys brightly. "Come, Mr. Genardi, let us return to our rooms. We must have been mistaken about the noise."

Juicy Pete gulped and followed her meekly from the room.

Murgatroyd sniffed several times and eyed the tapestry suspiciously. His mind was made up. He switched off the light and felt his way to the divan. It would be his couch for the remainder of

(Please turn to page 150)

I Wish My {Wife / Husband} Realized-

By Mr. and Mrs. Benedict

Illustrated by L. T. Holton

THERE is a baking company which advertises,

"We bake our bread as 157,648 housewives tell us to." Maybe the figures are 1,576,480, or perhaps they are 15,764.8—we haven't the advertisement at hand.

But the exact figures really do not matter; it is the idea that we seize upon, the idea of 157,648 people combining their experience and their recipes to furnish a formula for bread.

If the system works for the problems of bread-baking with its many ingredients, why can't it be applied with equal efficacy to the problems of matrimony, with its two simple ("Laughter and applesauce!") ingredients, husbands and wives?

At any rate the thought is intriguing. In our marital experience, which extends over some five years, there have arisen countless situations in which we both would have liked to refer the matter to a committee of 315,296—157,648 wives, and 157,648 husbands.

We would find this jury of 315,296 people useful

BECAUSE:

(By Mr. Benedict)

My wife, in spite of everything I tell her and her experience should teach, has the settled conviction that my failings, my ideas and my reactions to matrimony, are unique, individual and without precedent, and that there are no rules or traditions by which I can be more justly judged than her own opinions.

(By Mrs. Benedict)

My husband doesn't seem able to realize that I'm not the only wife in this populous world, and that most other men are obliged to put up with a lot of annoyances that he doesn't.

SO

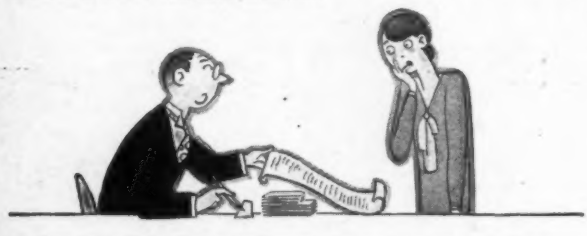
It would be a grand and glorious feeling

IF—

157,648 Wives would tell my wife

That a man can't be a Romeo all his life. Besides, Romeo wasn't married.

That working for a woman, providing her a home and paying her bills should be regarded, by a sensible wife, as a proof of love without a lot of foolish sentiment.



That husbands mostly object to allowances for two reasons:

(1) They don't see how they can arrange it just now.

(2) It gives the poor things a temporary feeling of superiority to be asked for money.

157,648 Husbands would tell my husband

That a woman always wants to be Juliet whether she's married or not.

That every wife pays for what she gets by running the home, and if she doesn't run it, she figures she's paying with her charm and affection. And that no wife thinks sentiment is foolish.

That wives who have allowances usually show an almost human ability to use them wisely.

Also that the aforesaid allowances are frequently handy to borrow from.

That when a husband goes to the club, it is merely a sign of the need of occasional male companionship, and not necessarily a proof of waning affection.

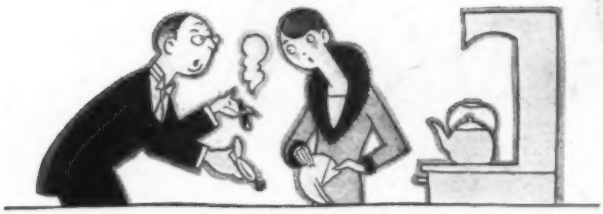
That most wives bring up children without a nurse.

That a house can have but one head.

That my relatives aren't so bad.

That no husband likes the ties his wife chooses.

That one of the reasons for having a home is for a man to take off his collar and be comfortable.



That when a husband comes home and finds his wife just back from the bridge session and nothing done about dinner, it doesn't necessarily mean she is a slacker. She needs diversion too.

That every wife, however much she loves her children, sometimes gets awfully tired of them.

And you know who *that* is.

That my relatives are no worse than other husbands endure.

That no wife regards her husband's taste in dress as sane.

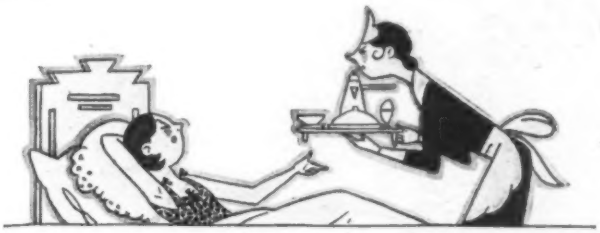
That a wife thinks love's young dream is slipping off with the collar.

That it's reasonable for me to want my wife to get breakfast and eat it with me.

That I'm not making a god of my stomach because I like good food and am particular about it. So are all other men.

That husbands believe in having enough in the icebox so that it isn't a tragedy when friends drop in.

That there's no need of making a fuss over a dinner; what we have is good enough for the President of the U. S., and if it isn't, he needn't come again.



That every wife likes breakfast in bed.

That other wives also like to get a simple meal once in a while.

That nearly every wife objects to having people "drop in." And that if they're fed when they do, they're always doing it.

That every wife knows perfectly well what any other wife will say about that kind of a dinner.

That if I choose to chuck my shirts, socks, collars and ties any old way in the dresser, that's my business. That if I can't find them and holler for my wife to dig them up, that's her duty.

That I'm only acting as every husband does when I swear because my wife has been putting my desk in order again.

That my old school chums and other men friends are the same kind that other husbands bring home.

That I don't drive a car blind, and haven't any deliberate idea of getting us all killed. That if back-seat driving makes me lose my temper, it does the same thing to other husbands.

That in objecting to having the paper distributed all over the house so that I can't find the sports section, I am one with 157,648 husbands.

That if wives straighten out their husbands' bureaus, husbands shouldn't grumble over straightening out their wives' accounts. And that no wife likes to be reminded of a "duty."

That every other wife reaches a point where she just can't stand that jumble any longer.

That other wives can't understand "what you see in those bums," either.

That I'm practically silent, in comparison to other men's wives, when their husbands are driving.

That you can't do anything about that because no wife sees any sense to making a fuss over anything so trivial.

(Please turn to page 139)

The Varmint

By Albert Payson Terhune

Among the spots famous and especially enshrined in the affection of the American people, is "the Place" in New Jersey, the home of the Terhunes—and of "Lad."

Illustrated by
Charles Sarka

THE MASTER came up from the direction of the stables, a gun in the crook of his arm, his eyes bleared and his hair tumbled. He looked as if he had been up all night, as indeed he had. At his side paced majestically a huge bronze-and-snow collie, mighty of build, massive of coat, classic of head—old Sunnybank Lad.

The Mistress had just come downstairs to breakfast. Catching sight of her husband, she went forth to meet him. Dainty and well-groomed and gayly fresh of aspect from her night's sleep, she formed a striking contrast to the disheveled man.

"What luck?" she hailed him—adding: "But if you had fired, it would have waked me, I suppose. So—"

"So we drew blank, Laddie and I," answered the Master. "It wasn't Lad's fault, because he didn't know what we were there for. But it was mine," he continued shamefacedly, "because I must have gone dead asleep out there on that rottenly uncomfortable stump. One minute it was pitch dark. The next minute, the east was all gray. I'm a grand sentinel! It happened while I was asleep. Three more of them gone this time. And it's all my fault, for drowsing. Next time, I'll—"

Down the driveway plodded the rural delivery postman, an oldster who had been one of the Master's fishing and swimming and hunting companions, when the two were boys, there in the North Jersey hinterland.

"Special deliv'ry letter for you, sir," he said as he came up to the group. "I— Hello! What's the gun for? They must have changed the game laws hereabouts since yesterday, if there's anything that's legal to shoot in June."

"There *is* something legal to shoot," returned the Master. "And I spent the night trying to shoot it. But I'm getting old. Remember how you and I used to sit up all night waiting for the bass to strike at daybreak? Well, this time I fell asleep. I was watching for something or some one that has been looting my chicken-yard and taking from one to three of my best prize fowls every few nights. It was a something, though, not a some one. Lad would have nailed any human prowler. It—"

"Sure," assented the postman. "And that means it was a varmint."

"Whatever it was, it was clever enough to outwit Laddie and me."

"Don't go smearing half the blame onto the big dog, sir," expostulated the postman. "'Twasn't up to *him*. He's a watch-dog. That means he's on the watch for folks, not for varmints. Where was you watching from?"

"That chestnut stump, down yonder," said the Master. "It's fifty yards from the main hencoop, but it's nearer the small one. I figured that was the best position to watch both coops from. I thought I could hear the faintest sound from either roost. But—"

The skunk was in no way taken by

"Well," argued the postman, still firm on clearing Lad, who was dear to him from years of daily meeting, "like I said, you can't blame the big dog. So please don't either of you go misjudging him wrong. If one of your hens had let out a bunch of squawks and had flapped around, Lad would have knowed there was something wrong with the things he was set to guard. But some kinds of varmints are as cute as sin. They can clean out a henroost without a single one of the birds getting a chance to make a sound. Foxes is like that, and—"

"This isn't a fox," said the Master. "I've been all around every corner of both chicken-yards and coops. There's no hole dug anywhere and no opening big enough in the boards or the wire for so much as a squirrel to wriggle through."

"Varmints has funny ways—some of 'em," declared the post-

man cryptically, "and this is one of 'em. If Laddie saw or scented some critter moving along quiet and minding its own business, he'd likely not give another thought to it. That's how he didn't go for the varmint that stole your hens. If the hen would of squawked or flapped, or if he'd actually saw the critter carrying it, he'd of gone into action quick enough. Don't be blaming him. As for there not being any way for anything to get into the henhouses—well, maybe you're mistook in your judgments of that."

surprise. . . . . Full at the braced and prepared foe, Sunnybank Lad launched himself.

"Just the same," said the Master as the postman climbed the driveway to the highroad above, leaving his skeptical dictum for the others to ponder over, "just the same, I'm *not* 'mistook in my judgments' about there being no way for any marauder to get into either of the henhouses. I can swear to that. I've been over every inch of them, first alone and then with Robert. There's no hole or tunnel. No board or slat has fallen off. But—something *did* get in there, last night and other nights. Shall we go to breakfast?"

"You'll try to get a nap, this afternoon, wont you?" asked the Mistress as they made their way to the veranda-corner breakfast table. "Don't forget the dinner this evening. If you don't get some rest, after your wakeful night, you'll be dreadfully sleepy by the time the people get here. They—"

"I was consoling myself with the idea of getting to bed early," argued the Master. "I'd forgotten all about that crowd coming here for dinner. What can be more delightful than a dinner-party? And the most blissfully delightful thing about it is a valid excuse for staying away. I suppose I couldn't quite do that, though, in my own house. Same old food, same old talk, same old everything!"

The Master was wholly mistaken. There was not to be the "same old everything." There was to be a somewhat striking innovation. . . . .

In those days Lad was the only Sunnybank collie permitted in the dining-room. Whether the family was dining alone or with a roomful of guests, the great collie's place was always on the floor, close to the left of the Master's chair, during meals. This to the discomfort of the servants, in passing things. But as the servants idolized the dog, there was no complaint.

On this evening, a few minutes before the arrival of the first guest, the Mistress fluffed up Lad's burnished mahogany coat and then roused his vanity to a climax by tying to his collar an enormous scarlet satin bow. The dog always thrilled to this form of adornment, at the rare times it was lavished on him. He was absurdly vain, as is the average collie. And though strangers bored and bothered him, he was not above enjoying the wholesale greetings of such guests as he knew and liked. He looked forward with mild interest to this evening's familiar preparations.

When Lad was brushed and his bow was becomingly in place, the Mistress busied herself with last touches to the flower-bowls, here and there. The Master had not come down from his dressing-room. The maids were busy. Nobody had time to admire Lad's finery or even to speak to him. Perhaps seeking admiration, the collie strolled out through the open front door and toward the stables and other outbuildings.

Dusk was settling down, the warm and scented dusk of early summer. From the stables came the sound of drowsy champing of hay and an occasional hoof-stamp. Somewhere a whippoorwill was complaining. An occasional muffled cluck or a ruffle of feathers from the larger and nearer henroost told of fowls going to sleep.

But there was no human creature in sight to exclaim over the strutting dog and his flaring scarlet satin bow.

Lad was turning back again toward the house, at sound of

the first carful of guests coming down the drive. Then a faintly unpleasant odor tingled in his sensitive nostrils. The smell was not new to him. A score of times he had encountered it, in strong or scarce-perceptible degree, on his woodland rambles. Once or twice recently—last night, for instance—he had smelled it close at hand here.

There was nothing disturbing or alien about it. He had been familiar with this acrid reek, off and on, since puppyhood. Human nostrils could not have detected it at the several rods' distance whence Lad now sniffed it.

Therefore the dog was moving on, with no further heed to the scent. Nor did he pay much more attention to an equally familiar black-and-white and furry creature which moved noiselessly toward the henhouse in full view of him, from the direction of the woods behind the stables.

The oncoming animal showed no terror of the dog. It was the least timid of all woodland things. Experience and ancestral instinct had taught it that few dogs cared to try conclusions with it, be they thrice or five times its size. Thus it approached the hencoop with not the slightest dread of Lad, and with a surety of various earlier visits.

Lad would have continued his way to the house without further thought of the intruder but for a rather odd proceeding which quickened his ever-alert collie curiosity.

The black-and-white animal had advanced to one side of the coop. There, unerringly, it had wriggled its pointed nose and its forepaws under the lower edge of a seemingly firm, perpendicular board. At the slight pressure, the bottom of the board came outward. Through the narrow slit thus made, the invader slithered into the coop.

Thus has many a marauder entered henhouses, since first those structures were built. Coops are usually ill-constructed and without foundations. Often their nails are driven carelessly. The floors sag and settle, with alternate frosts and thaws, until sometimes the bottom nails of the vertical board tear loose from sheer pressure, while the nails at the topmost end of the board may still be strong enough to hold it loosely in place.

Any rightly directed outward pressure from below will cause the board to swing more or less easily outward as on a hinge. Gravity makes it fall back in place when the pressure is removed. Carnivorous woodland creatures seem to have a genius for discovering such boards in coops they want to break into.

Small wonder the Master's cursory inspection had failed to find a hole for ingress! There was no need for such a hole. The furry thief had but to seize his prey and then to butt his way out to freedom with it, leaving the board to swing back into place.

The vanishing of the furtively bold animal through the apparently solid side wall of the coop puzzled the interested Lad. He paused; then he turned back to investigate. He approached the coop, and by scent nosed about until he found the precise place where the entry had been made. At the same time another and more sinister scent smote his keen nostrils—the smell of blood!

The robber, hungry after his long day's fast and sleep, was sating his appetite before dragging forth any of his victims and traveling thus laden back to the lair where his mate waited for the feast. Silently as a serpent he had struck. Silently he had slain. Not a sound had marked the fowl's death. So skillful was the killer that the other chickens were not disturbed.

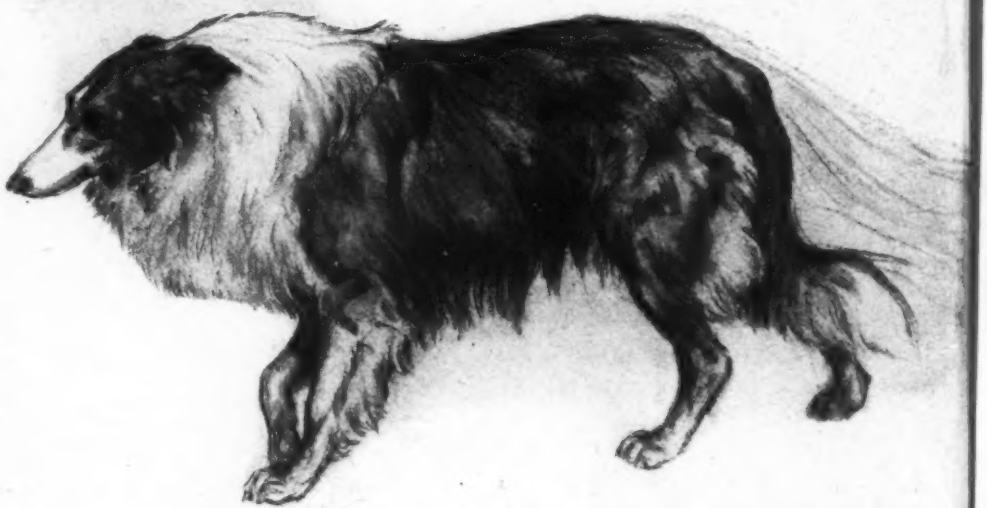
But the blood-reek had gushed forth to the sniffing dog, and it had told a story which changed his half-amused curiosity into vigilance. Blood tells its own tale, to every animal that smells it. The tale is of death.

One of the chickens in there, beyond this sagging board wall, had just been killed. Lad knew that much. The chickens, like all other things at Sunnybank, were under the guard of the Place's official watchdog. The watchdog was responsible. Well did Lad realize that, even as a million other born watchdogs have realized the same kind of thing without its being taught to them.

The collie snarled savagely, and strove to find a way to get in at the slayer. He ran around the coop to its door, and scratched imperatively at it. The noise disturbed the slumbering chickens. One of them began to cackle loudly. The cackling was taken up. The door shook under the collie's angry impact, but its lock held. The din from inside the coop waxed louder.

The killer crouched in one corner waiting for the turmoil to die down, so that he could seize another silly hen as she slept. Failing to get in at the door, Lad trotted around the coop to where he had seen the intruder get in. Again he nosed futilely at the boards. Then he sat down to wait until the slaughterer of his feathered charges should emerge.

Car after car had come down the drive by this time, but



Lad did not notice them. Forgotten even was his gorgeous and prideful bow of red satin. He had work to do, professional watchdog work, punitive work. There was no scope for parading his bow before admiring humans.

Thus he sat, tense and waiting.

But if supernatural scenting powers are given to many collies, so were they given in equal measure to the killer in the henhouse. He could scent the great dog watching there in silence for him to come out. From the rage-snarl and from the futile assault on the loud-creaking door, he knew Lad was waiting for him in no friendly welcoming spirit.

Yet calmly, and with no shadow of fear, the creature crouched there, biding his time until the chickens should be asleep again. He was familiar—by ancestry and by experience—with the ways of fowls. He knew that a whole coopful of them may be in wild excitement through panic, after nightfall, and yet in an incredibly short time they will settle down as if nothing had disturbed or warned them. He could wait. . . . . His forecast was justified. Presently the clamor died to somnolent flaps and cluckings.

Anyone within fifty feet of him would have known he was there. "Out!" thundered the master. "Out, Lad!"

(Years ago I saw four fowls tossed into a den which held two hungry pythons. At first the birds were in screeching terror, more especially as the pythons caught and crushed and swallowed two of them. But in a very few minutes the two survivors had quieted down as for sleep. One of them flapped to a perch on the larger python's back, and dozed there—until the other snake grabbed her. Chickens are perhaps the most insensately foolish of all birds.)

Lad—keen of ear as of nostrils—heard at last the all but imperceptible seizure of a sleeping pullet, and the subsequent soft patter of padding feet across the floor of the coop toward the loose board. The slayer had eaten his fill, and was carrying home this second victim to his lair in the nearer woods. The dog tensed himself for a spring.

The bottom of the board was pushed outward. Through the slit the killer wriggled with his booty. Lad made a savage dive at him as he emerged into the open. Then—

Gasping, sneezing, staggering in sick discomfort, the collie rolled on the grass, striving to get rid of a horror that encompassed him, and to overcome a sudden blindness.

Unruffled, the killer picked up the dead chicken and proceeded mincingly toward the woods without so much as a backward glance toward the discomfited Lad. By no means was this the first rashly attacking dog he had put to rout.

Presently Lad recovered his shattered self-control. His sight was coming back, though his eyes stung. He did not know what had befallen him. But he did know he felt most miserable, and that he had been bested, and that he had been unable to avert the killing and theft of one of the Little People of the Place, whose safety it was his life-duty to protect.

As ever, in moments of stress, he sought out the Mistress and the Master. In their company he was happiest. Perhaps they could console him in some way for the indignity he had just suffered and which had cut, knifelike, into his abnormally sensitive feelings. To them he turned now for comfort in his distress.

He trotted to the house. Dinner had begun. Gone was Lad's vanity and with it his wish to show off his satin bow and his new-brushed coat to the guests. It would be enough for him, in his present chastened mood, to slip quietly into the dining-room and lie there on the floor in his wonted place close to the left of the Master's chair. Thither he hurried.

The soup course was under way. The candle-lit room buzzed with talk and with soft laughter. A mass of crimson roses in the center of the table filled the air with soft fragrance.

"I don't know where he can be," the Mistress was saying, in reply to a question from the man at her right. "He is almost never late for a meal. He never begs. He just lies there, at my husband's left; and he doesn't expect anything to eat. I put a satin bow on him, a little while ago, to match those roses. He—"

She broke off in her idle speech. No longer did the delicate perfume of the roses permeate the dining-room. As well might the whisper of an æolian harp seek to drown the shellfire at the Battle of the Marne, as could any normal fragrance cope with the awesome and hideous odor which all at once seemed to fill the whole world.

The Mistress gasped. The guests laid down their soup-spoons—there was no further desire to eat—and tried to look as if they were not in a nasal agony. For a fraction of a second no word was spoken, while that unspeakable stench seeped into every nostril and made the sweet candle-lit room a place of abomination.

It was the Master who found his voice. Glancing down beside him, to his left, he beheld a forlorn clump of mahogany-and-white fur. Lad had stolen into the room and to his wonted place, unnoted. But now anyone within fifty feet of him would have known he was there.

"Out!" thundered the Master. *"Out,* Lad!"

At the command Lad departed at top speed, through the open long French windows behind the Master's chair. In anguished astonishment he heard the note of horrified disgust in the loved Master's voice, and its reiteration in the Mistress' ever-gentle tones as she echoed the Master's command of dismissal.

In the presence of all mankind he had been humiliated—had been ordered from the room in angry disgust by the two people to whom he had fled for comfort! Out into the early summer twilight he slunk, hating himself and

(Please turn to page 116)

Women *Are Just* Toys

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

ERIC GALLOWAY was a bright boy. He ran one of the biggest brick companies in the East and did well enough to be able to keep the wolf from biting the income-tax collector. When he took over the plant after the war, it was making a poor grade of mud pies. Now he made the hardest face-brick in the country. To show you the kind of fellow he was, his trademark name for his hardest grade was "Flapper."

Yes, he was a bright boy in business. Per cent and per schedule were his Lares and Penates. Every year he tripled his output and doubled his dividends. But in affairs of the heart, like most men—except the original Adam—Eric was destined to gain his mate by losing his head instead of his rib.

He claimed he was a woman-hater. That's all you need to know about any man.

One day, frowning like an oil profiteer passing a jail, he stopped in to see me. I inquired the reason.

"Oh, I'm roped in for a whoopee over the week-end at Tom Thorpe's summer place," he explained.

"That'll be nice."

"Yea."

"A moonlight night on Lake Balsam would make a Follies girl fall in love with a Scotchman."

"Yea. But there's no telling whom Tom has invited. You never can tell about him. One day he's digging around the century plants, and the next he's rocking the cradle. This season he seems to be playing fireman to flaming youth. At least you see a lot of hose around. And I was fool enough to accept his invitation without getting the particulars."

"Well, a little rejuvenation wouldn't do you any harm. You might learn a lot in Tom's kindergarten."

"Yea. I'd probably pick up another trade name for a hard face-brick. You know what I think of this young crowd that has turned society into a six-day bicycle race. By the time the modern girl reaches the age of sixteen, she'd make Cleopatra seem innocent as Will Hays. Marc Antony would have been the one to get the asp. The average flapper has been more places than Ulysses, and she's stayed up longer than Lindbergh. She has drunk enough alcohol to fill all the pocket lighters in the Middle Atlantic States; she's got a vocabulary like Sindbad's parrot; and she thinks that *curfew* is Latin for *daybreak*. Her clothes are designed after the seventh veil, and Scheherazade's Memoirs would only make her yawn. She's so blasé that trying to tune her in by holding hands is like playing a bull fiddle with a mandolin pick. Imagine being married to one of them! Might as well be a night watchman.

"And the seedlings they walk home from are fit companions. Their heads are so oily they ought to be called Teapot Domes. Their combs must have Alemite fittings. Sherlock Holmes couldn't locate their chins by induction, and their backbones would make the Hunchback of Notre Dame look like Lionel Strongfort. If they have any brains, they're in their feet. There's plenty of room for them there. The whole outfit was born crazy and had a relapse."

"The rising generation always gets called down," I told him. "There're two views to take of the modern girl, and they're both good. Don't razz the flappers. It's a sure sign of senility. Remember, the only thing that made Grandmother noninflammable was whalebone and starch, and I'm sure you wouldn't want to go back to risking lockjaw from concealed pins. You'll probably be welcome at Tom's."

"Yea. Pray for me. Good-by."

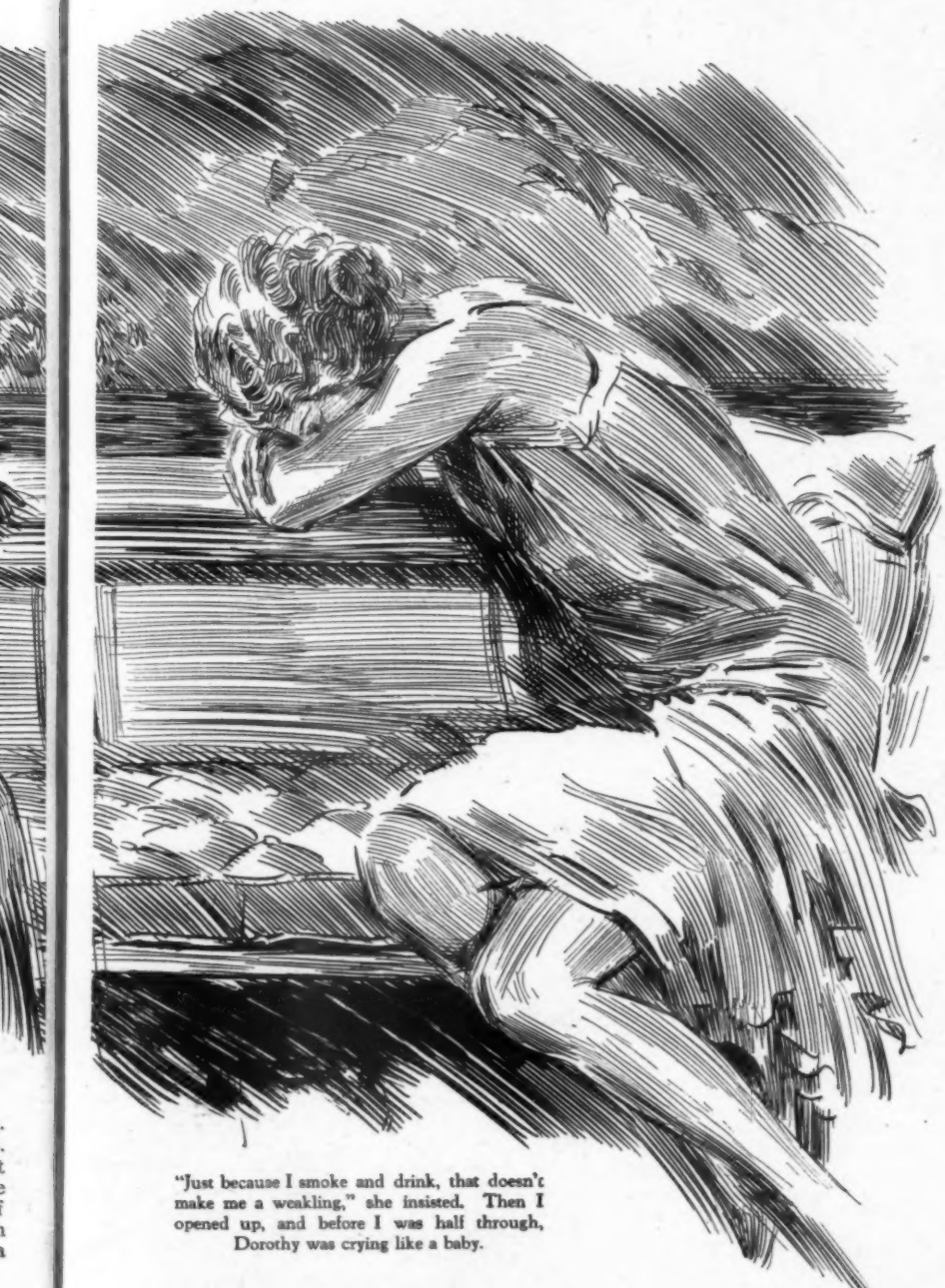
After that conversation, you can't blame me for being surprised when I got a wire from Eric on Tuesday:

EXPECT TO BE MARRIED TO MISS DOROTHY WELLS NEXT MONTH STOP AM COUNTING ON YOU TO BE BEST MAN

But that was not the worst. I inquired of a young cousin if

By Elliott White Springs

A sense of humor seems to be necessary to combat-flyers. Mr. Springs was one, and likes to write of the laughable side of life.



"Just because I smoke and drink, that doesn't make me a weakling," she insisted. Then I opened up, and before I was half through, Dorothy was crying like a baby.

he knew Miss Wells and he groaned in painful recollection. "Sure, I know her!" he asserted. "Who doesn't?"

"What's she like?"

"Like having a sunstroke on Vesuvius," he told me. "When she whistles, she sounds like a calliope. I kissed her once, and had to keep camphor ice on my lips a week. She kissed me once, and all the gold melted out of my teeth. The colleges don't announce the commencement date until they consult her schedule. She's God's gift to the opticians. The hairs on her head are numbered by broken engagements. One man made her walk home, but the best part of him had to be brought back in a wrecking-truck. If she's coming to town, I'm going to the South Pole with the next expedition."

"And how old is this torrid Semiramis?" I asked.

"She's nineteen now. They say she aint what she used to be, but I'd be scared at her mummy. When better men are made, she'll make 'em."

The inference was that Eric was suffering from the heat. Or perhaps some one was trying to play a joke on me. I awaited his return with interest.

He came around to see me Friday, all wreathed in smiles.

"Don't keep me in suspense," I told him. "Let's have the bad news first."

And here is the excuse for the telegram just as Eric offered it to me. . . . .

Well (said Eric), I got up to Lake Balsam at noon on Friday. I didn't know who was going to be there, or I would have taken out some fire insurance. When I found out, I felt like the man who had mistaken capsicum ointment for cold cream.

It was a wild litter of kittens, if I ever saw one. There was everything from the Ritzy line to the Mason-Dixon line. And the lady who was supposed to be chaperoning was determined to fight a fiery dragon by Sunday at the latest. As soon as she embraced a bottle, the rest of them embraced the opportunity; and after that, Strangler Lewis could have learned a lot about holds. It might have been the class reunion of a chiropractic college. I've always drunk my whisky without a chaser, but this crowd drank whisky for a chaser.

Just as I was about to throw a sick headache, a little redhead came galloping up, and cried:

"Come on, everybody! Tom's going to take us out on the lake in his launch. He's just dug up a charred keg. He guarantees that we'll hear a school of pink porpoises singing 'Dardenella.' "

The couples began assembling like a covey of quail.

"Are you coming along?" the redhead asked me.

"Not on that worm-eaten barge," I reneged. "I think too much of my neck for that."

"She wont miss you," said this dumbbell, in all seriousness.

I decided I might as well be drowned as bored to death, so I went along.

In a few minutes we were speeding across the lake in Tom's big launch.

"All right, tap the bung-hole!" shouted one of the girls, as soon as we were well off shore.

"Aye, aye, matey!" agreed Tom. "Just turn around and hand me that keg under the stern seat. This is not the usual varnish-remover, fellow-buccaneers. It's real nectar. It's the famous Wilkes County corn, aged in a charred keg for two years. Anybody who gets a hang-over from this stuff would get the D. T.'s from a glass of buttermilk. I can guarantee it is pre-war."

"What'd you mean, it's pre-war?" I asked.

"It's always followed by a fight," he explained.

The chasers were produced, and in less than an hour the six couples on board had drained the keg. It might not have been enough to win a war, but there was enough in there to float a small battleship or a large cruiser. For liquid content, that keg ran a close second to the rock that Moses tapped.

"That's the last drop," said Tom finally, as he wedged the stopper back in and pushed it under the stern seat.

Which was as it should have been. The crowd was already lit up like Jacob's ladder. Another round of drinks, and they would have gone ashore by rail. The only time I'd ever seen that much

likker done away with was when Ontario went wet and Michigan went dry.

My boredom ended abruptly at the wharf. A girl was standing there near the water, gazing at the distant mountains across the lake. She was puffing at a cigarette-holder made out of a yardstick, and seemed engrossed with the scenery. As she changed her position for another view, I got some scenery myself. She had a figure that wasn't in the multiplication tables. And when we came closer, I saw that her face added as much to her figure as a dollar-mark does to a million. She was to the rest of that crowd what caviar is to shad-roe.

"Hey, Dot!" called Tom. "When did you blow in?"

"You all look damp," she exclaimed in a rich soprano that ran up and down my back like a chill. "Don't you know enough to come in out of the wet?"

"Yea. But no water can touch you if you've got a silver lining," Tom told her as he tied up the boat.

"Is that why you serve metal-polish highballs?"

"Well, isn't a drink supposed to brighten you up?"

"Righto. How about a little drink for a big thirst?"

"Sure. Know any new stories?"

"Betcha life. I was sitting next to the smoker coming up."

I was so excited I got out of that boat faster than the Kaiser got out of Germany. No sooner did Tom introduce me than I knew I was going to like this party after all. By dinner-time I felt like Jason tripping over the Golden Fleece. Her hair was just that color, and her eyes were as deep as the lake. I warmed up like a cabinet officer discussing an oil lease. I began to realize what an old man I was, and uttered a lot of sweet words that meant practically nothing. Before dinner was over, I was trying to master the latest slang.

During the dance that night my suspicions turned into ambitions. I held her close and longed for a chance to get her out in the moonlight. And she knew it, too. She couldn't help but know it, for my heart was beating like an alarm clock. But this was nothing new to her, and when I laid my cards on the table, face up, she agreed to stroll down to the landing with me. I prepared for action. Something was bound to happen. I had been in Rome long enough to want to play with a Roman candle myself.

When we found ourselves alone on the wharf, I made a flying tackle that would have stopped Red Grange.

"Just a minute," she said, struggling from my grasp. "You're all speed and no control. Wait for the whistle. You'll get penalized for being offside."

I unwrapped myself reluctantly. In my weakened condition I had neglected technique. I thought flappers were always mobilized. I didn't know you had to go through the manual to get them to arms, and I didn't know the right tactics.

"Isn't this hell?" she laughed. "The first man who ever made me want to swap a frat pin for a rolling-pin turns out to be a boarding-house sheik—always reaching. If you just wanted to neck, why did you bring me way out here? The porch swing has just the right pitch."

I was speechless. I didn't know what she expected, so I couldn't figure out why she was disappointed.

"Well, if all you brought me out here for was mixed wrestling, let's go back. I'm out of training right now, and I feel the need of a drink."

"Er—er—Dorothy, I'm sorry," I managed to stammer. "I didn't mean that you should misunderstand me. That is, I didn't expect you to misunderstand me. That is, I misunderstood what you meant to expect. That is—"

"You mean you didn't expect to have your overtures repulsed. You wanted to cut yourself a piece of cake without even asking the blessing. How greedy!"

"I don't follow you."

"Don't ever try. Your nurse must have dropped you when you were small. I admit I'm disappointed in you. At first you looked like a gentleman. I thought you were the kind of man that holds womanhood sacred. I heard everybody say what a fine fellow you

"Swim—who said she could swim?" I demanded. "The only thing that saved her life was that keg."

were, and how you held aloof from modern sin. But men are all the same. Women are just your toys."

I hung my head with shame. I really did. I was like the little boy who got caught with his fingers in the jam.

"You knew I was young," she went on, "and you deliberately tried to take advantage of my innocence. Isn't it fortunate that my mother warned me against men like you? Must the woman always pay?"

I was ready to boo-hoo. I apologized as best I could. I thought she was crying, but when I patted her shoulder, I noticed she was laughing.

"That's enough, Casanova," she told me. "I'll forgive you this time, provided you'll promise never to do it again—to anybody but me."

And with that, she put her arms around my neck and gave me one of the sweetest kisses a man ever got. It started off like "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt" and ended up like the "Fifth Mazurka." Before I got my breath, she was gone; and so was I—far gone.

For the next twenty-four hours I was like the little boy holding eggs for the magician—I didn't know what I was going to get but I was in a hurry about getting it. I just had to get her alone and see what she would do the second time.

The next night I went to Tom and asked if I could use his launch. He showed me how to operate it, and in a few minutes I had Dorothy across the lake. I cut off the engine and let it drift.

For a long time we both remained silent. A full moon was directly overhead. The silvery light flooded the silent vale. A halo of pale mist hung over the mountains, and the moonbeams danced on it like fairies. Standing out against the pastel heaven, loomed gaunt Grandfather's Peak, a guardian sentinel overlooking Whistling Gap. Across the gorge old Balsam reared its bare side in majesty, its bleak and awesome precipice an eternal testimonial to the countless ages of the past. Lake Balsam, embedded in this panorama of towering peaks, shimmered in the veiled moonlight like a jewel. If we had been on Saturn under seven moons, I wouldn't have had a faster pulse.

I felt Dorothy's hand steal into mine. I heard her voice break the magic stillness of the night:

"Eric—what's the matter with me? Why did you draw me to you and then fail to delight me with any noble sentiments? It's the custom to offer an honorable proposal. Why wouldn't you? Were you afraid I'd take it seriously? What's the matter with me?"

"Too much jazz, Dorothy," I told her. "You're in the wrong set—a set that's not only going to the dogs, but driving them mad after they get there. Girls like you are all right on a frolic, but the home fires have to be built before noon. And they have to be kept burning in bad weather. Your kind wont stick. You've got no backbone. You've got no stamina."

"Just because I smoke and drink, that doesn't make me a weakling," she insisted.

"Maybe not," I said, "but that's not the half of it." And then I opened up and delivered my sermon. I was myself again. I raked the modern girl over the coals, and when I was half through, Dorothy was crying like a baby. But I was determined to drive home the last jot and tittle of my condemnation. I wanted to make sure to get even for what she did to me the night before.

"So you see now," I concluded, "why no real man would ever want to marry a flapper. All your generation is after is a good time. You're jazz-crazy. Hitting the high spots has sapped your will-power, your strength, your grit. All your crowd are the same way. You'd give up the first time life snapped back at you. You haven't got responsibility and spunk enough to shoulder the burdens of married life. You're weak—in mind and body. You're soft—you're made of tinsel. You've got no spunk."

"But I have got spunk," she sobbed. "There's a lot more to us than you know about. All you know is what you've read in the funny papers. If I'd put on a corset and three petticoats and faint regularly, you'd ask me to marry you before you tried to kiss me, wouldn't you?"

"Not your type, Dorothy," I insisted. "It's your attitude toward life that would mark you in spite of your costume. You couldn't be counted on to put your shoulder to the wheel. You're beautiful—but it's only skin-deep. I could love you, all right. There's no question about that. The sailors had to tie Ulysses to the mast to get him by the sirens—but they weren't singing Mendelssohn. A wife has to have something besides a pretty face and be able to do something besides the Varsity Drag. It's a life job. When I marry, I want a mate—one who could help me chase the wolf from the door. If you had stamina, it would be different. But you haven't; your charm is only skin-deep." *(Please turn to page 148)*

"Let's Make Money"

By

Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins

The authors of that fascinating and self-informative test-of-yourself, "I've Got Your Number" and also of "Tell Your Own Fortune," offer you an entertaining test of your aptness for money-making.

Illustrated by Frederic J. Garner

THERE is a distinction between wanting money and wanting to make money.

Many people, women especially, dream of money coming to them out of the blue, as the golden shower fell upon Danaë. Instead of going after money, they dream of inheriting it from lost kinfolk (who probably ended in jail), finding a chain of beads that turns out to be pearls, or suddenly learning that the gold-mine stock that Grandpapa got stung with is listed on the Stock Exchange at 560. Their money-dreams defeat their object, because they keep the dreamers from getting busy.

If you really want to make money,—not just have it,—you have taken the first step toward getting it.

One can make it by marrying it or by earning it. If women who marry for money really admitted to themselves that that was their object, they might be a little nicer to the generous men to whom they are indebted. If marrying for money were on a business basis, a woman who turned against her rich husband after she got the money would be viewed in the same light as a defaulting partner, instead of being given sympathy and alimony. Every money-making job has its obligations.

Earning money is a matter of selling something to somebody. It may be song, or shoe-laces, or protection against fire, or ice-cream soda, or the gospel. But your product must be something for which there is a current demand, unless you are willing to be patient and work up your own demand. Hoop-skirts and carriage-whips are now bad stock. Aluminum luggage for Zeppelins has not yet come in.

The following article takes up your individual personality traits and indicates under your key number how your temperament can adjust itself to your problems.

For general advice read reverently the lives of Saints Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, Frick and the many others whose footsteps have led to large treasure on earth and to stately mansions on Long Island.

You can play this game alone, or to entertain an unexpected guest. It is especially good at a party.

Key Number 0

You are so individualistic that it is hard for you to work in the routine manner required by large concerns. Yet such a place is the best situation for you, for if you ran your own business, you would be likely to run it to suit yourself and not the public. You must learn to coöperate with others, unless you are willing to be a hermit in the woods. You force yourself to do many things distasteful to you. This is fine, but the conflict uses up strength that should be put on the job. If you can stop fighting your work, your work will be more even, you will be happier and your salary will increase.

Key Number 1

You are sensitive, are you not? Too sensitive for your own good, perhaps. You are jumpy over trifles and suffer unduly over the roughnesses of ordinary business life. You are probably an inspirational rather than a steady worker. Can you change yourself?

You suffer unduly over the roughnesses of ordinary business life.

The first step is to want to change; the second is to alter your habitual reaction to exasperating customers, monotonous toil, unjust superiors and other too common trials. You can change an emotional habit just as you can leave off smoking, or learn to wake up early in the morning. When you suffer less, you will use less energy in repressing your emotions and have more energy to spend on your work. Your work will go more smoothly, your health will be better, you will be happier and your income will increase.

If you can stop fighting your work, you will be happier.

Key Number 2

Women of this type are sometimes exploited because of their very loyalty to the boss. "I will never desert Mr. Micawber," is their slogan, and they take pride in their low salaries which lessen the boss' pay-roll-day troubles by just so much. The men are the trusted employees to whom the president speaks as man to man, and they fill their jobs, however small, with dignity. Now, it's all right to help the business along with your money if you want to, but the business ought to give you some stock in return—and a really adequate amount, certainly more than the equivalent in money that you might be making somewhere else. Your kind accumulate money gradually. It does not often plunge on the stock exchange unless an outside influence takes the responsibility. So see that you are allowed at least one extra nut a day to add to your collection in the hollow tree that is going to be your storehouse in cold weather.

Women of this type take pride in low salaries which lessen the boss' pay-roll-day troubles.

DIRECTIONS

Take a pencil and check each answer, according as it is affirmative or negative, in the columns at the right. If you have a majority of "yesses" (three or more) out of the five questions in each group, write the corresponding group number in the blank space at the top of each group. If you have a majority of "noes," omit the key number, leaving the space blank. The final key number, under which the fortune will be found, is a combination, not an addition, of the individual group numbers. For example, if Groups 2, 3, and 5 are answered with a majority of "yesses," the final key number is 235; if all groups are negative, the final number is 0; if all groups are affirmative, the final number is 12345.

GROUP 1—[*write key number here*]→	YES	NO
Would you take sides in an office row?		
Would you be "put upon" in business if you didn't fight for your rights?		
Would you justify yourself when unjustly blamed in a trifling matter, even if it irritated the boss?		
Do you feel strongly on the question of whether or not a married woman should keep her married name?		
Have you had the unfortunate experience of repeatedly meeting enmity among fellow-workers?		
GROUP 2—[*write key number here*]→		
Is your watch usually right?		
Have you the reputation of paying your bills promptly?		
Do you get to your appointments on time?		
Would you pass up an unexpected good time on account of work you had promised to finish?		
Do you get your laundry ready on time?		

GROUP 3—[*write key number here*]→	YES	NO
Would you pursue a course you believed in if all your adult relatives thought it unwise?		
Are you at ease when you talk to the boss?		
Do you make your own vacation plans?		
Do you find it simple to decline an invitation you do not wish to accept?		
Are you confident you could get another job if you lost the one you have?		
GROUP 4—[*write key number here*→]		
Is your work interesting?		
Would you keep your job if you had an independent income?		
Do you hope to be in the same work five years hence?		
Is it easy to concentrate on your work?		
Do you forget to stop when you are on your job?		
GROUP 5—[*write key number here*]→		
Would you refuse to cajole people in order to get your own way?		
Do you often say, "Oh, let it go!" against your better judgment?		
Would you keep a misfit in a job out of sympathy?		
Does opposition dishearten you?		
Do you lose interest in a job after you have it well started?		

Key Number 3

The reason you don't like to do what you're doing is because you want to do something else. The reason you're not making a hit at your work is because you don't like to do what you're doing. The reason you want to do something else is because you're not making a hit at your work. When you get along so well with people, why can't you get along well with your work? You quarrel with it as if it were a lover. When you face the facts, is there something radically wrong with your job? Of course it's cursed, but all jobs are. From dressmakers to publishers, the world is full of people who think they have chosen the most devilish occupation of all. Yet each man chooses his job, and sometimes because of some deep instinct that he is unaware of. Do make up with your job, have a nice reconciliation scene and promise to get along with it better in the future. Or else cast it off forever and be done with it.

Apologies never pulled up any weeds; do not be so ready with excuses.

Key Number 4

Stop telling people your faults. Apologies never pulled up any weeds. The very fact that you are so willing to call attention to your shortcomings shows that you do not appreciate their seriousness. Do not be so ready with excuses. Lean closer to listen to a terrible secret—people who are handy with excuses turn into buck-passers! You aren't one, by a long shot—we are simply posting a sign "Steep grade ahead." *You have a fine engine, good brakes, carburetor and timer. All you need to roll along the road to success is a skillful hand on the wheel and a careful eye on the road.*

Key Number 5

Beware of all forms of get-rich-quick schemes, for it is individuals of your easy-going disposition who make the fortunes of tricksters.

A person who is being noble about work is as unpleasant to have about as a slacker.

You can probably advance your interests best by husbanding your resources, both material and physical. If you really think you are spending too much, have the courage to economize. If you have not much vitality, get a job that does not drain your strength. Make the most of your unusual ability to get along with people. And keep the family out of your business. In other words, don't let your business life become a family affair. You must be the boss as far as your work is concerned, and if let alone, you will choose the line of work that is best suited to your temperament. Your easy-goingness, which is the quality that (Please turn to page 96)

Double Murder

By

Rufus King

Illustrated by
Dudley Gloyne Summers

The Story So Far:

AT last her phone-call to the Police Department had been put through. "This is Mrs. Herbert Endicott speaking," she said, "and I am worried about Mr. Endicott. I wonder whether you could send some one up to talk it over with me. . . . . No, he hasn't disappeared. I know exactly where he has gone, but I have reason to believe that something might happen to him. . . . . Yes, it's the Mr. Endicott who has been in the papers recently in connection with Wall Street."

Lieutenant Valcour called in response to this message—found a young and very beautiful woman and a luxurious ménage. She explained to him her reasons for anxiety about her husband—his intrigue with a rather notorious young woman Marge Mylen, the strange and apparently threatening scrap of paper on his desk, *"By Thursday or—"* and some other things. And upon the Lieutenant's suggesting the possibility of further clues in the pockets of Endicott's clothing, Mrs. Endicott directed him to the closet of his room. Valcour opened the door—and found doubled up there on the closet floor the body of the man whom they had been discussing. . . . .

Endicott's physician, the medical examiner and various police officials were summoned. No wound was found on the body, and it was decided Endicott had died from shock. And then—the medical men determined that there was a good possibility of bringing him back to life by the injection of adrenalin into the heart muscles.

They succeeded—at least to the extent of bringing back breathing and heart-action. It was desirable, decided the physicians, that some one close to Endicott be at his bedside when he recovered consciousness. Mrs. Endicott was sleeping under a sedative; and Valcour therefore questioned the servants—and learned that one Thomas Hollander was Endicott's best friend. Over the phone he arranged to have Hollander sit through the night at Endicott's bedside—though he took the precaution of stationing two policemen to keep watch from the adjoining bathroom.

Then Valcour sallied forth—first to call on Marge Mylen. He found only her stepmother at home—a grim old beldame who showed him a note from Marge explaining that she was to have gone with Endicott that evening to a certain hotel for dinner, that Endicott had not appeared, and that she had gone out anyway. And she had not returned.

Valcour then called at Hollander's apartment and found there one Jerry Smith, a crook known to the police. Valcour searched the apartment, found an empty dagger-sheath, and was dialing the Endicotts' telephone-number when Smith struck him from behind with a blackjack, knocking him unconscious. . . . .

Meanwhile, back at the Endicott house, the insensible man showed such signs of returning consciousness that the nurse hastened upstairs to call Dr. Worth. Then Hollander, sitting at Endicott's bedside, drew a thin poniard from his sleeve. *(The story continues in detail:)*

O'BRIAN stirred a bit restlessly in his chair by the hall door and yawned. Then he looked at his watch. It was almost a quarter past two.

The telephone jangled. He rose abruptly and went to the instrument. It would be, he imagined, Lieutenant Valcour calling again to find out if everything was all right. Well, everything was.

O'Brian lifted the receiver and said, "Hello?"

No one answered him, and there wasn't any sound from the other end of the line, unless you could call a sort of thumping noise, and a faint tinkle that might have been made by breaking glass, a sound.

"Hello!" O'Brian said again.

The line wasn't dead, because there wasn't that peculiar burring one hears when the connection is broken. The receiver of the phone at the other end was certainly off the hook.

"Hello!"—he tried again.

There was a click. The burring sound started. The line was dead. Whoever had been calling from the other end had now hung up.

O'Brian, very thoughtfully, did likewise.

Then he began to wonder what he ought to do. It didn't take him very long to decide, especially as the thumping noise and tinkle of breaking glass grew louder in retrospect the more he thought about them. He didn't have to go as far as Denmark; something was certainly rotten right here in New York.

He dialed the operator, identified himself as a member of the police force, and stated that he wanted the call he had just received traced instantly.

"One minute, please," requested a voice with a macadamized smile. The minute stretched into two—ten—but eventually he was informed that the call had come from the apartment of a Mr. Thomas Hollander, whose phone number and address were thereupon given.

O'Brian jotted them down. He then dialed the telephone-number of Hollander, who was, as he very well knew, right upstairs. Several persistent dialings failed to awaken any response.

The complexion of the work afoot grew dirtier. O'Brian felt certain that it was connected with the terrain activities of Lieutenant Valcour. If it had just been some occupant of Hollander's

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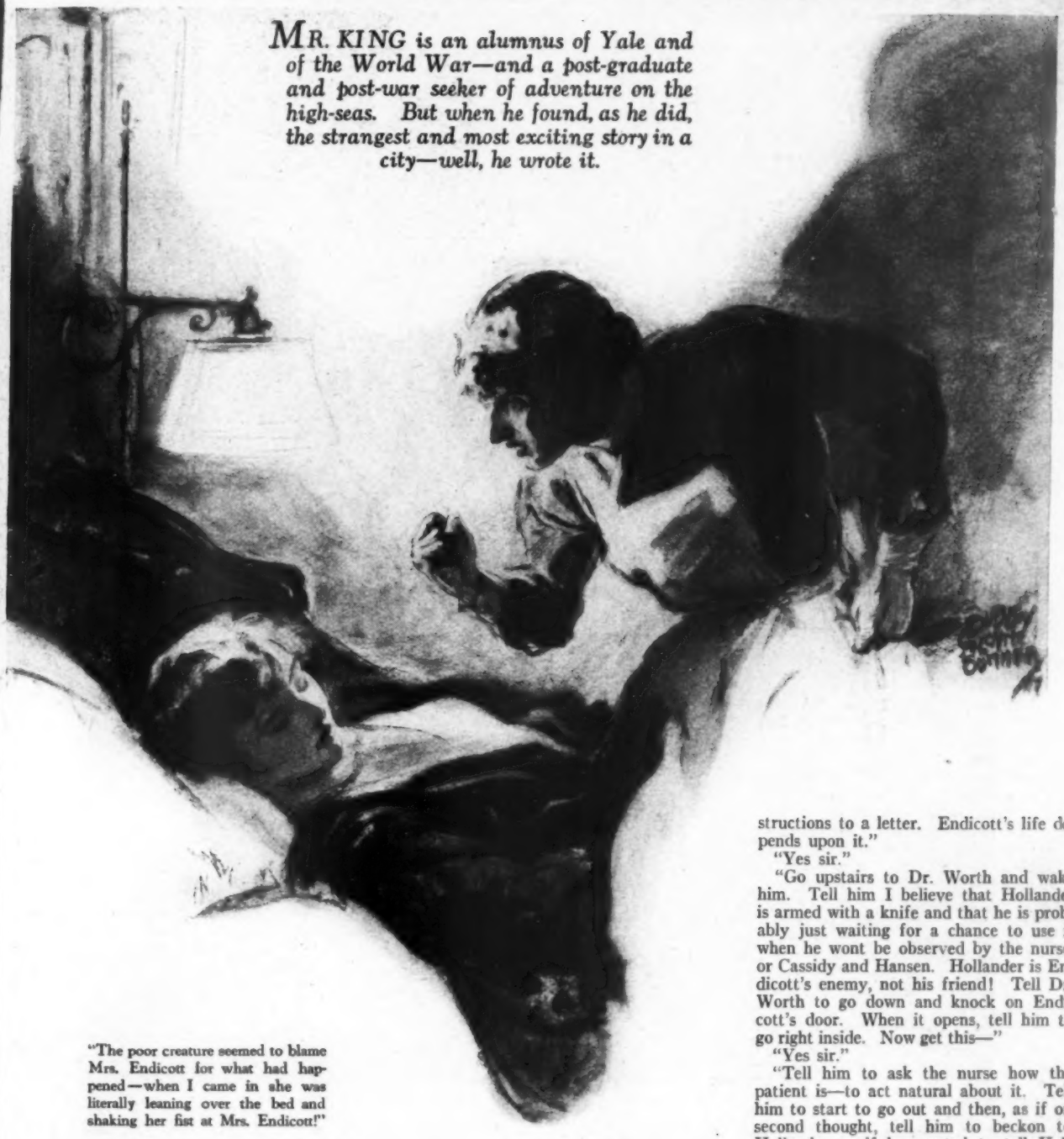
MR. KING is an alumnus of Yale and of the World War—and a post-graduate and post-war seeker of adventure on the high-seas. But when he found, as he did, the strangest and most exciting story in a city—well, he wrote it.



"The poor creature seemed to blame Mrs. Endicott for what had happened—when I came in she was literally leaning over the bed and shaking her fist at Mrs. Endicott!"

apartment who had wanted to call Hollander up about something, there would have been an answer.

And there wouldn't have been that thumping noise, and the tinkle of breaking glass.

It seemed a matter that required investigation at once. O'Brian telephoned his precinct station and reported the occurrence and his beliefs about it to the sergeant in charge. He was assured that a raiding squad would be dispatched within a matter of minutes to the address he had given. . . . . One was.

Lieutenant Valcour helplessly bound, very dazed, very weak, was lying on the floor beneath a table when the raiding squad crashed the door to Hollander's apartment and broke in. Cold water—a glass of whisky from a convenient decanter—and intelligence and strength began to return. Lieutenant Valcour pushed away the hands that were supporting him and, going to the telephone, called the Endicotts' number. "O'Brian?"

"Yes, Lieutenant—you all right, sir?"

"Yes, yes—pay attention to every word I say and follow my instructions to a letter. Endicott's life depends upon it."

"Yes sir."

"Go upstairs to Dr. Worth and wake him. Tell him I believe that Hollander is armed with a knife and that he is probably just waiting for a chance to use it when he wont be observed by the nurse, or Cassidy and Hansen. Hollander is Endicott's enemy, not his friend! Tell Dr. Worth to go down and knock on Endicott's door. When it opens, tell him to go right inside. Now get this—"

"Yes sir."

"Tell him to ask the nurse how the patient is—to act natural about it. Tell him to start to go out and then, as if on second thought, tell him to beckon to Hollander as if he wanted to tell Hollander something. Hollander will get up and go to him. Tell him to whisper to Hollander that there's something he wants to tell him privately, if Hollander will step outside for a minute into the corridor. You be in the corridor. When Hollander comes out, jump him. Put the cuffs on him and keep him quiet until I get there. I'll be right on up. O. K.?"

"Yes sir."

Lieutenant Valcour rang off. He turned to the sergeant in charge of the detail.

"Leave one man here, Sergeant," he said. "The rest of you men can go back to the station, after you've dropped me at the Endicotts'."

"Anything you want the man who's left here to do, Lieutenant?"

"Not unless a dark-haired youngster comes back, which he wont. But if he should, just have him kept for me, please, on ice."

Down on the street, Lieutenant Valcour jumped in beside the driver of the Department car and said: "Step on it, Clancy. It's only eleven blocks up and three west."

The car shot forward, swept to the right at the corner, and

lunged up Lexington Avenue. There was little traffic, and what little there was, was so scattered that nothing impeded its way.

"Something going to break on that Endicott business, Lieutenant?"

"Either going to, or has."

"A homicide, aint it?"

"Possibly—by now."

NURSE MURROW smoothed the last wrinkles from her uniform while waiting for Dr. Worth to open the door. It paid to look one's best. Always, at any time at all. One never could tell—

"Oh, Doctor, I'm sorry to get you up again so soon, but Mr. Endicott shows symptoms of coming to."

Dr. Worth, who was no longer the eager-eyed practitioner he once had been, did his best to shake off the puffy chains of sleep.

"I'll come right down, Miss Murrow."

"I'll wait, Doctor."

"Just want to dash some cold water on my face—"

He vanished into the room again. Ah, dreamed Miss Murrow, *what* a man! And he'd never been snappy with her, either. So many were snappy. Some one was coming up the stairs—quickly—two at a time—a policeman—

"Where's the doctor, miss?" said O'Brian, a little winded.

"He's coming right out, Officer."

"I gotta see him at once."

O'Brian brushed her aside and opened the door. Dr. Worth met him, astonished and glistening, on the threshold.

"Say, listen, Doctor, the Lieutenant just called up, and he said . . . ."

O'Brian thereupon repeated what Lieutenant Valcour had said.

"But my dear man, this is the most extraordinary thing I have ever heard in my life!" Dr. Worth's slightly damp eyebrows indulged in a series of gyrations.

"Sure, there aint no time for astonishments, Doctor," said O'Brian. "Let's go—easy and quietlike, now—we're not to put this bird wise—"

With O'Brian leading, they started down the stairs.

"HELLO, Herb," Hollander said softly.

Endicott's voice was so weak that it scarcely carried to Hollander's ears. "Who is it?" he said. "What—" the voice dribbled off.

"It's your friend, Herb."

Sullen, petulant lines clung suddenly to Endicott's mouth, mak-

"Neither you nor all the devils in hell can stop me from telling," Endicott whispered faintly. And then he saw the knife. . . . "Can't I, Herb?"

ing the thickish lips look almost viciously weak. He made a curious noise that might have been intended for a laugh.

"Have no friend." The voice was but the mere ghost of dead whispers.

"What happened to you, Herb?"

"Happened?" Endicott's eyes made a strong effort to get through the fogs shrouding them. "Something did happen—I want the police—I'll teach that rotten—that—"

There wasn't any sound for a while.

"You'll teach who, Herb?"

Endicott was staring very fixedly up at Hollander now. And Hollander's right hand, the fingers of which were unnaturally rigid, was gently moving to that spot on the spread which would lie above Endicott's heart.

"Who is it you're going to teach, Herb?" Hollander said again.

The mists were clearing, and Endicott could see things almost plainly. He fixed Hollander's face into definite focus. "Damn you," he said, "for a—"

"Now, now, Herb, that isn't nice, and you don't know what you're saying."

Hollander's right hand had found the spot. It hung above it, motionless, very rigid, and the fingers very stiff.

"I'm going to call a policeman, and—"

Endicott's voice was so weak as to be almost inaudible. His lips seemed as motionless as the rest of his body, which was completely inert.

"No, you're not, Herb," whispered Hollander. "And you're not going to tell, either."

Endicott grew weary of looking up at Hollander. His eyes traveled fretfully along Hollander's right arm.

"Neither you nor all the devils in hell," he whispered faintly, "can stop me from telling."

And then he saw the knife.

"*Can't* I, Herb?"

It was the slenderest knife Endicott had ever seen. He wondered where on earth Hollander had gotten it. No hilt—or perhaps the hilt was cupped in Hollander's hand. A stiletto—that's what it was; and its point was pressing through the white spread at a point that lay just above his heart. Why, if the pressure kept on, it would go right into his heart. . . .

Crack!

Crack—crack-crack—crack—crack!

A bullet from Cassidy's gun shattered Hollander's right wrist. Hansen's shot caught him in the right shoulder. Two bullets out of the fusillade that followed lodged, one in his right hip, and the other one farther down in the leg. Both officers, in spite of Nurse Murrow's orders, had moved into the room and were crouched on the floor where they would still be concealed from Endicott's line of vision, but where they could better and more closely observe what had been faintly suspicious movements on the part of Hollander.

They were within four or five feet of him and still crouched below him as blood stained the white spread when Hollander dragged his mangled wrist across it to the floor.

Chapter Seventeen—2:40 A. M.

THE pounding on the door became hysterical, and Cassidy, who for two cents would have become hysterical himself, went over and unlocked it. He found Dr. Worth, backed by scandalously excited servants and flanked by Nurse Murrow and O'Brian, pressing across the sill.

"Is it Endicott?" Dr. Worth demanded breathlessly.

Cassidy shook his head.

"No sir—it's Hollander. We shot the knife from his hand

before he could stick it into Endicott, and then we shot him down."

"Close this door, Officer, and keep these people out. Come in with me, Miss Murrow."

Dr. Worth came into the room with Nurse Murrow. Cassidy closed the door, and the shrill clatter of excited whisperings ebbed like a tide.

"Thank God, Officer, you saved Endicott. What a mess!" Dr. Worth glanced critically at Hollander, huddled on the floor by the bed in a blood-soaked heap. "You two men help Nurse Murrow. Stretch him out on that chest over there by the window. Do what you can for him, Miss Murrow, until I've taken care of Endicott."

Cassidy and Hansen lifted Hollander and carried him to the improvised cot Miss Murrow arranged with blankets and a pillow on top of the mahogany chest by the window.

Nurse Murrow then became the acme, the pink of proficiency. She dressed and bound Hollander's wounds, and applied the proper tourniquet above his shattered wrist. In her opinion, his condition was not fatally serious, when one considered his obvious physique and his probably excellent constitution—of iron—and, yes, he *was* directly handsome. What a pity they'd arrest him. Or perhaps he was under arrest already, although she usually associated handcuffings with arrests.

Dr. Worth himself was standing beside her. There was a bewildered, curiously grave look on his face. She sensed intuitively what had happened.

"Mr. Endicott, Doctor?"

"He was always *hers*, no matter what he had done. He took her in his hands one night and twisted her; she didn't say a thing."

Dr. Worth shrugged helplessly. "He's dead."

"But I swear that knife never went in, sir," Cassidy said. "Hansen, here, and me was watching Hollander like cats. Sure, we saw the knife even before it touched the bedclothes."

"Didn't Hollander have a gun, too?"

"No sir. Why do you ask?"

"Because Endicott was killed by a bullet."

Hansen's Nordic young face grew very red, and then very white. Cassidy showed nothing of what he was thinking—certainly nothing of the sickening, puzzled worry that clamped his chest—except for a tight clenching of his hands.

"Too bad," Cassidy said.

"Yes," agreed Dr. Worth, "it is too bad."

"You're sure, sir?"

Dr. Worth grew icily formal. "Quite," he said. He was also getting good and mad. This was the sort of thing, he told himself angrily, that taxpayers shelled out their money for. Protection! It was enough to make anybody laugh. A lot of protection the police had been for Endicott. They'd shot him—that's what!

"But I don't see how—"

"Officer, there is no mistaking the difference between a bullet-wound and one made by a knife. In this case especially it is perfectly obvious. I dare say the charge against you two men will be just technical—accidental homicide in line of duty?"

Dr. Worth did permit himself one short laugh.

"I guess so, Doctor," Cassidy said.

"And is there anything that has to be done, Officer?"

"In what way, sir?"

"Why—a report made to the medical examiner?" Dr. Worth became almost airy in his mounting anger. "This sort of starts the whole thing over again, doesn't it? I mean, wont the medical examiner have to come back up and investigate— Oh, well, you know the line."

"Maybe so, sir." Cassidy's face was the color of a red tile brick. "I wish the Lieutenant was here."

"I understand that he will be here any minute."

"You've heard from him, sir?"

Dr. Worth felt that if he didn't apply the brakes he would become positively light-headed. "Oh, yes—yes indeed, Officer. He called up to warn me that my patient was going to be murdered, and suggested that I run downstairs and stop it. Murder? Fiddlesticks—it's beginning to graduate into a catastrophe."

"What has happened here?"

Lieutenant Valcour, very pale, still very weak, and with an improvised bandage around his head, had entered unobserved.

"You can see," Dr. Worth said with almost insulting distinctness, "for yourself." He then went on to expand. He related in detail his version of the battle—he insisted it was a battle—which had just taken place.

Entirely apart from the natural discomfiture of his head, Lieutenant Valcour was feeling desperately glum. Under no light, no matter how favorable, could his handling of the case be considered a success.

"This," he said, "is nonsense."

Dr. Worth was by now thoroughly acid.

"I am glad that you are able to find in the miserable situation some element of humor, Lieutenant."

"Humor? Not humor, Doctor. I am just trying to say that the probability of Endicott having been shot by one of my men is nonsense."

"Would it convince you, sir, were I to remove the bullet and let it speak for itself? Imperfections in the barrel leave their markings, don't they? You can then doubtless determine which one of these two young men fired the unhappy shot."

"Please don't get irritated, Doctor. I'm not trying to annoy you, or to be funny. It's simply that I cannot see— Just where is the wound located, Doctor?"

"In the chest."

"Cassidy, where were you and Hansen standing?"

"We was crouched on the floor just inside the room, sir—not over five feet off from Hollander," Cassidy said.

"Then consider your angles, Doctor. There's Endicott—there's about where my men were crouched—it would take pretty wild shooting for either of them to hit Endicott in the chest. In fact, one might almost consider it impossible."

Dr. Worth still hovered around zero. "From the number of innocent bystanders whom one reads about in the newspapers as having been shot down by the police—"

"That is an unfair comparison, Doctor. Those cases you refer to have all involved a chase of some sort—rapid motion—streets cluttered up with people. There was nothing like that here. I'm going to call up Central Office and ask permission for you to remove the bullet and determine the angle of its path."

"Permission, sir? And do you think it is my business or my pleasure to go probing about for bullets and determining the angles of their paths? I happen to be a specialist, sir—"

"Yes, yes, Doctor. But right now it is your business to do just that. We must have the information immediately."

"And why so, sir?"

"Because if the caliber of the bullet that killed Endicott differs from the ones in the guns of my men, or if the angle of its course proves conclusively that it could not have been fired by one of them, then the murderer is still loose about the house. He couldn't have escaped, you see, as the guards are still on duty down below."

Then the murderer is still loose about the house.

The chilling possibilities of the statement served a good deal to cool Dr. Worth's steaming indignation. He was getting tired with being angry, anyway.

"I'm sorry I have been impatient, Lieutenant. You may be quite right, and I'll be glad to help you in any way that I can."

"Thank you, Doctor. I'll telephone Central Office from downstairs, as I want to instruct the men on guard down there to be doubly careful. If you'd care to start in recovering the bullet, it will be quite all right. I'll explain everything to the medical examiner. It's something, you see, that we must know. Cassidy, you and Hansen are not to leave this room. Search both it and Hollander for a gun."

"Yes sir."

Lieutenant Valcour went out, and Dr. Worth proceeded, with the aid of Nurse Murrow, to his work.

Cassidy and Hansen, having searched for a gun and found none, leaned dispiritedly against the wall near the chest on which Hollander was lying. They felt a measured sense of relief—had felt it, in fact, from the moment when Lieutenant Valcour had come into the room. Each knew he could never have fired that shot which had killed Endicott. And each was reasonably certain that the other couldn't have, either.

Their wonderings ran along parallel lines: Hollander couldn't have had a gun, or they'd have seen it, or found it during their recent search. None of their shots could have gone so hopelessly wild as to have hit Endicott. But somebody did have a gun, and Endicott had been shot by it. But there had been nobody in the room with Endicott except themselves and Hollander. And Hollander couldn't have had a gun, or they'd have seen it . . . . The perfect loop continued on and on. Each made the circle in his thoughts, and then started in all over again. If Lieutenant Valcour hadn't reëntered the room, and if Dr. Worth hadn't just then extracted the bullet, they probably would have gone mildly mad.

"Everything's all right, Doctor," Lieutenant Valcour said. "The medical examiner was only too pleased at your kindness in helping him out. He wont be up again tonight, unless I send for him. He asked me to thank you."

"Not at all, Lieutenant." Dr. Worth showed considerable excitement. "You know, it's surprising. I don't know much about the caliber of bullets, but I think you're right about the angle. Here's the bullet."

Lieutenant Valcour inspected a leaden pellet curiously, and then slipped it into a pocket.

"It isn't from one of our guns, Doctor," he said.

"I'm not surprised, Lieutenant—not surprised at all. Because the angle it entered at—why, damn it, Lieutenant, it must have been fired from some place over there."

Dr. Worth indicated a problematic area which included the corner where Hollander was stretched out. Lieutenant Valcour looked just above Hollander at the window. It was the window which had been opened about six or seven inches from the bottom by Nurse Murrow so that the air for her patient would be quite fresh and clear.

It was still open.

And outside of it, as Lieutenant Valcour very well knew, ran the shallow balcony which offered not only adornment to the rear of the house but a passageway to—and from—the windows of Mrs. Endicott's room.

But Mrs. Endicott was under the *(Please turn to page 100)*

Her Secret From Him

A Story of a Girl Who Loved but Dared Not Wholly Trust

By

Robert O. Ballou

Illustrated by R. F. James

SIX miles north of Chicago's loop is a district as mysterious to outsiders as Chinatown. Thousands drive through it daily or ride past on the L, never thinking it differs from many other neighborhoods. Apartment buildings front the streets as in any other residence section of a metropolis. Matter-of-fact signs announce that one-, two- and three-room apartments are to let; ladies walk in and out as elsewhere; there are suicides (perhaps a few more than the normal per capita quota), natural deaths, marriages (perhaps a few less than the world would think there ought to be if all the facts were known), and a few births.

There is something difficult to define which distinguishes this from any other place in the world. Sharp-tongued women, living just north or just south, in less exciting and more respectable neighborhoods, call it by a hard name, a name spoken with curled lips, and imputing a certain moral laxity and worldly wisdom to its inhabitants.

But by and large, this is unfair, as every girl who lives there knows. At least the moral-laxity part. Theirs is a code of morals as strict as that of an ascetic, and stricter than that of many who preach the morals of one. The code may vary from yours or mine, but that's their business, and they mind it. And don't you forget it, if you want to keep their friendships.

As to worldly wisdom—every girl knows that you need a lot of it to get by. If you've got it, you're to be envied. If you haven't, you'd better get it. Some parties call it hardness, but that too is unfair. It's something else. It's something that tells you how to get a good time even when you're so darned sick of the very wall-paper on your room that you could throw the toast at it. It's something you learn about in this part of Uptown Chicago, if you don't have it when you go there. It hangs about the street-corners at night, soft-voiced and hard-fisted. It sings at you from the orchestras in the dance-halls and is only thinly disguised in the slightly less obvious dance-music of the palatial hotel dining-room on the lake. You get it, and you play around, and you get by, pretending a lot that you've more education and more money than you have (but everybody knows it's pretending, so that's all right), feeding the boys in your apartment on Sunday mornings, even putting them to bed on the couch in the living-room late at night when they are drunk, and perhaps shutting (and sometimes even locking) the door into your bedroom (the only other room), after you have gone into it.

Nobody pays any attention. Nobody minds what you do. Every girl who comes there has a persistent belief that Life exists personally somewhere, that it may be tracked and even captured, if you know your groceries. But you must stalk it cautiously. Never let it catch you in an unaware moment, or it will slip something over.

Marion felt that way about it. And there was good reason. Her mother hadn't learned about Life until it was too late. She hadn't done enough stalking when she had been younger. So it caught her and threw her aside contemptuously, flat, up against it, completely out of luck, with a seven-year-old youngster (Marion), a hundred-dollar apartment, installments due on the furniture, and a husband departed with their joint savings and his stenographer. Marion's mother had exactly four dollars and seventy-three cents in her purse the morning she discovered about Life—and not a darned cent more. She wept all that day and most of that night. But the next morning she was laughing. Not the way she had laughed before, with a croon in her voice and a gay upturn in her eyes, but with a higher note, that always ended abruptly in an

"It isn't the show that I want," he cried. "It's going out with you! But you don't want to any more. Something's changed!"

exclamation-point, a laugh which said: "Well, you got me that time, but try it again and see what happens."

She had laughed that way the morning after the day when she had discovered about Life and had said to Marion:

"That's what you get, Widgett, if you don't watch your step."

Then she had become serious, and sitting in the overstuffed chair with the bridge-lamp at one side, had called her daughter to her.

"Come to Mother, dearest, while I tell you something that you must never forget. So long as you live, never trust a man. Earn your own living and keep a little put by for yourself to fall back on. Don't give him everything and have this happen to you. You mustn't!"

Her voice had risen to a scream, and she was crying again, crying against the small golden head which didn't know what it was all about. Marion cried too, because she was frightened.

After that, there were no more tears about it. They had moved to a smaller, slightly shabby apartment, and her mother had gone back to being a seamstress. This had all happened twelve years before. Ten years after that, just when Marion had finished business college and had gotten nicely started as a stenographer at Bender, Strong . and Bender's, her mother died, tired and worn at forty, and Marion set out to find the sources of Life in Uptown Chicago, fortified by that single principle, reiterated almost daily for ten years:

"Never trust a man!"

Which brings us to the somewhat homely incident with which this story really opens—the closing of a safety pin. Marion stood before her dressing-table adjusting it and the folded five-dollar bill which it fastened securely to the top of her brassière under her left arm, while her girl friend, and sharer of her apartment, lay on her bed, a little sulky, for Alice had no date that night.

"What's the idea of the treasury tonight, Min? You're going out with Jimmy, aren't you?"

There was the barest trace of jealousy or scorn in Alice's voice—it was difficult to know which.

"Sure. What's that got to do with it?"

"Say, you'll never need to walk home from that guy! If he ever got to holding your hand, he'd die of fright. He's—"

"Is that so? You lay off of Jimmy, Al. He's nice."

"Well, aint that just what I was saying? He's nice. Sure he's nice. If he ever kissed you, he'd have to insult you with an apology the next minute and say he'd forgot himself. I know his kind! He'll take you to a movie, buy you a chocolate soda afterward, and get you in at midnight. You wont need your bank-roll with him!"

"Sure, I know."

Her voice was gentle, saying in its tone more than a thousand words could have, that what she knew of Jimmy was very pleasant. But a hard note entered the words that followed:

"Nevertheless a girl can't be too careful. Never trust a man all the way. I know my onions."

"Sometimes you make me sick, Min!" said Alice. "It's a good thing not to let them slip anything over on you and all that, and I wouldn't be found dead with a guy who thinks a movie an' a soda makes an evening; but what I mean is that if you like that kind of a guy—well, God knows Jimmy's trustworthy, all right. The one thing you can do with him is trust him."

"Sure. I trust him. Only—"

The doorbell rang; and Marion, jamming her hat down over her shingled hair, ran out to meet Jimmy. This was a part of knowing your onions—having your hat on when the doorbell rang. Many's the time that it had been darned useful. If you're all ready, you don't have to go back to the bedroom to get things, and he can't follow you.

As they started out the door, Alice's voice floated derisively from the bedroom.

"Be good children and come right home from the movie!"

"We will!" Jimmy called back.

BUT that night his promise was not fulfilled. The movie was one of those pictures that, even though you know it's not highbrow and all that, it just sort of gets you. There was a simple, honest sort of fellow in it, without much style, but good and kind and loyal, and a girl who thought for a while that she thought more of a fellow with more snap and a way of dressing about him. But in the end she saw how foolish that was—and she was awfully sweet about it. When she kissed the man she really loved after all, Jimmy's hand went over to Marion's quite of its own accord, and Marion held it tightly. But she kept looking straight at the picture all the time, partly because she didn't want to miss any of it, and partly because she didn't want Jimmy to see her eyes just then. It was better to keep what was in them to herself until he said something.

They walked out of the theater silently. As soon as Jimmy could get beside her out of the aisle, he took her arm, and Marion, still not looking at him, pressed it tightly against her side so that his hand felt warm and close against her, just under the place where the five-dollar bill was pinned. But she wasn't thinking of the bill then.

Usually they rode home from the loop on the bus, but tonight, after they had walked a block toward Michigan Avenue, Jimmy said suddenly:

"Do you mind if I get a cab?"

He spoke shyly, as if she might have some objection, or as though he were asking a large favor of her.

Marion laughed and patted the hand that was on her arm.

"Silly boy," she said. "Of course not. But I think it's extravagant. I'd just as soon ride on a bus."

"I'd like to be alone with you—if you don't care?"

"Jimmy, you're sweet!" she assured him. "I'd love it, of course."

Looking back after many years, Marion remembered that drive as one of the loveliest half-hours she had ever lived. Jimmy didn't say anything, and neither did she. Nothing happened, save that he began holding her hand as they crossed the Michigan Avenue bridge, and pressed it against his cheek a moment as they drove out of Lincoln Park. But there was something about it sweeter than anything she had ever known before. You couldn't put your finger on it or describe it. It never occurred to her to think that this intangible sweetness between them, this new feeling of companionship, and something larger than companionship, was Life personally, which she had been seeking. It didn't occur to her to call it anything or to think about it much then. It was just one of those things you felt without thinking about it: happiness, maybe, for a few minutes, contentment surely, knowing without having to try other things first that nothing could be better than this, and wishing that it could go on and on.

And she knew then, as she had only guessed before, that she didn't want Jimmy ever to go away from her, that she must keep him near her, hold him somehow against everything.

And she knew, too, that he wanted to stay—without either of them saying anything about it.

TWO blocks south of her street, "the drive" comes to a point from which you could throw a stone into the lake, and then, as if afraid of the water, turns to the west. On the face of it this seems inconsiderate; but turning off that way it leaves a little stretch of beach which is dark and unfrequented at night, as if made for the finish of a walk home.

Here Jimmy stopped the driver, and hand in hand they walked to the lake, looking out across it with eyes which saw more than your eyes would, or mine, if we were there to look tonight. Stopping at the water's edge, they still found no words; but Jimmy, turning to her, took her other hand in his and held them both against his lips, kissing them gently, then, taking her head between his hands, urged it to his shoulder, kissed her hair and called her dear names in a half-frightened voice, as if he had never known how much she had wanted him to do that. And Marion, loving him so, needing to tell him, lifted her lips to his, and they kissed each other.

Jimmy had never kissed her before. Other men had. She did not know that it could be so different. This was not just a kiss. It was all of her and all of him together some way—you couldn't explain it.

And that was why Jimmy did not keep his promise to Alice and bring her home right after the movie. Neither of them had known before how fast time could run away from you. For hours they sat on the breakwater, saying few articulate sentences. Their words were just little breathless phrases, mostly names, sweet names which would make anyone envious the way they said them.

And they must have been in the hall for nearly an hour. Jimmy didn't go up, and Marion didn't urge him. She didn't know whether Alice was still there. And anyway, there was something about this which belonged to the night and outdoors, those two friends who concoct the only privacy which amounts to anything. She didn't want to hem this in by her tiny flat. Yet it seemed impossible to let him go. It was as though he were going forever, or dying or something now, or as though she would stop breathing and living the minute he got out of her sight. That was the way she loved him—the way she always loved him; she knew it now.

So it was after three o'clock when she finally stood before her dresser again, slowly taking off her clothes, stopping to kiss her hand where he had kissed it, and looking for a long time into the mirror to see if she was as beautiful as Jimmy had said she was.

Alice was not there. Jimmy could have come up, after all. But it was nicer that he hadn't. It was perfect the way it was. Anything else would have been something less.

She unpinned the safety-pin dreamily, as a matter of habit, then stopped and looked at the five-dollar bill a little sheepishly as she was about to put it under her pile of handkerchiefs where she always kept it so that she wouldn't spend it. How ridiculous of her! She wouldn't ever have to carry *that* again! She felt a little skaty about it. As though she could have doubted Jimmy! As though she would ever have to leave him anywhere! That five could go into her purse now, along with the little rest of her money, or in her savings-account.

Then she saw a slip of paper on the dresser with a note on it from Alice. Standing there before her dresser in her envelope chemise (they wore them then) and stockings, with the bill held irrelevantly in one hand, she read it:

"Honey, I'm sorry I was nasty about Jimmy. I was just sort of off my feed. You know how it is. I think he's a peach. I've gone out with Tom. See you in the morning. Al. P. S. I took mad money too, and don't let anybody kid you about it."

PERHAPS if Alice had not written that postscript, all the rest of this story would have been different. Perhaps the postscript had nothing to do with it at all. If you think a thing like that is easy to figure out, you're either a god or a fool. I can only tell you what happened.

For a long time Marion stood still, doing nothing. Then she looked at Alice's note and back to the bill in the other hand. Sighing, she opened her top dresser drawer and carefully placed the bill under the pile of handkerchiefs. . . . .

There were fleet, breathless months after that, hurrying through time to the day of Marion's happiness. Days were not just days any more. They were Marion's days and Jimmy's. Days labeled with the names of places where some special blessing had been granted them—some miraculous combination of sky and air and human mood to make a land and a life unbelievably sweet, some perfect thing unknown to anyone now or before or to be, save these two, something you couldn't tell anyone else, because no one else could know what you were talking about; days labeled with some mysterious coincident of their love and cosmic recognition of it—" 'Member, Jimmy, that day we sat at the end of the pier in Jackson Park with our legs hanging over, and you kissed my knee, and a wave came up and some of it hit me right where you had kissed me?" Hunting and dreaming days (Saturday afternoons, these), when they loitered through loop department-stores looking at furniture and drapes, turning shyly away from baby carriages and toys, answering overcourteous clerks with, "No, thank you; we're just lookin'."

They danced still; they went to movies still; but the old need for dancing and the movies was gone. These were just excuses for being together, make-believe reasons for escaping Alice, if she was in the apartment, or something within themselves if she was not, something which was sweet but terrible and driving, something which must be made patient, something you could not talk about even to each other, or scarcely admit to yourself. If

"Come to Mother, dearest, while I tell you something you must never forget. So long as you live, never trust a man!"

you did admit it, it became more impatient. You got along better with it outdoors or in crowds.

The days passed, and the day came. Marion and Jimmy were married. It was a nice wedding. Jimmy didn't care one way or the other how it was done. A justice of the peace would have suited him all right. But Marion had always wanted a church wedding, and he saw that she got it. They were married in a little church on the South Side where Jimmy knew the minister, with Marion's closest friends from Bender, Strong and Bender's, and Jimmy's mother and three brothers and one other fellow, a fellow named Bill, a big quiet chap that Jimmy liked better than anyone else except Marion.

From the South Side church they ran away for two weeks (Jim's vacation) to a little inn in the Connecticut mountains, and Marion learned that everything she had read about love had been tame and lifeless. These writers who wrote so glibly about it—what did they know of this kind of happiness? Their words became pale and tawdry. She lived day after day in a world which she had not dreamed could exist, a world you couldn't talk about (but you could look at each other and your eyes said everything), a world that needed no talking about because it was its own expression and completion. A pressure of the hand meant more than a book full of words. There was nothing more needed. Nothing she desired, save all of Jimmy, which she had.

They came back to Chicago to live in a four-room apartment on the South Side, near the University. Transportation from Hyde Park was better for Jimmy's work, and he convinced her that it was a nicer place to live, anyway. More interesting people, a better atmosphere. Marion hardly listened. South—North—West—a shaggy houseboat in the lake—it was all one to her, so long as Jimmy was there. All that mattered was that he be pleased, that the boyish smile just behind his lips ready to break out on them, be kept there for instant display, that she keep him happy and keep him near her. There wouldn't ever be an argument over where they would live. There wouldn't ever be an argument over anything.

It wasn't a bit hard to settle down away from her job. For weeks there was arranging to do in the apartment, curtains to hem and dresser-scarves to make. And marketing every morning. Marion did it herself. You'd be surprised at how much you could save that way. And besides, it was fun to come to intimate terms with vegetables and fruits and meats, to let them march before you in their best appearances and address them like a general picking from a line of volunteers. What was the use of being a housewife if you couldn't show your new importance in the stores?

And every night there was Jimmy, coming from his job hurried and eager. She would watch for him out the window, and seeing him, turn the gas-stove down quick and run down three flights of stairs to meet him in the lower hall. Sometimes Jimmy would fool her by coming around another way, and tiptoeing up the back stairs, would surprise her in the kitchen. Then she would scold him gayly between kisses and hurrying to the stove to get the dinner onto the table.

Only one thing bothered her a little in these days. She hadn't any money of her own. She had spent the last cent of her savings on a davenport and Coxwell chair with ottoman for the living-room, so that Jimmy would have a comfortable place to sit when he came home tired. Now she had *(Please turn to page 110)*

The Infernal Feminine

By Herbert Asbury

Illustrated by
Rico Tomaso

The author of this unusual story has won a reputation as a realist. His "Hatrack," you may remember, was a bit too real, indeed—for Boston. Humor, some say, is merely realism—the art of presenting an utterly unposed picture of people. Here are some of the most suitable people for the realism which rouses laughter.

MICKEY McCANN tilted Mabel Delaney's soft round chin a little more to the right and stared dreamily into her bright blue eyes. He sighed deeply. She squirmed.

"What's stopping you?" she demanded. "Do your stuff!"

Mickey kissed her. She wriggled from his arms, and in the mirror of her vanity case speculatively surveyed the ruins of her complexion.

"Mabel," said Mickey, "we got to get married."

"Who to?" asked Mabel, suspiciously.

"Me. You got to get married to me, and I got to get married to you."

"Yeah? On what?"

"Cut out the wise-cracks," admonished Mickey. "Aint I your boy friend?"

"Sure you are," said Mabel. "But what does that get you?"

"Well," said Mickey thoughtfully. "I dunno. Anyway, we got to get married."

Mabel slapped her nose briskly with her powder-puff, smoothed her thin eyebrows, drew a scarlet line on each lip and shoved her fingers into the tangled mass of her shingled hair. Repairs thus having been completed, she bestowed upon Mickey a glance she had frequently seen employed in the movies with devastating effect, and which did nothing less than shrivel him.

"A fine lot of business you got talking about getting married," she said.

"Where you get that stuff?" blustered Mickey. "Aint I a good guy?"

"The world's full of good guys," said Mabel. "How much jack you got?"

"Nine berries, cash," said Mickey.

"Nine berries! I should get married to a guy that's got nine berries! Be yourself, boy friend!"

"We'll save some more," suggested Mickey, but feebly. "We'll cut out the movies and things and put some jack in the bank. How're you going to spend nine berries getting married, anyway? A license only costs two berries, and that leaves us seven berries velvet."

Mabel sniffed discouragingly.

"When I wed the man of my choice," she said, only she pronounced it "*cherce*," "I got to go to Coney Island, anyway, and maybe Atlantic City for a honeymoon. And I wont cut out no movies, neither. How're you going to do that on nine berries?"

"Well," said Mickey, dimly comprehending the enormity of his desire, "anyway, I got a job."

"Sure you got a job. You stand behind Izzy Bernstein's soda-fountain all day squirting stuff into glasses, and you don't make no more doing it than I make manicuring people that come into Mike Pillaro's famous barber-shop for ladies and gents. The trouble with you, Mickey McCann, is you aint got no ambition. You—"

"All right, all right," interrupted Mickey. "You win. I give up."

"You would," said Mabel. "That's what's the matter with you. Why don't you get out and make something out of yourself? Get yourself a lot of jack and everything."

"Where do I go to?" asked Mickey hopelessly. "Where do I get all this jack and stuff?"

"How should I know? Maybe out in the great open spaces where guys is butter-and-egg men. Anyway, you beat it, and don't say marriage to me no more until you've got a lot of jack and everything. It ought to be a cinch; if I was a guy I could do it in a minute! My husband's got to be somebody."

"You don't want much, do you?" said Mickey bitterly. "I guess all you want a guy to do is hold up a bank or something. I got a fat chance getting a lot of jack. . . . . But I'm sure going to beat up this wop Mike Pillaro if he don't quit holdin' your hand."

"You lay off Mike Pillaro," said Mabel warningly. "Every time he holds my hand, I get a raise. It's good business. Get out and make something out of yourself. You and your nine berries give me a pain in the neck."

"Is that so?" sneered Mickey.

"Yes, that's so."

"Is that so? Who do you think you are, tryin' to high-hat me like that? Maybe *I* only got nine berries, but I don't go round letting wop barbers hold my hand. You aint such hot stuff."

Mabel pointed to the door with a trim forefinger.

"Beat it!" she said succinctly.

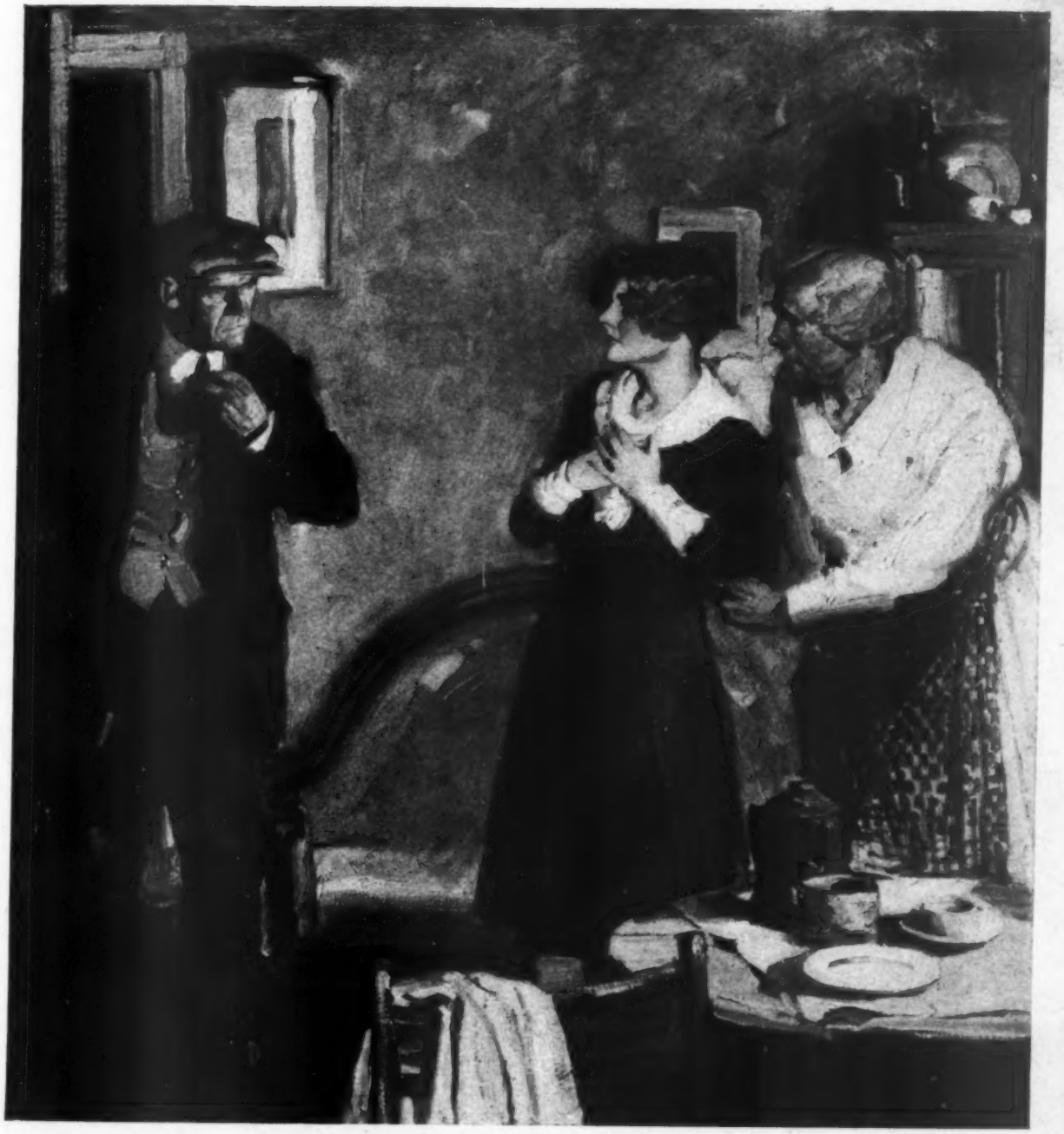
"How's that?"

"You heard me!" said Mabel. "You may be dumb, but you aint deaf. On your way, and don't come back till you got a lot of jack and everything."

"Say!" demanded Mickey. "What's eating you, anyway?"

"Nothing's eating me," said Mabel. "Beat it before I get Mamma to crown you."

It was a dreadfully dark and gloomy world; and Mickey, wandering disconsolately down the street, felt perfectly justified in expending a sizable portion of his nine berries for a ticket to the Gaylord Theater, where the Royal Trocadero Burlesquers were, as advertised, giving a sizzling performance matinée and evening. He strode gloomily down the aisle just as Mr. Jake Murphy came from the wings and began to deliver an oration, describing in flattering and glowing detail the manifold excellencies of the beetle-browed young man who stood scowling beside him. Mr. Murphy assured his audience that its collective eyes now rested upon no less a personage than Mr. Spider Mooney, the renowned



"Lay off my nose!" protested Mickey. "There aint nothing wrong with it!" "What a beezer!" said Mamma Delaney.

lightweight pugilist, who would unquestionably be champion of the world if he had his rights.

"Do your stuff, Spider," commanded Mr. Murphy, with a magnificent gesture. "Shadder box, Spider."

Mr. Mooney thereupon assumed his fighting face and scampered industriously about the stage, belaboring the smoke-laden atmosphere with lusty blows, while the crowd roared its approval.

"I give you my word, gents," said Mr. Murphy impressively, "that Mr. Spider Mooney has got a sock like the kick of a mule, and if there is any guy here that thinks he can stay four rounds with Mr. Mooney, he has went cuckoo. But if any guy wants to take a shot at it, there is twenty-five smackers in it for him if he stays four rounds. But I give you my word, gents, he aint got a chance."

Mickey did not think that he could stay four rounds with Mr. Spider Mooney; indeed, it occurred to him that if Mr. Mooney was even half as fierce as he looked, he would find it difficult to remain that long in his own company. Nevertheless he decided to take a chance. Twenty-five smackers was a vast sum; he felt that if it did not satisfy Mabel Delaney, she was very hard to please and would not make a good wife. Anyway, what did he care if Mr. Spider Mooney knocked him loose from life? Had he not been spurned? Had he not had the nearest exit pointed out to him, and been invited to run, not walk? He clambered upon the stage.

"How much do I get," he asked hopefully, "if I knock this Spider Mooney cuckoo?"

The crowd yelped in derision, and Mr. Murphy immediately handed Mickey the genial razzberry.

"Listen to the guy!" he cried. "Listen to the bird that thinks he's going to knock Spider Mooney cuckoo! Where you been fighting?" he demanded.

"I aint never fought yet," said Mickey. "I been tending a soda-fountain in a drug-store. Nothing but dames ever comes in there."

Mr. Murphy affected to regard this as a gem of humor; he rocked with jovial laughter.

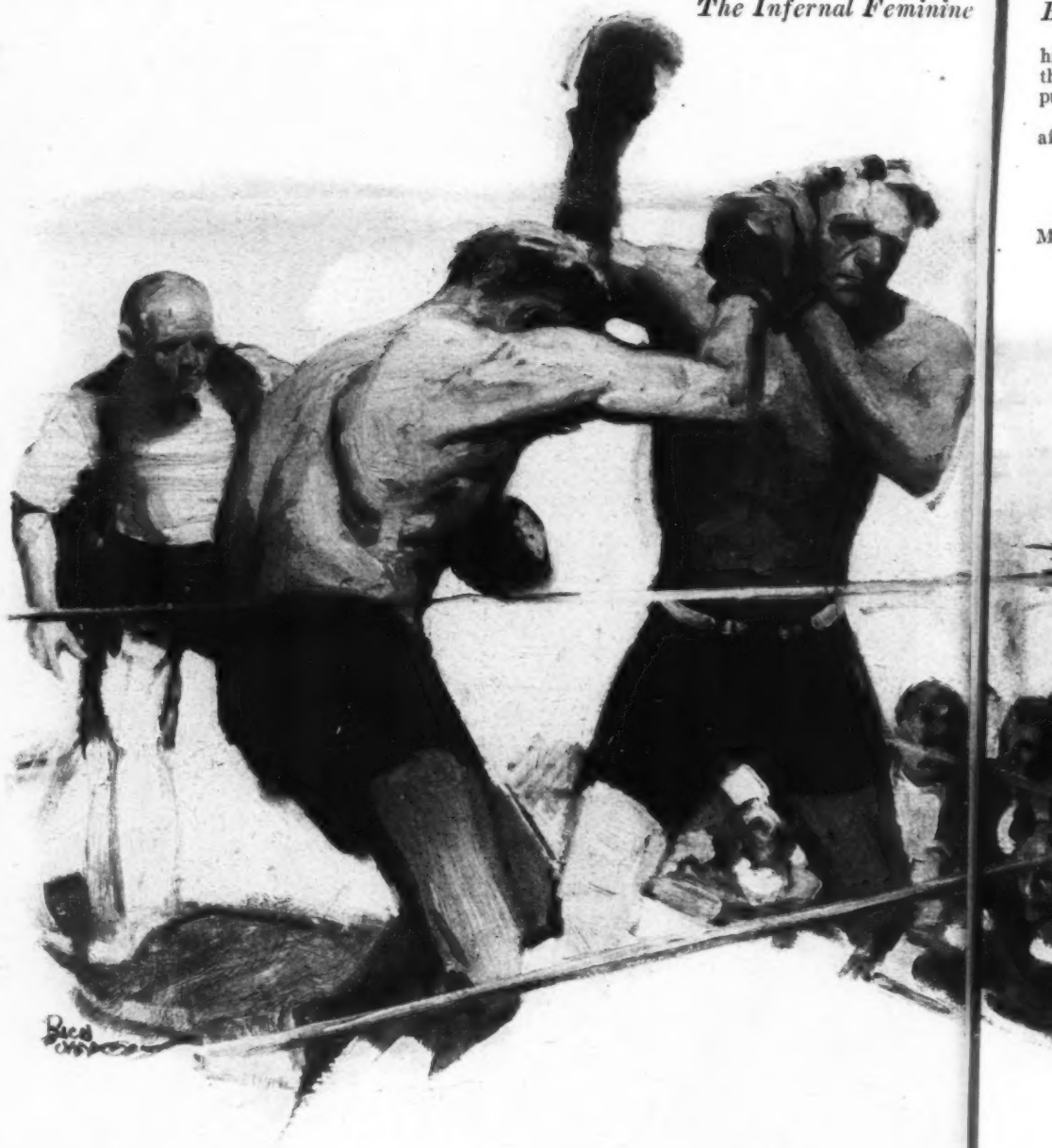
"He's a big drug-store cowboy!" he shouted. "He aint never fought, and he thinks he's going to knock Spider Mooney for a

gool! Fifty smackers you get, young feller, if you knock Spider Mooney cuckoo, and twenty-five if you stay four rounds with him. How's that, Spider?"

Mr. Mooney glanced at Mickey and smiled pityingly.

"I'll take him," he said briefly.

"This is going to be good," said Mr. Murphy. "Yes sir, this is certainly going to be good."



There was nothing that Mickey knew less about than boxing, and his was no lion heart; but his mind was filled with a pleasant vision of himself, clutching fifty dollars in his right hand, walking over the prostrate form of a barber who lay biting his manicured nails in anguish. For with fifty smackers he could undoubtedly marry Mabel, and the famous Mr. Pillaro would have no hands to hold but his own. So when the gong clanged, Mickey closed both eyes and rushed at Mr. Spider Mooney with his head down and both arms swinging like windmills. Such strenuous and unprecedented activity had been anticipated neither by Mr. Mooney nor by Mr. Murphy. They had expected Mickey to come cringing to the sacrifice, making feeble attempts to box, and in effect gambling that his body was tougher than Mr. Mooney's fists. It had been Mr. Mooney's intention to toy with the misguided young man for a round or two, and then bang him smartly on the jaw. Consequently Mickey's ferocity was disconcerting; Mr. Mooney backed away, and tripped over the foot that Mr. Murphy had expectantly placed where Mickey might reasonably be expected to walk. He stumbled and lowered his hands, and before he could raise them again, one of Mickey's wild swings hit him behind the ear and knocked him, in the elegant phraseology of Mr. Murphy, for a row of ash-cans. Mr. Mooney sighed gently, slid to the floor, and slumbered profoundly as Mickey turned to the bewildered Mr. Murphy.

"Well," said Mickey. "He's cuckoo. Gimme."

"Say!" said Mr. Murphy breathlessly. *"Say!"*

"Gimme!" said Mickey. "Gimme them fifty smackers."

"Whatinell you do that for?" demanded Mr. Murphy. "You aint supposed to come up here and knock guys around like that! What you pull a stunt like that for?"

"Fifty smackers," said Mickey. "There aint nothing I wouldn't do for fifty smackers. Let's have them."

"Take your time," urged Mr. Murphy. "Let me figure this thing out."

Mr. Mooney sat up and rubbed his head, and Mr. Murphy stared at him with distaste.

"You big bum!" said Mr. Murphy. "Get off the stage!"

Mr. Mooney groaned and tottered into the wings, pursued by the jeers of the fickle crowd, which had now transferred its love to Mickey. Mr. Murphy renewed his complaint.

"You got a lot of nerve coming up here and taking the bread out of my mouth like that!"

"You're bug-house," said Mickey. "I never took no bread from you."

"You ruined me," mourned Mr. Murphy, "that's all you done—knocking my fighter out that way! What good you think that guy's going to be to me when it gets around that a bird from a drug-store slammed him cuckoo? I wont be able to get us a fight. Say—"

He looked appraisingly at Mickey, who postured pridefully, imagining that Mr. Murphy was admiring the muscle which had functioned so efficiently.

"Say!" said Mr. Murphy, breathing with difficulty, almost strangled by his brilliant idea. "Say! I guess you're a tough guy!"

"You said it!" agreed Mickey. "When I got fifty smackers in sight, I'm the toughest guy there is anywhere. And if you don't cough up them fifty smackers, I'll—"

"You'll get them," said Mr. Murphy hastily. "Give a guy a little time. Say, come back here where me and you can have a talk."

He drew Mickey into the wings, where Mr. Mooney lurked be-

hind a back-drop. The fallen idol approached timidly and signified that he craved speech with Mr. Murphy, but was indignantly repulsed.

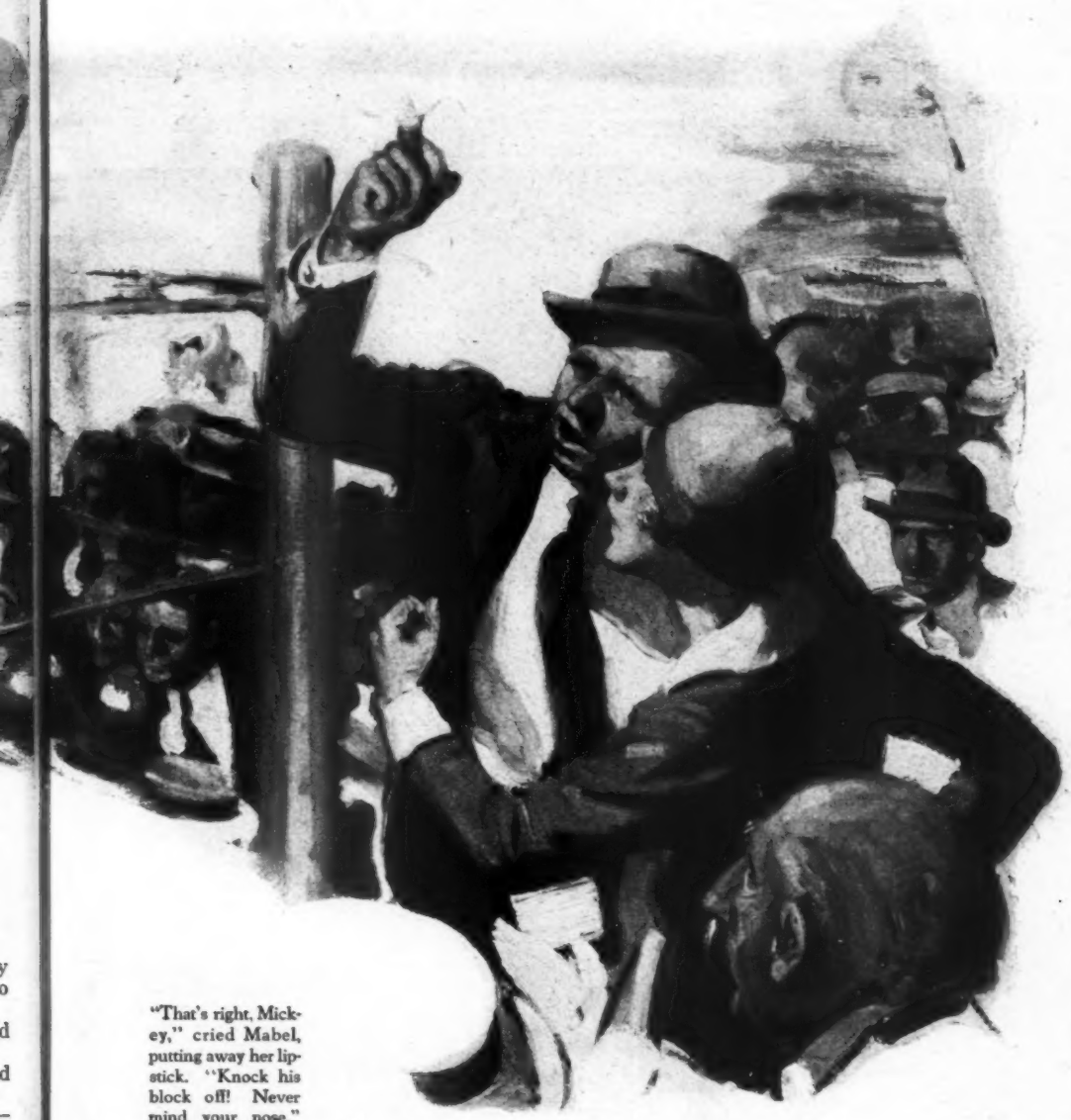
"Beat it!" said Mr. Murphy. "You got a nerve talking to me after taking the bread right out of my mouth!"

"Aw, Jake!" protested Mr. Mooney. "Say, Jake—"

Mr. Murphy regarded him ominously.

"Beat it, now, before I get this bird to sock you again."

Mr. Mooney shuddered and staggered to his dressing-room, while Mr. Murphy clutched Mickey's sleeve with an eager hand.



"That's right, Mickey," cried Mabel, putting away her lipstick. "Knock his block off! Never mind your nose."

"Say, how'd you like to go in the fighter business?"

"Is there lots of jack in the fighter business?" asked Mickey.

"Barrels of jack!" said Mr. Murphy. "Millions! You let me be your manager, and first thing you know you'll own a mint."

"I got no use for no mint," said Mickey. "But I could use a lot of jack."

"You and me both," said Mr. Murphy. "You tie up with me, and you'll have so much jack you wont know what to do with it."

"I've got a girl that'll know what to do with it," said Mickey. "But I think maybe I got enough jack now for what I want. You wait here while I call up my girl and see if fifty smackers is enough."

Again he learned about women from Mabel. Fifty dollars! Nothing to be married on, but by a remarkable coincidence it was exactly the price of the loveliest wrist-watch!

"Go soak your head!" said Mickey. "I should give you a wrist-watch so that wop barber can see how long he's holding your hand."

"Quit calling me up, you big fat-head," retorted Mabel. "I'll let Mr. Pillaro hold my ear if I want him to."

"If I ever catch that bird holding your ear," yelled Mickey furiously, "I'll cut his throat! I'll murder that guy yet."

Having already called him all the names she knew, Mabel banged the receiver on the hook, and Mickey went back to Mr. Murphy.

"I guess I'll go in the fighter business," he said gloomily. "My girl don't think much of fifty smackers."

"They never do," said Mr. Murphy.

"It's barbers I hate," said Mickey. "I'd like to get a fight with a couple of these wop barbers that's always holding girls' hands. I'll murder one of those guys yet."

"Sure," said Mr. Murphy. "But now you're in the fighter business, we'll call you Battling Hogan."

"What's the matter with Mickey McCann?"

"A guy has got to change his name when he goes into the fighter business," Mr. Murphy explained. "I guess maybe it's against the law or something for a bird to use his own name in the fighter business."

"I should worry what name I use," said Mickey. "All I want is a crack at a couple of wop barbers."

"Well," said Mr. Murphy, "then that's that."

He coughed nervously and cocked a speculative eye at Mickey.

"Now, Mickey, so long as I'm your manager, I got to get half of everything you make in the fighter business."

"How come?"

"It's the law," said Mr. Murphy impressively. "It's against the law for a box-fighter to keep more than half what he makes."

"All right," said Mickey. "That's all right with me."

"Then I guess we'll start right in," said Mr. Murphy, "with me keeping half of them fifty smackers you got coming to you for knocking Spider Mooney cuckoo."

"How do you get that way?" demanded Mickey. "You never got me that fight!"

"Is that so?" demanded Mr. Murphy indignantly. "Who did, then? Where would your fifty smackers been if I hadn't let Spider Mooney go on with you?"

"Well, Jake," said Mickey after reflection, "I guess that's right. I never figured it that way."

(Please turn to page 106)

How Dreyfus Was Saved

The greatest case which ever turned on handwriting was the great trial and re-trial of Dreyfus—the most sensational forgery case in history. You see, from his daughter's eyes, how David N. Carvalho, the leading handwriting expert of the world, entered this case—and also the case of the man who attempted to assassinate J. P. Morgan.

By
Claire Carvalho
and
Boyden Sparkes

IT was an ambition of my father to be as nearly as possible a perfect witness. It was a fetish, that ambition of his. When he entered a hotel that was strange to him, you might see his lips move as he mounted the steps to the lobby. He was counting those steps! If any cross-examiner ever challenged him for proof that he had been in that hotel, he would be ready for him.

On the day that he was drawn into the Dreyfus Case, I had gone with him into town. It must have been on a Saturday, because that was the day of the week that I customarily was taken to his office as a treat. I was such a little girl that when he counted the steps as we left the railroad, I counted them with him as a game. Perhaps I clutched his gracefully formed hand a little tighter because of it. He was a companion as well as a guardian. That day I was to get a new hat.

With five children to dress, my mother had complained of the difficulty she had been having in finding something suitable for me to wear at the price she felt she could afford. With a grand gesture he declared that was nonsense; all that was necessary was to go to the right kind of shop. So we started.

In New York he made his way to a French millinery establishment which I remember as a very swanky shop. The Frenchwoman in charge exclaimed, *"Oh, là, là!"* and raved over his exquisite taste until the poor man was persuaded into paying an extravagant fifteen dollars for a big floppy red hat for a little girl who was much too small to wear it. We were both proud, though, and when we left the milliner's place, it seemed necessary to celebrate in some way, and so we went at once to a French restaurant which he sometimes patronized. Where else when Claire was wearing a fine French hat?

The restaurant was as much a bit of France as the Rue de la Paix. The patrons who stepped within its doors by that action repatriated themselves for the space of their meal-time. They became a part of the Gallic activity that defends frontiers in Europe, in Africa, in the Caribbean and in Guinea. New York's steel clamor was held back by the turnstile door, as the sea is held back by the shore of a rugged island. Who that knows its restaurants needs a magic carpet in New York? Pass through a doorway, and you may enter Moscow; enter another, and you may dine on lamb and honey and crisp wheat pastries made according to recipes of the tent-dwelling nomads of Araby. So for the duration of our luncheon we were visitors in France—aye, in Paris.

Photo © by Brown Brothers

CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS
at the time of his trial for high treason.

My father's carefully groomed and perfumed beard was only one mark of his careful dressing. His shoes were twin black mirrors. His wide-brimmed felt was too carefully set to be called a slouch hat, and his cravat represented many minutes of careful adjustment. Head waiters, even when they did not know who he was, brushed subordinates out of their way in order to be the first to bow him into a chair.

On this day—it was nearing Christmas in 1896—we were waiting for the meal he had ordered when my father picked up a French newspaper that had been left in the chair beside him by one of the other patrons. Suddenly I was startled by an exclamation. He spread the paper on the cloth in great excitement and smoothed its creases as tenderly as if it were a document of great value. As a matter of fact, it was precisely that for an unfortunate man who was at that moment immured on Devil's Island, the world's most hideous prison. If my father never had seen that newspaper, I believe it is quite likely that Captain Dreyfus might have ended his days in the penal colony to which he had been condemned as a traitor to France.

The newspaper that my father had picked up was *Le Matin*, the celebrated morning newspaper of Paris. The Dreyfus Case was in that year of 1896 regarded by many people as a finished episode. Had not the traitor been convicted? Had he not been degraded? Had he not been sent to Devil's Island, from which only a few of the most hardy rascals of France ever returned, and then only as living wrecks freighted with the germs of tropical fevers? To the world Dreyfus was as a dead man, but in that issue of *Le Matin* in my father's hand there was presented for the first time a facsimile of the piece of writing that had been used to convict Dreyfus as a traitor who had betrayed his country to her old enemy Germany.

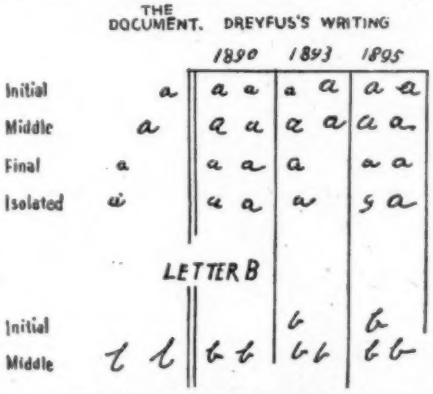
I do not remember much of the incident except my father's excitement, my distressed astonishment (and the waiter's) that he should ignore the meal he had ordered so carefully, and our precipitate departure from the restaurant. We went to his office, where he dictated to his secretary a letter to Madame Dreyfus, who had become an object of sympathy to all the world outside of France.

Turning the leaves of one of my father's scrapbooks long years afterward I came upon that copy of *Le Matin* and was at first startled to discover that it reproduced that document, a photograph of which had hung for so many years on the wall of David N. Carvalho's New York office—a photograph that he displayed as

an Indian chief might display a scalp, souvenir of some mighty triumph.

It now seems amazing that so much had been printed about the case without the secret document itself having been reproduced in any newspaper before that time; and yet when you understand what had happened, what forces had been at work and the state of mind into which mob fear can drive a nation, you may understand why the *bordereau* was a secret document. When you understand that, you understand what was behind the Dreyfus case and why my father entered it as a crusader.

One morning in October of 1894 Captain Alfred Dreyfus, of the general staff of the French army, temporarily serving with a regiment stationed in Paris, left his wife and children, to report to the war office. An official notice directing him to come had requested that he appear in mufti. That was the only puzzling circumstance about the order, but he had obeyed it, leaving off his smart képi with its braid of gold, his blue tunic with its frogs, his crimson trousers with a stripe wider than an inch.



Part of David Carvalho's work-sheet in studying Dreyfus' writing.

Upon entering the war office he was received by Colonel Picquart of the intelligence staff, who conducted him into the office of the chief of staff, where he was received not by the chief but by Commandant Paty du Clam. Three men who were unknown to him were also present. Afterward he discovered them to be Cochefort, chief of the secret police, one of his aids and the keeper of the records, Gribelin.

"The General is coming," remarked Du Clam in a voice curiously distorted by emotion. "While you are waiting, as I have a letter to write and have a sore finger, will you kindly write it for me?"

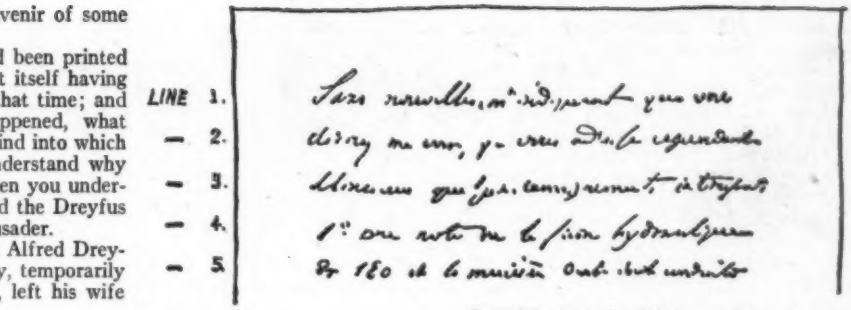
Captain Dreyfus, graduate of the École Polytechnique, graduate of the military school of Fontainebleau, a man with training as a cavalryman and as an infantryman and an artillerist of exceptional technical knowledge, sat down and prepared to write.

Du Clam seated himself where he could watch the moving pen in the hand of Dreyfus and began to dictate. Dreyfus wrote accordingly, his ingrained courtesy keeping him at the unusual task as if he had been bred and trained for the work of an amanuensis. Abruptly Du Clam jumped to his feet, clapped his hand rudely on the Captain's shoulder and proclaimed:

"In the name of the law, I arrest you. You are accused of the crime of high treason!"

Arson, rape, murder, nothing on the calendar of crimes is so abhorrent to a soldier as that named in a trembling voice by the agitated Du Clam; so it is not surprising that Dreyfus in turn became agitated, that he burst into denials, into pleas for some explanation. To be called a traitor in France, which feels itself to be perpetually in a state of siege, is to be pushed to the brink of a yawning pit.

In this country we have a crime which is called "inciting to mob violence." I do not know if the French define such a crime, but there is ample evidence that the deed is something with which they are familiar. Captain Dreyfus became a victim of mob hatred.



Part of the facsimile of the secret document which condemned Dreyfus.

The French people, mourning for the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and hourly in fear of a new invasion that would result in further dismemberment of their country, for days had been reading veiled and disturbing references to an unidentified traitor who had been selling military secrets to the enemy. In that day when the French said the enemy, they always meant that neighbor with whom they were technically at peace, Germany. France in that day always feared the morrow as settlers in an American frontier trading-post, sleeping behind a stockade, feared the Indians for which their sentries watched. Then the French sentries watched for Germans. We know today that there was justification for that fear. When Captain Dreyfus was arrested, the mass of the people of his country were by that fact convinced of his guilt. Would his superiors, they asked, have caused his arrest if they did not have sufficient proof of his guilt?

Dreyfus was given none of the protection which in this country hedges the liberties of us all. Here a man is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. In France a man who was arrested had to establish his innocence.

For seventeen days after his sudden arrest Captain Dreyfus lived on bread and water in the solitary cell of a convicted criminal. If he had been guilty, he would have deserved worse treatment. But was he guilty?

News of the defection of an officer of the general staff, of a man apprised of all the secret plans of the army, sometime before the arrest of Dreyfus had percolated into the newspapers. The entire nation was alarmed. Every man, every boy in the whole of it, felt himself to be a part of the army. Each one knew that his own life might be forfeited by a traitor highly placed in the headquarters of that organization which had for its purpose the defense of everything they held dear. There was, therefore, at all times an instinct ready to boil into an instant hatred of anyone who might be caught playing Judas to the nation.

The means by which the nations of the earth keep informed about the military strength of their rivals are pretty well understood. There are several kinds of spies engaged in this employment. It is not fashionable to call the military attaché of a foreign embassy a spy, and yet what better word can be found to classify one whose duty it is to discover as much as possible of the military secrets of the nation to which he is accredited? France then, as now, had her army and navy representatives in every important capital. Other nations were similarly represented in Paris.

The German military attaché assigned to the embassy of his country in Paris was Major von Schwartzkoppen, a Prussian officer who was as popular in Paris as it is possible for any Prussian to be in that city in which fear of Prussia is a kind of phobia. Everyone realized that he had other duties to perform

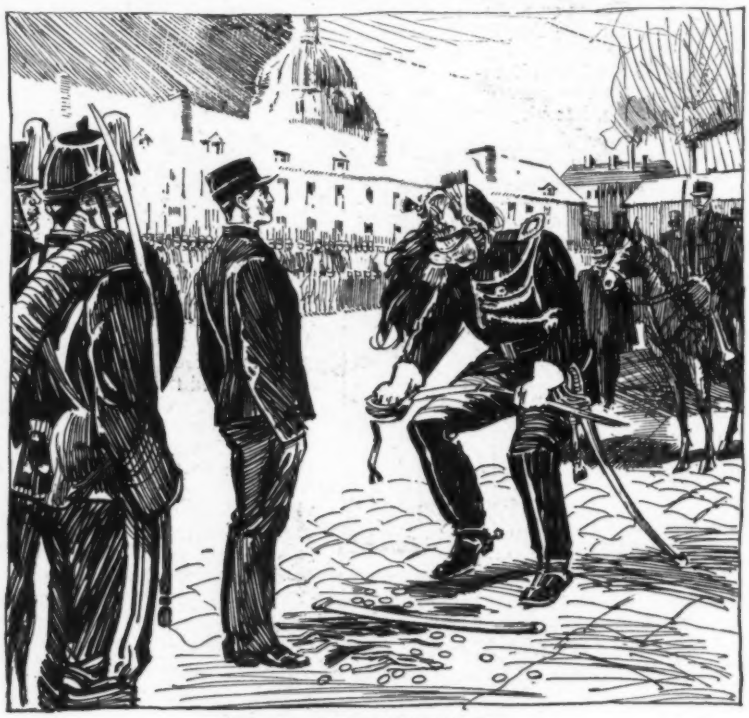
Photo © by Brown Brothers

M. BERTILLON

the famous expert in criminology, explaining a point in the Dreyfus trial to a newspaper man.

besides his most conspicuous one of being a colorful personage in fashionable drawing-rooms. Chief among those other duties was the procurement of military information. The best way to get military information, as with any other commodity, is to buy it. Major von Schwartzkoppen was at all times a market in which scraps of news about the defensive mechanism of the French people might be sold. It is one of the stock absurdities of fiction that spies deal only with facts of transcendental importance. That is nonsense. What they trade with in the underground marketplaces of their industry are myriads of facts, none of them as a rule important by itself, but all having significance when worked by understanding brains into a single pattern.

As the shrewd Wall Street stock-operator watches market trends and gauges events in advance of their happening by keeping himself informed, so do military leaders in time of peace prepare for the future. They keep themselves informed through a variety of channels. Major von Schwartzkoppen could be expected to pay fifty francs for this fact, perhaps a hundred francs for another. Each fact so purchased from a Frenchman constituted a treasonable act on the part of the seller, a patriotic duty on the part of the buyer. The Major was very patriotic.



The degradation of Alfred Dreyfus
From a contemporary illustration in "LE PETIT JOURNAL," Paris.

Since the French military attaché in Berlin was engaged in a similar kind of brokerage, France did not openly resent Von Schwartzkoppen's trade; what she did was to watch him. His *valet de chambre* was an agent of the French secret police. His charwoman was a French spy. His women friends, his bootblack, his coachman, his near neighbors, were something more to him than these classifications would indicate. They spied on him for France, as he in turn spied on France for Germany. His house was a kind of river with two currents.

Daily the contents of his wastebasket were carried by a servant to the Intelligence Department of the French War Office. Young officers there received what she brought with an amazing solicitude. Sometimes there were apple cores, orange peel, cigar butts, but always bits of paper.

It was, however, only the bits of the paper that they wished. The paper contents of that wastebasket were studied with the care and loving attention that collectors of rare manuscripts might bestow on the priceless incunabula of a museum.

One day some torn scraps of paper were found that caused a great stir of excitement when they had been pieced together. It now seems incredible that Major von Schwartzkoppen would have been so careless as to toss away, where it was sure to be found, a paper containing some of that information which he was forever buying. It was this paper which is now known in that chapter of French history called the Dreyfus Case as the *bordereau*. It was a letter, or rather a memorandum. Presumably it had been sent to the German military attaché by one of his spies.

"Without news indicating that you wish to see me," the pen-and-ink writing on the paper read, "I am sending you nevertheless, sir, some interesting information.

"1—A note on the hydraulic brake of the 120 gun and on the way in which this piece behaved.

"2—A note on the covering of troops. Some modifications will be entailed by this plan.

"3—A note on a modification in artillery formations.

"4—A note relative to Madagascar.

"5—The project of a firing manual for field artillery, March 4, 1894.

"This last document is extremely difficult to procure, and I can only have it at my disposal for a very few days. The Minister of War has sent a limited number of copies to the several corps, and these corps are responsible for it; each officer is to send his copy back after the maneuvers. If, therefore, you will take from it what interests you, and hold it afterward at my disposal, I will take it, unless you should desire that I should have it copied *in extenso* and then send you the copy. I am about to go to the maneuvers."

Some of the chronology of the Dreyfus Case seems essential here to make it clear what terrible pressure was operating on the heads of the French War Office when Dreyfus was arrested.

It was about April 1, 1894, that the traitorous document, freshly written, was brought in torn pieces to the War Office.

It was October 13th when M. Bertillon, the great fingerprint expert, informed the army leaders who had consulted him that a man they suspected had in fact written the paper. Two days later Dreyfus was arrested.

In the months that elapsed between the discovery of the existence of a highly placed traitor and M. Bertillon's identification of Dreyfus, the information given to the public by the newspapers had stirred the French nation as any household might be disturbed in the middle of the night by the discovery that somewhere on the premises a burglar was concealed. A culprit simply had to be found if the highest officers of the army were to preserve their positions.

The court-martial of Captain Dreyfus was a secret affair. As soon as the witnesses had been called, the army-officer prosecutor demanded that the case be heard *in camera*, and there was objection from the counsel of Dreyfus.

"Seeing that the only piece of evidence—" he began.

He was interrupted rudely, by the president of the court-martial; and the prosecutor, a fellow-officer of Dreyfus, said coldly:

"There are other interests at stake than those merely of the accusation and defense."

The truth of this may not be denied even now. There was a threat of war in the very nature of the charges against Dreyfus. A public trial might lead to consequences as terrible as the event which finally began in 1914. So the evidence was presented to a group of army officers who were well persuaded before they began their deliberations that they were dealing with a guilty man. In time of war they would have shot him, and that would have been an end of the Dreyfus Case. Behind closed doors, like so many policemen condemning the suspect they had caught, the army officers arrived at their verdict. The sentence was degradation and exile for life.

On the morning of January 5, 1895, troops paraded in the quadrangle of the Ecole Militaire. They stood thickly against the cold walls that enclosed the yard. Then Dreyfus was marched in and made to pass before them while unrebuked these men from the ranks addressed to him the vilest words in their vocabularies. The gold buttons still shone on the tunic of the Captain. There was still gold braid on his képi, and a sword, his sword, had been brought into this arena. It had been filed at the center until there was a place where it was thin as paper. The verdict of the court-martial was read out.

"Dreyfus," said General Devas, "you are unworthy to carry arms. In the name of the people of France—we degrade you."

These last three words were spoken as if the General had meant to spit in the face of the despairing man he confronted. Then an officer snatched the buttons and the braid and the other devices from the prisoner's uniform. After that he took the sword of Dreyfus and broke it across his knee.

"I am innocent," said Dreyfus.

"Kill him, death to him!" yelled the troops, and their ranks swayed ominously.

"You will tell France that I am innocent," demanded Dreyfus as he was marched past a corner of the quadrangle where stood representatives of the French press.

"Silence, wretch!" The reporters, too, were of the army, like all the men of France. . . . .

Dreyfus had been for nearly two years on Devil's Island, I think, at the time my father's interest was awakened. When he wrote his letter to Madame Dreyfus, suggesting that he might be able to help her establish the innocence of her husband, we were living at Breezy Point, near Baywater, Long Island. In the tang of the salt air with which he filled his lungs, in the green water that reached close to our veranda when the tide was high, I am sure that David N. Carvalho felt a bond that linked him with that poor exile on Devil's Island, thousands of miles south of us. Dreyfus could hear the roar of the surf and gained faint solace through watching it through the bars of his cage. That water which threw itself high on the beach of his prison was a part of the same ocean that laved the coast of his France.

Photo © by Underwood and Underwood

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

from a snapshot made about the time of his attempted assassination.

One day, many months after his letter had been mailed to Mrs. Dreyfus, two men came to call upon my father. They brought with them photographs of the by-that-time-celebrated *bordereau*, photographs of the specimens of another man's handwriting, and many actual specimens of the writing of Captain Dreyfus. There were letters that he had written to her when she was his *fiancée*, love-letters. There were letters written to her from his solitary cell in Paris, and letters from Devil's Island; and these too were love-letters. The emissaries of Madame Dreyfus brought also photo-lithographic samples of the authentic writing of Captain Dreyfus which were suitable, because they were less personal, for introduction into a trial. My father received these documents some time in April of 1897.

I am married. My wife and baby will stay with relatives in Chicago next year and will be depending upon me for support but to a very limited extent.

Signature Erich. Muenter

Place and date of writing Lawrence, Kans, March 20th, 1904.

Facsimile of Muenter's handwriting in his application to Harvard.

The cause of Dreyfus—and his pitiable situation had become a cause that nearly involved France in a civil war—had enlisted many noble minds. Powerful personages in France were persuaded that he was a victim of prejudice and circumstances. However powerful they were, though, the enemies of Dreyfus were more powerful. In France so many and so conflicting were the currents of public opinion that it was nearly impossible for anyone to think clearly about the case; but in America one might think and act.

LATE in the summer of 1897 my father came home to Breezy Point looking as valiant as if he had been out slaying dragons. That day he had seen some precious evidence of his own embark for France. It was his deposition, sworn to before a notary public, so that what he had written was attested by his oath. As if he too had joined a military organization, he began to wear a yachting cap.

"A fingerprint expert," he said scornfully when my mother asked him playfully what kind of giant he had been killing. "This fellow Bertillon is going to get a lesson in the science of handwriting that should make a better man of him."

After that he went into the yard under an old elm to play cribbage on a Turkish taboret with his crony P. F. Griffen, who was then the head of Rogers, Peet & Company, a large firm of haberdashers. It was not until long afterward that I learned that for my father the Dreyfus Case had been a transoceanic duel which he had fought with M. Bertillon.

From the newspapers he learned that poor Dreyfus had been transferred to a new hut on top of Devil's Island, a place enclosed within a wooden palisade nine feet high that rose above the top of a wall of masonry taller than the tallest of men. Even the hut roof could not be seen above the stockade. The authorities hinted that there was danger of an attempt at rescue. Dreyfus, when he discovered he was no longer to be permitted even to see the ocean, and that henceforth he would have to live on a half-ration of tropic air, sighed deeply. "Ah," he said, and the press reported his phrase, "they are going to bury me here!"

How terrible it all looks now. I have destroyed too my plans. What can I say, to console you and the family? It is too much all at once! My heart & brain are in such agony that words cannot express. I fear you.

Facsimile of Holt's handwriting in his letter to his father-in-law.

It was in his life the moment of darkness that precedes the dawn.

In France a new head of the Intelligence Department of the War Office had found himself a few months before in possession of a card that bore some significant writing. It was a card of a sort that is used in the transmission of messages by means of the pneumatic tubes which were used by lovers and business men who found the ordinary mails too slqw. The spy who brought it to Colonel Picquart informed *(Please turn to page 145)*

"You Talk to Her!"

A Love Story by Robert Winchester

Illustrated by Leslie L. Benson

"WELL, darlin'," drawled Betty Moncton across the breakfast-table, "you are Nancy's brother, and her father is away. No matter what you say, you are the one to talk to her."

"Nothing doing," returned Major Sam Moncton firmly. "Last time I did that little thing, I got plenty—enough to last me for a long time."

"But she's riding everything on the place, and now she says she's going to learn to fly." And Betty appealed for support to the other young couple at the table—Sam's sister Constance and her husband.

"Well, I wont do the talking," said Sam, even more firmly. "Let Bill do it."

"Who, me?" demanded William Hildreth. "Go on. You're her brother. I'm only her brother-in-law—remember that."

"You married me, didn't you?" demanded Constance, a piece of cornbread halfway to her pretty mouth.

"Yes ma'am," responded William promptly, "and double proud of it. But that doesn't mean I'm to be thrown to the lions when there are simon-pure Monctons around." And he looked at Sam, who leaned back so he could see the old colored man standing almost behind his chair. "If you don't quit fussin' around behind me, I'm going to knock you out of your shoes, you hear me?"

"Yas suh," answered Peter, who was serving breakfast in the cool, high-ceilinged dining-room of the Moncton house down in Garrett County, Maryland. "Ah heahs you, Majuh. Aint no sense in fussin' 'bout whut ma Miss Nancy gwine to do. Gwine to do jest what-all she wants to do—jest like all de Monctons—yas suh."

Peter had been born some seventy years ago on the Moncton place, and in his heart was the firm conviction that it belonged to him, and all the Monctons with it. He would join in any conversation at any time or place, unless there was "compt'ney" present, and then he would also if the visitors were kinfolks or neighboring families. That is, he would until he caught a certain light begin to come into the eyes of the Moncton nearest to him; then he at once became "Jes' an ol' nigger, honey, whut loves you-all." That generally saved his bacon and brought out a "You better had go away, boy," which Peter would promptly do—only to come back later.

"Who asked you to express an opinion?" demanded Constance, putting down the cornbread.

"Aint nobody," answered Peter stoutly. "Don't need nobody. Ah gives it anyway. Iffen ma Miss Nancy want to go bammin' around to dances an'—"

"If your Miss Nancy what?" gayly asked the very pretty young lady who entered the dining-room.

Constance Moncton Hildreth and Bettina Spottiswood Moncton were both lovely, with the loveliness and charm of thoroughbred Southern girls, but as Peter had once stated, while upholding the honor of the Monctons against the claims of other members of the Afro-American church when the beauty of their white folks was under discussion: "How come all dis gibble-gabble? Aint no question 'bout hit. Dey is mighty pretty Carrolls, and everybody knows dat de Garretts is all high-lookahs; but de Monctons lay hit all ovah dem all, an' ma little Miss Nancy, she's de prettiest of de Monctons—does dat am possible," Peter added, loyalty to the rest of the clan coming to the front.

Nancy was all that Peter claimed, and with it carried her full complement of Moncton temper. She would sit up all night with a sick puppy, or go through to the limit of her strength and resources for anything hurt or in trouble. Everyone on the big plantation came to "Miss Nance" with their troubles.

"Peter Sampson Moncton, you better had quit talking about me that way," Nancy continued as Sam and William rose to greet her. "Good morning, darlin's!"—as she slipped into the chair that Peter pulled out for her beside William. "You look right smart in that little frock, Betty. What are you lookin' so cross for, sugar?"—to her sister Constance.

"I've a right to look cross, I reckon. What time did you get home last night from Cumberland?"

"It wasn't last night, darlin'; it was right early this morning," answered Nancy. "I don't reckon I'll have a thing, Peter, but a cup of coffee and a melon."

"Dat aint no kind of a bre'kfust, honey-chil'," protested Peter. "Does you eat some aigs and cornbread and some of dem little fishes Misto Sam caught—"

Nancy knew that this young man was in actual danger of his life. "He's *not* a Revenoor," she drawled. "And I'll take him home with me right now."

"Not this morning, thank you," answered Nancy, and she went on to Constance and the rest in general: "We drove over to Sally Taliferro's dinner dance, and we stayed right late. Then we had to take Shirley back to Aunty Mary's, where she's visitin'. I've been out all night huntin' before now. I reckon that I can—"

Constance picked up a newspaper as Nancy was speaking and was lazily looking it over. Suddenly she straightened up in her chair. "Oh, my gracious goodness! Why, if this—" And she began to read to herself.

"Hey, listen," said William firmly. "We're all here, Mrs. Hildreth. What is it?"

"Well, if this isn't the—" gasped Constance. "Oh, listen to this. I reckon it's about time some one started to talk to this young lady!" And Constance began to read aloud. "'Finish fight on the Bellegrove Road near Hagerstown, Maryland. State police and Maryland cavaliers battle to a finish. Two knockouts. One State policeman, one cavalier. Score even, also rounds. Sub-debs act as timekeepers, referees and seconds. State policeman Jackson Taliferro—'"

"What?" Sam interrupted. "Hand me that paper!"

"Well, I wont. I reckon that I can read as well as you, Mr. Major Sam Moncton," replied Constance.

"It was a right smart fight," said Nancy calmly, digging into her melon. "You would have liked to have seen it, Sam, and you too, William."

"I bet you," answered Sam with a grin. "But why broadcast it to the newspapers, old kid?"

"We had no intention of doing so," said Nancy, with a charming smile.

"Oh, if the General sees this paper, he'll come home on the first boat," Constance announced.

"High heaven forbid!" said Sam, unfilially. "Tell us about it, Nancy, darling."

"Why—there isn't much to tell. I'd like to hear what the paper says, William."

"You will—if you sit there and listen," said Constance, as grimly as a very lovely girl could, then reading aloud once more: "'State Policeman Jackson Taliferro K.O.'d by Thomas Pickett Dinwiddie in the seventh round.' What's K.O.'d mean, Bill?"

"If it means what happened to Jackson Taliferro," answered Nancy, for Bill, "it means that he was knocked out."

"Hot damn!" said William admiringly. "Nancy, you explain to this ignorant old Con as she goes along."

Connie started again. "'John Montgomery put to sleep also in the seventh, by State Policeman Leslie Langdon. Honors and rounds even. Sub-debs act as seconds and timekeepers, also referees. Miss Nancy Moncton and Miss Shirley Garrett'—oh, if those monkeys aren't—My goodness! 'Miss Garrett seconded the two Staties, and Miss Moncton acted in the same capacity for Messrs. Dinwiddie and Montgomery.' If that isn't the—darndest thing! Coming out in the *Post*, too. William Hildreth, what you see to laugh at is beyond me. You and this ornery Sam, here, seem to think it is funny."

"It is," defended William, "darn' good and funny, isn't it, Sam?"

"Well, I don't think so," said Connie positively, "and if I don't, you shouldn't, either."

"Once more," Sam said, "shoot or give up the gun. Hand me the paper, woman, or read, one or the other."

"I really think, Sam," said Nancy, who had finished her melon and coffee in calm content, "that you better take it away from her, right now."

"Just try and get it," answered Constance coldly. "Whoever wrote this must have the same peculiar sense of humor that you three grinning chimpanzees have, I reckon. Oh, listen to this part! 'Your special correspondent at the front by sheer good luck arrived at the scene of battle just as the last K.O. was being ad-

ministered, and assisted in the first-aid treatment necessary.' Oh, I can't see to read. You read it, Bill." And Constance handed the paper to Bill, on the side away from Sam.

William was going to say something, but when he saw the real tears in the pretty gray eyes, he smothered whatever it was. He arose and went around the table to the much distressed little Mrs. Hildreth, who wasn't so very much older than Nancy herself.

"Never mind, sweetheart," he said, kissing her. "I wont laugh any more, honest Injun; and if this old fool of a Sam even looks like he was going to grin, I'll knock his block off."

Constance's proud little head went against the rough tweed of William's hunting coat.

"All set?" said William, as he raised the paper. "We're off. 'From first-hand information received on the field of battle, it appears that Miss Garrett and Miss Moncton, accompanied by Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Dinwiddie, were returning from a dinner dance near Cumberland. Mr. Montgomery frankly admitted, after being revived by having several pails of water brought from a near-by creek and thrown over him, that he, as driver of the car, had been stepping on the gas, and also just as frankly admitted that the speedometer was registering between seventy and seventy-five, for part of the way at least.

" 'The two Staties testified that the car passed them as they were proceeding in the general direction of Cumberland, going so fast that they were of the opinion at first that it was some new kind of projectile. When after a long stern chase they caught up, their own speedometers fully corroborated Mr. Montgomery's frank statement and even exceeded it by some miles per hour.

" 'When, at the urgent request of the two Staties, the car slowed down, pulled over to the side of the road and stopped, the affair didn't look any more serious than the usual "Good morning, Judge!" thing, but—a very great *but*—Messrs. Dinwiddie and Montgomery are young men, the two Staties are young, and both Miss Garrett and Miss Moncton have quite a stretch of trail to cover before they either one see the twentieth mile-post.

" 'The discussion as to the proper speed to maintain in the sovereign State of Maryland, even in the wee small hours on a county road, waxed hot—and the lie was passed by some one.

" 'Now, in the good old days befo' de war, that meant coffee and pistols in the gray dawn, if the passer and receiver were gentlemen. Mr. Taliferro and Mr. Langdon could both fully qualify in that respect, their families being quality folks since there was a Maryland. Mr. Dinwiddie and Mr. Montgomery also were and are right in the middle of the same—' "

"Dat's right," interrupted Peter, who couldn't keep still any longer. "De Taliferros and de Langdons is sure 'nough quality, an'—"

"Taliferro was K. O.'d by Dinwiddie in the seventh round; Montgomery also was put

No one paid any attention to him—which was lucky for Peter, as he wanted to hear the rest as much as they did.

William dropped a couple of lines, though. " 'The Staties promptly took off their belts, from which hung the heavy forty-fives, removed their tunics, took their blackjacks from their hip pockets, took off their caps with the insignia of the proud State of Maryland on them. They then announced they were no longer for the moment Maryland State Police, but Mr. Jackson Taliferro and Mr. Leslie Langdon, and requested Messrs. Dinwiddie and Montgomery kindly to step out of the car into a patch of moonlight, where the ground was fairly level. The invitation was as promptly accepted by the two worthy scions of the Dinwiddie and Montgomery clans.' "

"Oh," said Constance, "those—darn' fools! Just as if men had to do that now and—"

" 'Inasmuch as Mr. Taliferro had further announced that Taliferros had licked Dinwiddies before and he reckoned they could again, it was decided that they should fight first. Once the gauntlet had been thrown and lifted, the atmosphere cleared and one and all became very formal and courteous. There was nothing to choose from between Mr. Taliferro and Mr. Dinwiddie. They are both the same age, very near the same weight, and both slim, wiry and hard as nails—Mr. Dinwiddie from much riding and hunting, and Mr. Taliferro from much State policing, which in Maryland requires constant activity, physical at least. The same general conditions applied also to Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Langdon.' "

"That lad, whoever it was that wrote it, has sure a sense of humor," said Sam interestedly. "I don't see anything to squawk about yet."

"Wait, darlin'—you haven't heard what I saw down at the bottom of the page before I began to read," said Constance.

"Ma goodness," said Peter, forgetting all caution, "dat must've been some fight—yas suh, Ah knows hit was a fight. Ah seen Misto Tommy Dinwiddie fight befo' now. Dat boy he comes nat-

to sleep, by Langdon. Your special correspondent arrived on the scene at the moment of Mr. Montgomery's going to by-by land."

ural by his fightin', he do, yes suh. Ah got ma money on Misto Tommy. Aint no Taliferro gwine to lick a Dinwiddie iffen de fight's fair, no suh."

"Go on," scoffed Sam. "You heard Miss Connie read that Mr. Tommy knocked him out in the seventh. You want a sure-thing bet. How come you talking about betting—and you a deacon in the church! Double shame on you, Peter Sampson Moncton."

"What are you holding that cornbread for?" demanded Constance. "Put it on the table and go away from here, right now."

"Shucks, Miss Connie, Ah didn't know Ah had hit in ma hand, Ah was dat interested in de doin's. Read de rest, Mr. William, please, suh."

"My gosh," said William, who had been reading ahead to himself, "if the General reads this, we're all sunk. Listen to this: 'Miss Shirley Garrett, being a second or third cousin of both combatants, announced that she would be referee, having officiated at several amateur affairs on the Garrett plantation, and—' "

"Why! She did not say that," interrupted Nancy. "How could he know what she said—he wasn't there."

"Darling," said Sam sadly, "any good reporter doesn't have to be there to know what people said. They say what he thinks the situation calls for. Go on, Bill."

"Here's where Nance comes on the scene again. 'Miss Nancy Moncton stated that while she had not had quite as much experience as Miss Garrett, she had seen plenty of fighting down on the Moncton place and had also been an active participant in her younger days, and she considered herself qualified to act as second to Mr. Dinwiddie and also timekeeper.' Holy cats, wait till my pa-in-law reads that one! Well, that's about all. It says that—your special correspondent arrived on the scene at the moment of Mr. Montgomery's going to by-by land, and masquerading as a retired army officer,—in which there is more truth than poetry,—succeeded in getting details which later were supplemented by a gentleman of color who witnessed the *(Please turn to page 119)*

"Very Good, Madam"

Illustrated by Austin Jewell

By *Elsie Janis*

I GLANCED up quickly as the butler announced dinner. Not that I was hungry. The cocktails were excellent. I didn't care whether we dined or not.

It was the butler's voice that caught my ear. It had a remarkable timbre—a speaking voice with a singer's production. And the speaker! Just a god, no less. All through dinner I watched him.

Why should I look at the miscellaneous mixture of males, who were very busy proving how unattractive people can contrive to look while eating, when I could feast my eyes on that six feet of masculine perfection that moved about quietly, gracefully and usefully?

Grace Valentine was giving the dinner. She sat at the end of the exquisite table, looking adorable. George Valentine was of course paying for the dinner, having signed up some two years before to pay for Grace's dinners for the rest of their natural or unnatural lives. George had that real check-book expression, and when he looked at Grace you felt as if he were going to say, automatically, "How much do you want?"

"Very good, madam!" he said—and for some reason it sounded to me like, "Yes, darling!"

Once I caught the handsome butler looking at George Valentine, who was abusing the host's privilege of being a bore. Little thoughts blew like autumn leaves hither and thither across my mind. If I were an unattractive middle-aged man, with a beautiful wife, I wouldn't— Gosh! Look at that butler's eyes!

Why not have a Jap butler? After all, Grace is only human.

But is she?

If looks could kill, this would be an inquest with George Valentine featured.

"Perkins!" Grace's voice was rather shrill.

It disturbed my autumn leaves.

Perkins! She was addressing the butler. Perkins! I laughed right out loud in the surprised face of my dinner-partner, who had been pouring a sad story of some sort into my inattentive ear. If that man's name is Perkins, I thought, there is no justice! I said so and the sympathy-searcher at my side replied.

"Obviously there is none!" He thought I was commenting on his own personal woe.

"Perkins, we will have coffee in the living-room."

"Very good, madam," he said, and for some reason it sounded to me like "Yes, darling!"

He came to me with the liqueurs. He must have noticed that I had practically drunk my dinner.

"Benedictine, Cointreau, crême de menthe," he said.

Tiny thrills frolicked up and down my spine, most of which was exposed for the evening. What a voice! I fully expected him to put the liqueurs down and go into the chorus "O Sole Mio!" But he poured my benedictine and moved away.

"Where did you ever get that Greek god you've got dressed up like a butler?" I asked Grace Valentine.

Her laughter was just a bit too loud for my sense of theater.

"Perkins?" she said. "I've had him nearly two years. George and I found him in Cannes. He's a wonder!"

"I'll say he is!" I murmured. "Stay away from Hollywood, or you wont have a butler."

Grace laughed again as she moved away.

Perkins handed her a Cointreau.

He evidently knew her taste. . . . .

That summer I went to stay with them at Islip. Perkins was just as beautiful in a Long Island setting. And more versatile. He valeted George and some of the guests—a few only. He apparently had favorites.

He drove to the village in Grace's roadster to get the mail. He ran the radio eight with an experienced hand. In fact Perkins was too wonderful.

I nicknamed him Priceless Perkins.

I was right.

The next winter I didn't see the Valentines; in fact two years passed before I saw them. . . . . Well, not *them*—because poor old George had stopped paying anybody's bills. I hadn't even heard of his death.

So, of course, when I met Grace all done up in ultra chic mourning, I was shocked and even more so when she said coldbloodedly: "You know, George was a fool about his food. He just ate himself into the grave."

"But how? When?" I began suddenly to like George just as we are all apt to develop a newborn affection for some one who is too far away to appreciate it or benefit by it.

"He died last March." (This was in June.) "He ate an enormous dinner. Sat around drinking Scotch for a while, and suddenly—he just started to moan. It was horrible, my dear."

"Was it the whisky?"

"Well, we never knew. Of course, it was a dreadful situation,

but after all, he wasn't the first man to die of acute indigestion. And that's what the doctor said it was."

"I'm so sorry, Grace," I said, and I was. "Did he leave you —er—well, I mean have you got—" I hesitated—it seemed so hard-boiled to dig into the safety vaults; but I hadn't much chance to teach Grace anything in the art of being hard. She was granite out of concrete, in the language of the race-track.

"Oh, yes! He left me well off—well off and *out*. I can never marry again. That is, if I marry, I lose my income. I'm going to Europe to live," she added.

I had been about to suggest that solution; so many married ladies in Europe have no husbands, to speak of.

She sailed soon after that.

One night some time later, I was dining with John Foster, who had been George's lawyer in the days when he needed one.

"Rather a dirty trick of George Valentine's," I said, "to deny Grace the right to marry again."

"I don't agree!" John Foster's chin shot out. "George knew what he was doing. Did you read the will?"

"No—wills are not my idea of light reading matter," I replied.

"Well," he said, "this wasn't light. You know, lots of people think old George was bumped off."

I'm sure my eyes must have popped. "Why?"

"Well! It was so strange. He had never had any indigestion—let alone acute and fatal. It was all hushed up, but the will was a classic—just a letter. Here's the gist of it: To my wife, as long as she does not marry, I leave everything that she wants. She no longer wants me. I know there is another man. She can live with him in shame if she likes, but not in decency, at my expense." The lawyer paused. "Then the will went on with a few bequests to pals. But poor devil, it's as if he had a hunch."

"Well, was there another man?" I asked breathlessly.

"No! Not a sign of one. Grace was never known to go out with any man. In fact, for a modern wife she was quite old-fashioned."

I agreed with him, vaguely.

Last year I went on a Mediterranean cruise. We had four days at Naples and instead of going to Rome as I was destined to do by the gentleman who plans the shore excursions, I decided wisely to go to Capri. Enchanted Isle! I took one of those charming *fiacres*, trundled along by a horse that made any ruin in Rome look like a modern improvement by comparison.

We crept up the widening white road. "That," the driver said, pointing with a whip to which the horse had ceased to give any attention for at least twenty years, "that is the villa of the Princess This or That." The name meant nothing to me.

"That belongs to—another princess!"

Well, I thought, as I faced the broad smile of the orange sun, these princesses aren't so dumb. What a spot to live in, with or without a title!

"That," and this time the villa was a marvel, "belongs to a rich American lady. La Signora Valentine."

After a few well-put questions in my best self-taught Italian, I learned that the lady had a very sad history. Of course I knew the history.

"Drive up there, please," I said.

He told me the lady would not allow anyone to look at her property or take pictures. I explained that I had given up taking pictures, the same year I gave up Mah Jong. I think he thought Mah Jong was some illicit drug.

I must say Grace welcomed me with open arms and mouth.

We walked into the lovely garden looking down over the sapphire expanse of sea.

"Guido!" she called.

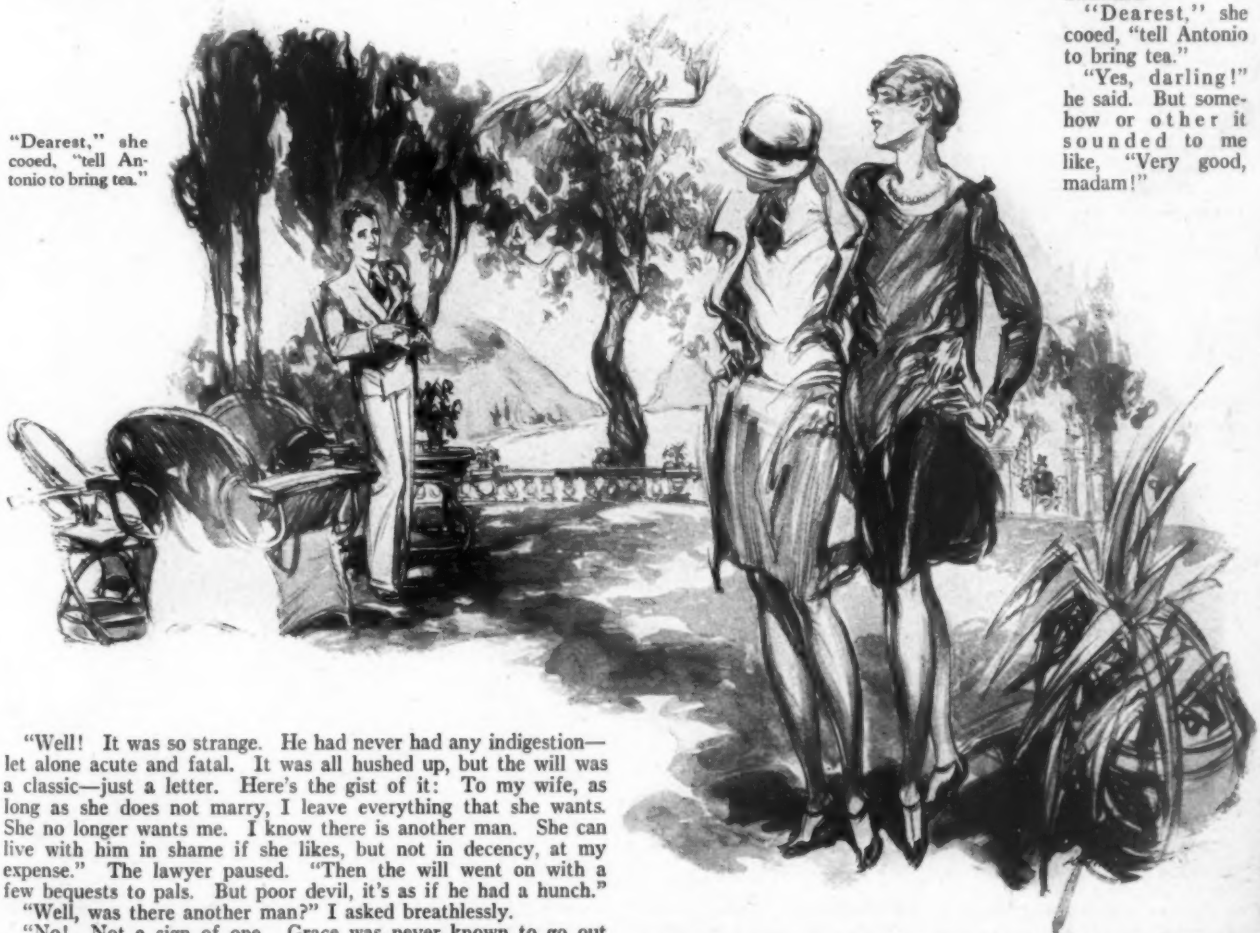
He rose and stood smiling at her. As he unfolded his gorgeous length from the low wicker chair, my heart did a back flip.

"This is one of my oldest and dearest friends from America. Miss Janis—Prince Santavicci," she said.

He bowed gracefully. The man couldn't have managed to look awkward.

"Dearest," she cooed, "tell Antonio to bring tea."

"Yes, darling!" he said. But somehow or other it sounded to me like, "Very good, madam!"



"Dearest," she cooed, "tell Antonio to bring tea."

The sun was gone as we—my old cab with its old horse and driver—rattled down the hill. I felt older than all three of them totaled into one.

The air was chilly as it is apt to be at dusk in climes dependent for existence upon the sun. . . . . What a beautiful couple they were! Nothing could have stopped their mating—nothing!

I shivered. Poor old George! He may have been a fool about his food—but he was a damned fool about his drinks, or at least about who he let mix them for him.

That's what I thought, coming down the hill from the villa which by the way was called—

Villa Sans Souci.

Why not?

Smiling Jimmy Touts

By William Slavens McNutt

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

Mr. McNutt is an ardent race-track follower, and like them all, has a "system;" his is to write about the races and their retinue.

THE last race was over. The numbers were up. The jockeys had weighed out, turned their tack over to valets and hustled for the dressing-room. Grooms were leading the blanketed horses away to the stables to be cooled out. The few with winning tickets were standing on the lawn or in the grandstand waiting for the prices to be posted. The many were on their way to the exits where stout-lunged barkers ballyhooed the virtues and economies of varicolored taxies and busses.

Smiling Jimmy McCann stood near the deserted judges' stand, elbows resting on the rail. He was watching the fountains play in the New Orleans Fairgrounds Infield, vaguely enjoying the beauty of the surrounding carpet of fresh green and the clump of sturdy old live-oaks, and incidentally tearing up five hundred dollars' worth of straight tickets on the horse that had just run second, beaten a nod.

To him, there, came Sharkey Tyler the Whining Kid, eloquent of woe.

"I was on that pig that just got nosed out," he wailed. "First bet I've had down all day. Can you beat it?"

"I tied it," said Smiling Jimmy, tossing away the ticket fragments and dusting his fingers. "I was on that one too. We almost won it."

"My landlady'll get a kick out o' that," the Whining Kid said moodily. "Almost! Show me the track where they pay off on that."

"Can't win 'em all," Smiling Jimmy said cheerfully.

"Yah!" the Whining Kid snarled. "You're one o' them good losers. You know what I think?"

"No," said Smiling Jimmy. "Do you?"

"A good loser's either a liar or a chump," the Whining Kid said bitterly. "If he feels like grinnin' about it, he's a chump, an' if he grins when he don't feel like it, he's a liar."

"I'll go right down an' jump in the Mississippi," Smiling Jimmy promised gravely. "You've shown me up, kid. Life's goin' to be too tough to keep on with after this."

"You can joke!" the Whining Kid said sullenly. "You're fat. Losin' one race don't mean anything to you. Look at me, though."

"Just this once," said Smiling Jimmy. "As a personal favor."

"I came to the track clean this afternoon," the Whining Kid went on sadly. "Nothin' on me but my clothes an' nothin' in me but one slug o' java. I come early an' made an ape before the first race. Gave him both barrels quick but he wouldn't drop, so I picked one off the cuff an' give it to him free. Just for a build-up in case it clicked. 'All right, Mister,' I says to him. 'You wont take my info' an' bet a piece for me, an' I know what you think,' I says. 'You think I'm just a cheap tout. That hurts me,' I says, 'an' I'm goin' to prove different to you. Spring Storm's goin' to win this,' I says. 'When he pops down there in front, maybe you'll think different.'

"Spring Storm popped. You seen him. Win by five goin' away an' paid seven to one! I run an' found my ape, but he was still hangin' to the limb. Wouldn't drop. I got sore an' stabbed at another one to make him let loose. Give him Barley Ben, an' I'll sing for my livin' in Scotland if Barley Ben don't win! Five to one. Two good price winners in a row with nothin' on 'em—just to build myself up with this umpchay!

"I find him again. He's dizzy but he wont fall. 'Maybe you were just lucky gettin' them two,' he says. 'I aint suspicious,' he says, 'but I'm a business man an' I gotta have proof. If I can be sure you know what you're talkin' about,' he says, 'I'll bet a big sum of money,' he says. 'Somethin' really worth-while. I gotta have proof, though,' he says.

Dancing Demon finishedlastbytenlengths. He was scarcely under the wire when a small mob besieged Nate Montcrieff, demanding to know where he got the tip he had given.

"You know what I done? I picked him four more winners! That made me six straight! First time in my fool life I ever picked six in a row an' not a dime on any of 'em! If I'd parleyed a two-dollar bill for that streak I'd be fixed for life!

"After I give him that sixth winner, that ape o' mine leaves go his hold an' hits the ground with a bang that jars four yards out of his kick. Two hundred for him an' two hundred for me. All I gotta do's pick one more winner an' I'm settin' sweet. That's all I gotta do. Just make it seven in a row.

"I blew out to the paddock an' ask everybody I know what's good an' they all gimme this thing that just ran second by a nose. The ape bet the four yards an' gimme my share o' the tickets all right, an' then when they hung our pig's number in the place hole he begun hollerin' copper on me. 'I knew you were a crook,' he says. 'I knew it all the time. I ought to have you locked up!' Can you beat it? Give him six winners in a row he wouldn't play, an' then one that run second by a nod, an' he squawks! I dunno what's come over the suckers in this country these days. They're gettin' mean an' greedy. They didn't used to be like that, Jimmy. I think it's prohibition."

"There ought to be a law," Smiling Jimmy declared gravely. "What y'want me to do about it, kid? Grit my teeth or somethin'?"

"Slip me a couple o' days' oat-money an' the price o' my room rent," the Whining Kid said.

Smiling Jimmy laughed and spread his hands before him, palms up. "I'm walkin' back to my hotel, kid," he said. "An' not for exercise."

"Oh, Jimmy!" the Whining Kid wailed. "You aint busted?"

"Prove I aint, an' you can have the evidence," Smiling Jimmy replied. "I've had a bad week, kid. Nodded out of a half-dozen big bets. I swept the old kick clean to play this last one. Shot the last thin dime."

"That's what you get for playin' your own dough," the Whining Kid lectured him. "Why don't you hustle suckers, Jimmy? Give 'em the dope an' get 'em to play their money for you."

"That's what you do, aint it?" Jimmy asked.

"Sure," the Whining Kid answered.

Smiling Jimmy shrugged. "You're a great advertisement for the system," he said.

"Yeh, but I aint got the rep you have," the Whining Kid argued. "You could do a wonderful business hustlin'. People trust you."

"I wonder why?" said Smiling Jimmy, grinning. "No, kid. I never touted a guy an' I never will. I pick 'em an' play 'em.

When I can't get by doin' that, I'll snare me a job an' work for the nut. Come on, kid. Let's start matchin' feet to see which gets downtown first. If I can work a touch around the hotel I'll slip you a bit for the room and chow. Here we go. Hep! Hep! Just a couple o' gay gamboliers out ridin' around in their own ten-toed, rubber-heeled limousines, hey? Two sports havin' fun in their own queer way. Hep! Hep! It's a great life, kid. Easy hours, easy money, plenty o' fresh air an' exercise!"

Sharkey Tyler the Whining Kid, and Smiling Jimmy McCann were akin in that they were both little men and both race-track types. There all resemblance ended. The Whining Kid was a tout. He knew little about horses and cared less. He had never ridden nor worked around the stables. His racket was pretending to be an ex-jock with sources of inside information which he peddled to suckers who placed bets for him in return for his services. If he got enough suckers to bet for him on enough different horses, he inevitably hit an occasional winner and made money.

Smiling Jimmy was a horse-lover and a horse-player. He had been an exercise-boy in his time. A shade too heavy for flat racing, he had ridden jumpers until a bad spill laid him in the hospital for a half-year. When he got out he began playing the horses, doing his own handicapping and clocking. He was customarily at the track by five o'clock in the morning, watch in hand, timing workouts. He spent from three to five hours each night with pencil and performance records, figuring the chance of each horse the following day. A pound of weight, the condition of the track, the fractional second difference in speed of various tracks, the jockeys, the manner in which they had ridden their horses, the age and sex of the animal, time of the year, individual temperament, blood strain, question of condition—whether the horse was short, over-raced or at top-form—all these factors entered into his close calculations. He worked harder than most high-salaried business executives, backed by his own judgment with his own money, made and lost small fortunes, borrowed when he had to—and could—and paid his debts the moment he was able. His life was full, exciting, futile, and, so far as Smiling Jimmy was concerned, highly satisfactory.

Smiling Jimmy was living at an excellent hotel in the heart of New Orleans. It was a long trek in from the Fairgrounds, but the Whining Kid kept Jimmy agrin all the distance with his wailed comments on corns, pedestrianism, the stubbornness of suckers and the vagaries of horses.

"Jimmy!" Montcrieff begged. "You two boys are friends—" "Friends!" the Whining Kid snarled. "I'll bed him down in the morgue!"

"Well, kid," Smiling Jimmy said cheerfully as they approached the entrance to the hotel, "we'll find out soon enough now whether we get food for dinner or take a lot o' long deep breaths. If I can find some o' my friends in the lobby that did good today, we eat. If not we'll tighten up the old belt and kid our teeth with a toothpick."

"If my luck keeps on like this I'm goin' to give up an' get me a job," the Whining Kid threatened darkly. "Might as well work as live this way."

As they entered the lobby Smiling Jimmy glanced around and laughed.

"We eat, kid," he assured the Whining Kid. Then raising his voice, he called: "Hey, Tony!"

A slim, black-haired young fellow turned in answer to the call and came toward Smiling Jimmy, hand outstretched.

"Tony Florio," Smiling Jimmy introduced the young man to the Whining Kid. "You've seen him in vaudeville, kid? Him an' his wife—the Dancing Florios?"

"Oh, yeh," the Whining Kid lied readily. "Great act."

"Where you in from, Tony?" Smiling Jimmy asked.

"We been around town quite a while," Florio said. "I didn't know you were down here this winter. I saw Ed Smith on the street this morning and he told me you were around. I been looking for you since."

"You found me just in time," Smiling Jimmy assured him. "Loan me fifty an' I'll blow you to dinner."

Florio paled. "You kidding me, Jimmy?" he asked hoarsely.

The smile faded from Jimmy's face. "What's wrong, Tony?" he asked gently. "You in a jam?"

Florio nodded. "Nina was sick for a long time," he said. "We didn't work for four or five months and there were a lot of doctor's bills. We come down here from New York to dance for a night-club, the Heather Glen. Manager by the name of Nate Montcrieff. We landed flat. We danced a couple of nights there and then the manager began getting fresh with Nina.

"I'd have smacked his face for him any other time, but we were flat and so we tried to stall him off and get by till we got some money ahead. He was pretty raw and it worried Nina so she broke down again. Had to miss a night and that gave him the squeeze on us. When she came back he put it to her flat. She could either be nice to him or we were through. I had to sock him then, of course, and he had me pinched and fined fifty. That cleaned us right down to the last dime. Nina's laid up again now and I haven't even got the price of a meal. Listen, Jimmy, you were kidding about wanting fifty, weren't you? You've got money, haven't you?"

"Sure!" said Smiling Jimmy. "I got plenty. I'll see you out of this mess, Tony. Don't worry any more."

"You got plenty!" the Whining Kid shrilled. "Say, what kind of a run-around am I gettin' here? You told me—"

"I been playin' a little joke on the kid here," Smiling Jimmy interrupted in explanation. "He went overboard at the track today an' when he hit me I told him I was flat too."

"Just for that I hope you go flat!" the Whining Kid said bitterly. "Honest, if I knew anybody else in town I could hit for the price of a plate o' beans I wouldn't take dinner-money from you after that!"

"Cheer up, kid," Smiling Jimmy said. "I'll do better by you than beans. Where's Nina, Tony?"

"We got a little furnished room over in the French quarter," Tony explained. "She's waiting there."

"What do you want to do?" Jimmy asked. "Stick around here awhile or—"

"Like to get back to New York," Florio said. "We can get work out of there and—"

"Sure," said Smiling Jimmy. "How much are you goin' to need to make that?"

"The fare's around sixty apiece," Florio said. "Then we owe a couple of weeks' room rent, but that's only fourteen dollars."

"A grand see you through?" Smiling Jimmy asked.

Florio's lips quivered and the tears stood in his dark eyes.

"We—we've had a pretty rough stretch of it," he quavered in

"The manager put it to her flat—she could either be nice to him or we were through. I had to sock him then, of course."

apology. "Can you spare that much, Jimmy? That'd give us a chance to go back and get rested up a bit. Then—"

"Sure," said Smiling Jimmy. "No good o' you leavin' on short money. Take a thousan' an' quit frettin' for a while. How long'll it take you to pack?"

"Oh, no time," Florio said eagerly. "Half an hour."

"The Crescent City pulls out for New York at ten tonight," Jimmy said. "Grab it. No good hangin' around a town where you've had bad luck. Works on your mind. Nina fit to travel?"

"She can make it," said Florio. "I guess when I tell her we're out of the woods for a while she'll—she'll—" He hesitated and swallowed hard. "We wont forget this, Jimmy," he went on brokenly. "We'll pay you back just as soon as—"

"Sure you will," said Jimmy cheerfully. "I aint worried. Listen, you two guys wait here for me a minute, huh? I got a little stuff to 'tend to. Wont be but a little while. Stay right here."

He hurried away and entered an elevator.

"He's one of the real ones," Florio said reverently, looking after him.

"Makin' me walk all the way in from the track when he's got dough!" the Whining Kid grumbled.

In the elevator Smiling Jimmy removed his hat and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

"Mezzanine," he muttered to the elevator-boy.

He got off at the mezzanine floor, made his way to an unoccupied divan and sank into it with a sigh.

"A thousan' bucks," he said to himself. "I gotta raise a thousan' bucks in the next half-hour—an' right this minute I don't know where I could get so much as ten without a pistol. Baby! I got to think!" . . . .

Colonel Allentown was a gambler—had been a gambler all his life. At various times in his life he had been every conceivable kind of a gambler, straight, crooked, little and big. In his late sixties he was a man of millions, his money invested in stocks, bonds and real estate. Not for more than twenty-five years had he personally dealt a card or spun a wheel or managed a crap table. Not for ten years had he even so much as owned an interest in a gambling-house, though in his day he had owned and managed the biggest gambling-house in the country.

His face was gray, his hair was gray, his eyes were gray. He had two interests left in life—his wife, who was an invalid, and his racing stable, which was one of the best in the land.

He was dining alone in his hotel room when there came a rap on the door. The Colonel's secretary answered the knock.

"A Mr. McCann," he said, half closing the door.

"McCann?" the Colonel said questioningly. He shook his head.

The secretary turned to deny admittance, and as he did so Smiling Jimmy pushed the door open and slipped by the guardian.

The Colonel's gray eyes narrowed as he inspected the intruder. Then recognition altered his expression.

"You rode for me once, didn't you?" he asked.

"Ten years back," said Jimmy.

"Steeplechase," said the Colonel. "I remember. Hurt, weren't you?"

Jimmy nodded.

"Get over it all right?"

Another nod.

"What can I do for you?"

"I want to get two thousan' dollars," said Jimmy.

The Colonel raised his eyebrows. Then he smiled.

"Why ask me for it?"

"I know you got it," said Jimmy.

"What makes you think I'll give it to you?"

"'Cause you know I'll pay you back," said Jimmy.

"How do I know that?"

"Don't you?" Jimmy countered.

The Colonel considered. "I believe you would," he admitted.

"You know I would," said Jimmy.

The Colonel took a sip of coffee and stroked his chin.

"Overboard?" he asked.

Jimmy nodded.

"Been overboard before, haven't you?"

Another nod.

"Why didn't you come to me then?"

"I wouldn't come to you now if it was only me," said Jimmy. "A pal o' mine's in a jam."

"You have to have two thousand for your pal?"

"One," said Jimmy.

(Please turn to page 141)

In Tune with

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

has saved millions from the disaster of taking themselves too seriously. At the height of the craze for Outlines of History, Science, Biology, Philosophy (or What Have You?), he rushed to the rescue with "A Parody Outline of History" and "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind;" and many a mind reeling under the impact of concentrated etiquette has been restored to normality by his "Perfect Behavior."
Upon another page of this magazine he is offering aid and comfort to husbands and others who want to enjoy travel rather than memorize guide-books; and also he is appearing "in person" in a popular rôle in a Broadway play. His picture appears below.

Photo by De Barron

NINA GORE

Society frequently has been recruited from the stage, most familiarly through the marriage of dukes and earls, or their American counterparts, with reigning favorites of the footlights.
Fortunately for the stage, there is now a reciprocal tendency which is drawing to the stage, from the ranks of society, some of the most attractive young people.
Miss Nina Gore, whose picture appears above, is one of the latest recruits from the Junior League to a big Broadway "company." As the daughter of ex-Senator Thomas P. Gore, of Oklahoma, she is well known in Washington, where she went to school, and also had her first dramatic training in the charity plays given by the Junior League.
Her Broadway debut was in the "Sign of the Leopard."

Photo by Pinchot

AL JOLSON

When it was decided that pictures—like the children of the rising generation—were to be heard as well as seen, a great day dawned for Al Jolson, whose picture appears below. To be sure, he had not been exactly in eclipse before; yet the peculiar requirement of "sound" pictures fitted so exactly to his talents that he has become the Fairbanks of the audible epoch of the films. Not always, indeed, has the redoubtable Doug attracted queues as long as those which have been blocking the sidewalks to be in turn to hear Jolson in "The Jazz Singer" and then in "The Singing Fool." And, we are informed, Mr. Jolson has just begun; he is singing a new production to be entitled, not unemotionally, "Mammy."

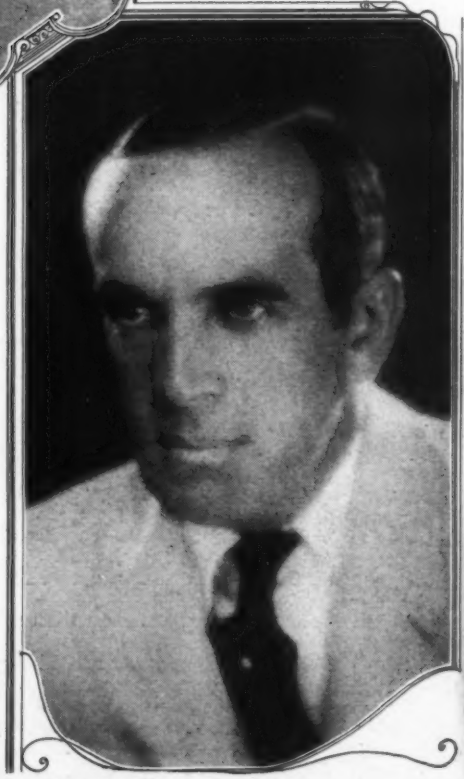


Photo from Warner Bros.

Our Times

MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins are one of the most original and popular pairs of collaborators amusing America today—and also giving more than mere amusement. They broke into the class of "best sellers" with that fascinating little volume, "I've Got Your Number;" and soon they were offering you, on the pages of this magazine, a very clever method to "Tell Your Own Fortune" which had both fun and a lot of sense in it.

This proved so popular that they turned to a test of you—yourself — on money-making ability, and it appears on another page of this number. We printed Miss Webster's picture in connection with the "Tell Your Own Fortune" tests. Mary Alden Hopkins' appears below.

WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

is of the Jack London school of writers—defining London as a man who lived ruggedly in extraordinary places and wrote honestly and vividly of what he had shared and seen.

Mr. Mowery, as is mentioned in the note accompanying the start of "The Girl from God's Mercie," is the son of a trapper and spent his early years trapping fur and training "brush hound" dogs in the north. He ranged, making his own living, from the Barrens through northern Canada; drifted to the States and "managed to slip into a high-school with no previous education to speak of." The North as he knows it appears upon other pages of this issue. His picture is reproduced below.

Photo by H. L. Williams

KATHARINE CORNELL

Katharine Cornell, whose picture appears above, has stamped with her personality the interpretation of several of the most memorable rôles on the modern stage.

We wonder, indeed, whether "The Bill of Divorcement" was in itself unforgettable —or whether it was the acting of Miss Cornell; then "The Green Hat" gave her a great opportunity.

The play was put on after Mr. Arlen's book had scored its huge success; and the majority of the audiences must have come with preconceived images of the wearer of the hat. Whatever anyone expected, Miss Cornell exceeded; she played an almost perfect performance.

She is breaking box-office records again in "The Age of Innocence," also taken from a novel; this time the author is Edith Wharton.

Mermaid and Centaur

With vivid realism, Mr. Hughes follows the impulsive paths of the diving-girl who falls in love with a farmer.

The Story So Far:

TWO people whose natures were as antagonistic as centaur and mermaid had fallen in love with each other—the farmer Jason Brafford and the carnival diving-girl Zarna. . . . .

Jason had refrained from marriage because he had under his care his pitiful sister Rita, who from birth had been a bedridden cripple. He left Rita perforce at home while with his farmhands and their womenfolk he went to a carnival showing in the neighboring town. He was fascinated and stirred by the advertisement and the show of Zarna, the diving belle, and her trained seal Susanne. Intrigued by Zarna's beauty and determined to give poor Rita at least a glimpse of the carnival, he sought out Zarna after the performance and offered to pay her to visit his home.

"Captain" Querl, an acrobat, accused Jason of another motive. Perhaps Jason himself did not know how he had come under the spell of Zarna. The men quarreled, but Jason obtained Zarna's promise to visit his farm.

And next morning Jason drove Zarna and the seal in his car out to the farm—while Captain Querl sulked scowling in his tent like another Achilles; and while the fantastically named Two Cents Tanner, a comely neighbor girl who had been a somewhat special friend of Jason's, watched them with anxious perplexity as they passed.

Zarna was delighted with the farm; and the farmers—particularly poor Rita—were enthralled with Zarna and Susanne. . . . . Jason went to the carnival again and again; Zarna revisited the farm—and among the orchard apple-blossoms Jason kissed her. . . . . It was on Jason's next visit to the carnival afterward that Querl's jealousy of Jason flamed out in a furious attack and the men fought savagely. *(The story continues in detail:)*

ZARNA broke the line of Querl's pounce and delayed him long enough for Jason to thrust one fist at him, while the other hand guarded his throat and beat off the acrobat's claws.

The two men fell, Querl backward, Jason on his face, with wrath in his eyes replacing dismay. But Querl was out from under before he struck the ground, and with miraculous speed was on Jason's back.

Jason, however, had wrestled oftener than he had boxed and he felt at home on the ground. His hands found Querl's wrists, and with a mighty jerk he dragged the man from his shoulders and through the air with a downward pull that brought Querl flat on his back with his feet pointing the other way. Jason went after him on all fours.

The thud of his impact and the sight of Jason's rush broke the restraint of all the witnesses.

The lion emitted a cavernous bellow that enveloped the spectators and the fighters, reverted them all to beasts of prey and gave the tent over to old jungle. The cockatoos were flames of winged fury. The gelada rattled the bars and clutched at the hyena. The hyena answered with demoniac mockery, vicious rushes, craven retreats.

Jason rose with the cumbersomeness of a bear and staggered about, clutching at Querl, who rushed him, and dodging under his arms, spun a cartwheel and struck Jason in the face with one foot and in the pit of the stomach with the other.

Grunting and lumbering, Jason turned slowly with his long arms weaving. Querl, laughing and weeping, kept just outside the grip of his paws, knocking them aside and making ready to gimlet in.

Jason grew dizzy following Querl, and Querl crouched for a spring, but the slimy sawdust slid beneath him and he went on his face. As he scrambled to his knees, Jason fell on him, broke him flat, and though he spun and wriggled, managed somehow to seat himself on Querl's thighs.

Now the men that Querl had shamed let out their voices:

"You got him, Reub! Finish him!"

Zarna loved and hated both men. Whichever was about to harm the other was her enemy. She hurled herself on Jason now, dug her hands into his long hair, dragged his head far back, glared into his eyes and sobbed:

"If you hurt him, I'll kill you!"

Both men were more vulnerable to her treason than to any other

blow. Jason's hand relaxed on Querl's throat; his fist turned palm up in a gesture of beggarly appeal to Zarna. Querl was away from Jason, and on his feet as fast as greased lightning. With his face swollen from Jason's fist, he could still laugh triumphantly, for he had seen Zarna intervene to save him, and had heard her threaten Jason with death.

And yet whenever Querl made ready to close with Jason she threw herself between them. When Jason would have struck at Querl, she caught his fist. With the sane simplicity of a woman's mind she was trying to keep two males from harm because she loved them. With the complex stupidity of the male mind, both men found her mysterious beyond comprehension, unreliable and without honor or fidelity.

The battle ended because neither man could see any reason for suffering further over such a female. They were almost made friends by the community of their disgust with her and all her kind.

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By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by Forrest C. Crooks

The night-clerk woke gasping and startled. "You got a reservation for J. Brafford and wife?"

As Zarna wept with fatigue and disillusionment, she realized for the first moment that there had been witnesses. And now the man she revered above all others came and found her covered with bloody sawdust and defeat and shame. Hurrying in with the rain spouting from his hat-brim, the proprietor himself, Uncle Tom Spivey, pushed his way through the crowd and advanced on the combatants, as nearly angry as anyone had ever seen him.

There was something so benign in Uncle Tom's very presence that the zest of the combat became a shameful thing. The jungle mood vanished. The crowd fringed away at the edges. The beasts in their cages felt peace in their hearts. The lion lay down; the baboon became a puzzled spectator; the cockatoos returned to their perches and preened their feathers; the hyena crouched in silence.

Uncle Tom's voice sounded loud as he inquired, and well nigh demanded:

"What's goin' on here? What on earth is goin' on here?"

"Oh, just a little argument," Querl laughed as he looked at the blood he had taken from his brow with a reeking handkerchief.

"Looks almost like a quarr'l to me," said Uncle Tom. "Who started it?"

Querl cackled again. Jason kept his usual silence. So Zarna said:

"I suppose I did. It was just one of those things. You see—"

Uncle Tom put up his palm:

"Now, Zarny, you know I try to run a clean quiet show *by* ladies and gentlemen *for* ladies and gentlemen. Ours is an honor'ble profession, and we have our ideals same as other folks, even though they're not always the same. We get misunderstood and called hard names and accused of wickedness, but as long as our consciences are clear and we know we don't deserve it, we are doin' the country good and bringin' light into dark places the same as other missionaries. A little gamblin' and foolishness never hurt nobody.

"I'm use' to bein' arrested and driven out of towns, but so was the martyrs and the saints. When a policeman takes me away, I hold my head up because I know I'm the victim of silly laws, or bigots, or jealous rivals for the dimes of the public.

"But when a policeman takes any of my people away for violatin' the just laws, my head is bowed in shame. It don't happen often, for you children are as nice children as ever I had in my family.

"But just look at you now, Zarny. I'm supprise' at you. Some of you girls give her a mirror—that'll cure her of gettin' into brawls. Suppose a policeman walked in now! *Ts-ts-ts!*"

The carnival people were familiar with this oration. Uncle Tom took his career seriously and lost no opportunity to expound its gospel. But they loved him too well to interrupt his lecture—or to attempt the interruption, since it always rolled on over them.

Zarna had heard it often, after every one of Querl's battles, for which she usually tried to take the blame. She was waiting to exonerate Harry now, but Uncle Tom caught sight of Jason trying to slip through the barricade of spectators.

"You, sir!" he said. "Who are you, please? And what are you doing here?"

Jason could hardly have answered either question. Zarna explained:

"That's Mr. Brafford of Midfield."

"Of Midfield, eh?" said Uncle Tom. "Well, what else is the matter of him? Few enough Midfield folks bothered us over there. Why's he here?"

"He came to see me on a little personal matter."

"Why, Zarny, I'm supprise' at you!"

"And Harry, here, misunderstood, and—and that's how the argument started."

"I see," said Uncle Tom, deeply grieved and shocked. "I don't know what brought this gentleman over from Midfield to honor us, but any stranger has a right to walk into my show at any hour without being attacked by my people unless he is trying to steal something. And he don't look to me like he was on any such errand."

"Oh, yes, he was!" Querl laughed. "He come for just that purpose."

"Why, Mister!" said Uncle Tom, turning to Jason, who was covered with every kind of guilt except that of a thief. Querl cleared up the confusion:

"He come after Zarna. And I misunderstood. When he laid his hands on her, I thought she didn't want him to, and I jumped him. But she did, and she jumped me."

"Now, Harry!" said Uncle Tom. "No gentleman would try to throw the blame on a lady for anything. I'm supprise' at you! You've given me so much trouble so often that I'm compelled to ask you to—to—"

"That suits me fine!" said Harry. "And you can keep the—"

Knowing how it would crush Uncle Tom to be reminded of the back pay he could not furnish, Zarna broke in:

"Now, Uncle, you can't do that! Harry meant all right. He loves you like we all do. He has a quick temper, but if he wasn't quick he wouldn't be the grand diver he is. It was all my fault."

"She's wrong there," said Querl. "Don't listen at her."

Uncle Tom was bewildered but dogged. He sighed:

"Well, I got to put an end to this fighting or give up my motto, 'A clean show *for* ladies and gentlemen *by* ladies and gentlemen,' and since you admit you're at fault, Zarny, and since I can see that you were right in the thick of it, Zarny, I must ask you—it breaks my heart, but I got to set an example or—since you can't be a lady—and help us give a clean show *for*—"

"All right, Uncle," Zarna broke in. "I get you. I'm fired!"

"I wouldn't say that, but if you want to resign, maybe—it hurts me something dreadful, but—"

"I'm fired. All right. I'll go on one condition."

"What's that, Zarny?"

"That you keep Harry Querl on."

Querl was making ready to do battle again for Zarna, but of all the implications in Zarna's last words, he chose to accept the one meaning that she was eager to keep him with the show while she left it. She made that the one condition. She wouldn't let him be fired, and she wouldn't wheedle Uncle Tom with the few words necessary to persuade the fat-hearted old man to withdraw his gentle threat against her. The thing was, she wanted to get away from Querl.

So Querl gritted his teeth and said:

"That suits me fine!"

Uncle Tom had repented his words as soon as they were uttered, but he felt that there was more in front of him than he could see, and he was too confused to draw out.

Zarna was so fond of him that she was overjoyed to be able to let him discharge her. It saved her from hurting his feelings by resigning. Her last scruple against quitting the carnival was charmingly taken care of.

Querl was silenced by his bitterness. Jason had not yet been able to squeeze his way through the mob. But Uncle Tom dispersed it with a burlesque of rage:

"And now if any of you others are too busy watching fights that are none of your business, to attend to the business of this show, you can take your notices too. The gates are about to open, and if some of the public should happen to wander in by mistake, they will be expectin' the entertainment as advertised.

"Zarny, since you are advertised, I'll ask you to finish out your week and do your work conscientious and keep the peace. Can you and Harry promise me that?"

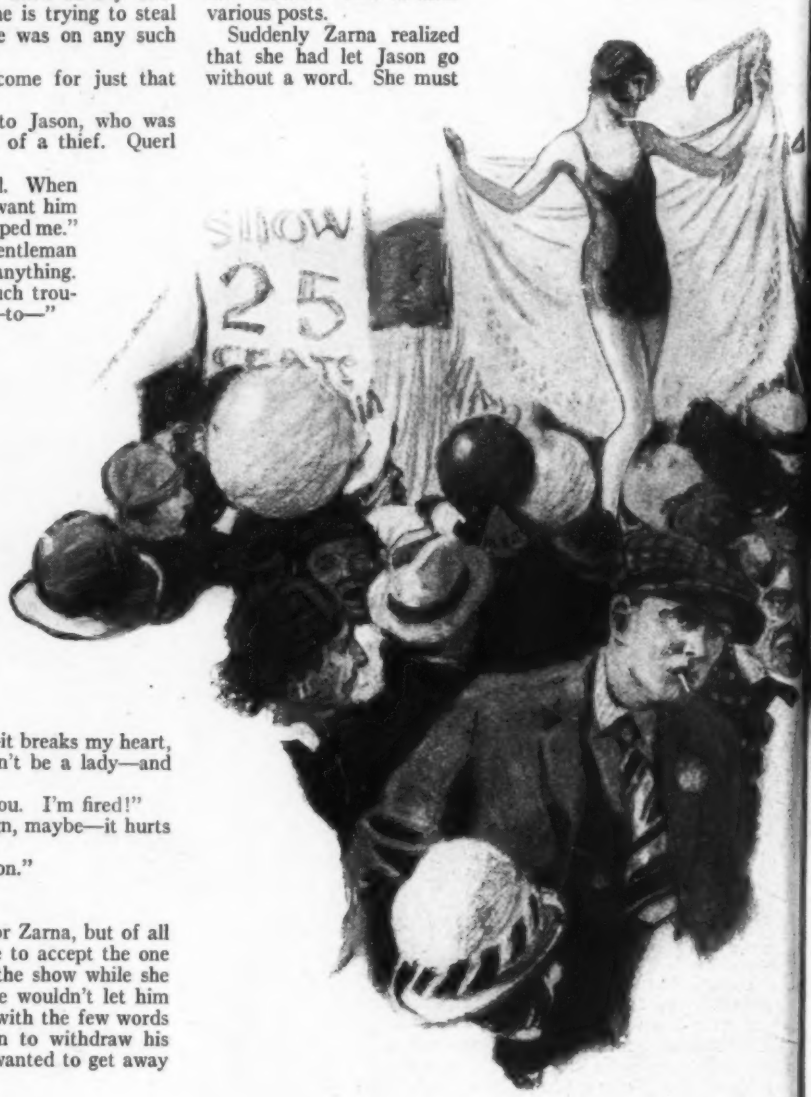
Querl's professional pride was roused:

"I never disappointed my public yet, or let 'em in on my private affairs."

"Me neither," said Zarna. "I'll be ready for the afternoon show. And Sat'd'y night Susanne and I will take our last bow."

Uncle Tom wavered. He could not bear the thought. Zarna realized that he was about to insist on her staying. That would never do. She ran to her dressing-room, followed by the bleeding Querl, and Uncle Tom and his "children" went to their various posts.

Suddenly Zarna realized that she had let Jason go without a word. She must see him. She ran back and overtook him as he was trying to grope his way through a fog of regrets and a tangle of strange people.



He was abysmally ashamed of himself, of his failure to win the unfinished battle, of his wounds and the humiliations the little Querl had inflicted.

He thought at first that she was going to attack him because he had disabled her beloved Querl, but she gasped:

"Where you goin'?"

"Home."

"What'd you come here for, anyway?"

"To see you, o' course."

"What about? You haven't said a word."

"No use now."

"Why not?"

"You said you'd kill me."

"What of it? That's nothin'."

"It's enough."

"Enough for what?" demanded Zarna.

"To show you hate me."

She stared at him and shook her head:

"God, but you men are stupid! Why d'you s'pose I said that?"

"Because you love Querl, o' course."

"O' course I do, but what does that prove?"

"It proves enough for me."

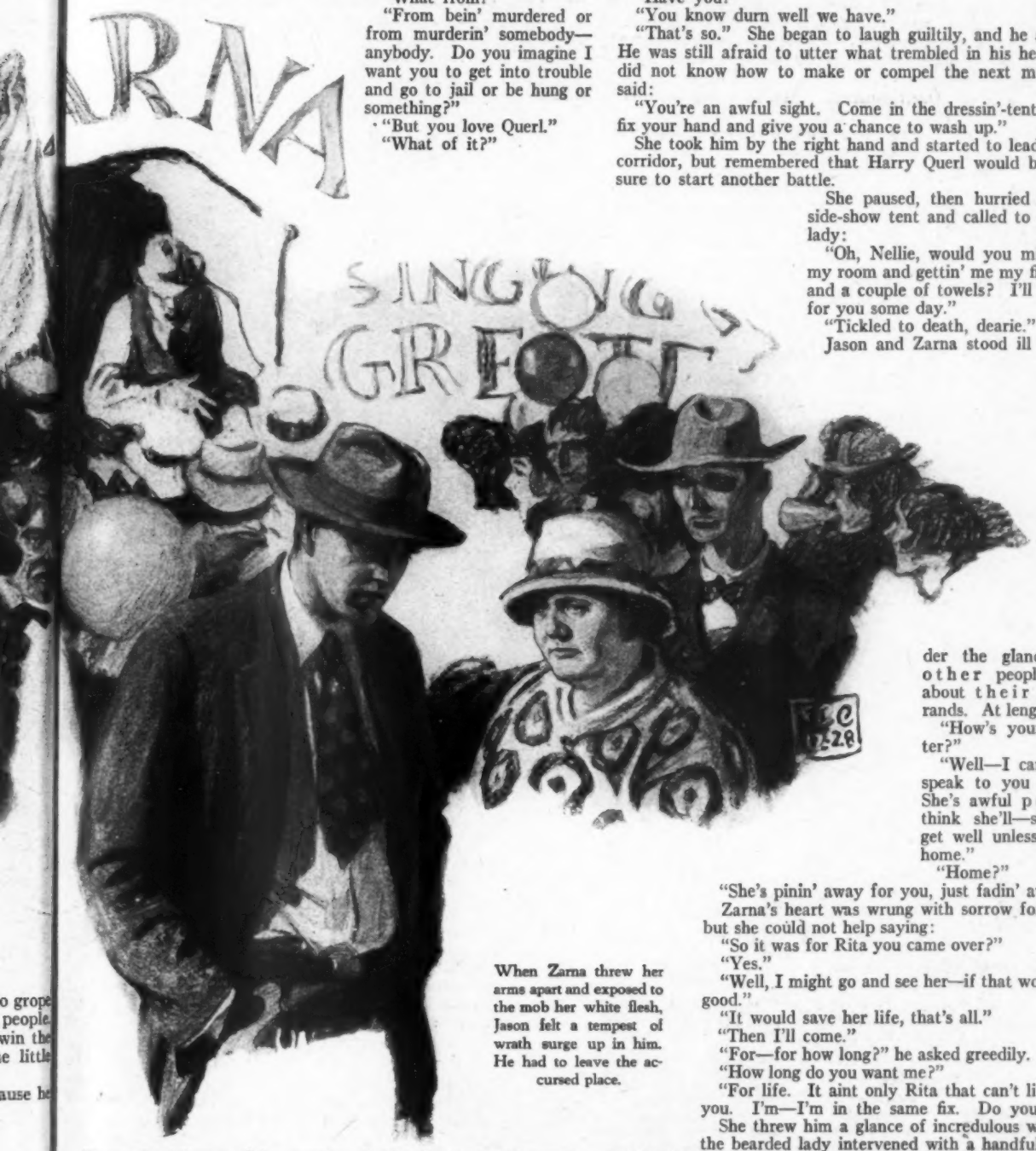
"Couldn't the idea leak through that bonehead of yours that I was just tryin' to save you?" she cried.

"What from?"

"From bein' murdered or from murderin' somebody—anybody. Do you imagine I want you to get into trouble and go to jail or be hung or something?"

"But you love Querl."

"What of it?"



When Zarna threw her arms apart and exposed to the mob her white flesh, Jason felt a tempest of wrath surge up in him. He had to leave the accursed place.

"I was hopin' you might—maybe—" But he could not say it. She took it from his eyes:

"Well, can't I love two men at once?"

"Can you?"

"O' course. Not the same way exactly, but still—love is a big word. I love potatoes. I love Susanne. I love—Uncle Tom."

"After him firin' you?"

"Biggest favor he ever did me. Saved me walkin' out on him."

"Where to?"

"Oh, I don't know. Somewheres. I'm sick of racketing. Besides, I got to quit on account o' Susanne. I was thinkin' of goin' on some farm."

"Farm? Farm!" The word put him so much at home in this foreign land that he smiled. "What kind of a farm was you thinkin' of?"

"Oh, I was thinkin' of some place with a pond and—"

"We got a pond."

"Have you?"

"You know durn well we have."

"That's so." She began to laugh guiltily, and he also guiltily. He was still afraid to utter what trembled in his heart, and she did not know how to make or compel the next move; so she said:

"You're an awful sight. Come in the dressin'-tent and let me fix your hand and give you a chance to wash up."

She took him by the right hand and started to lead him to the corridor, but remembered that Harry Querl would be there and sure to start another battle.

She paused, then hurried him to the side-show tent and called to the bearded lady:

"Oh, Nellie, would you mind goin' to my room and gettin' me my first-aid pack and a couple of towels? I'll do as much for you some day."

"Tickled to death, dearie."

Jason and Zarna stood ill at ease under the glances of the other people hurrying about their various errands. At length she said:

"How's your little sister?"

"Well—I came over to speak to you about her. She's awful poorly. I think she'll—she'll never get well unless you come home."

"Home?"

"She's pinin' away for you, just fadin' away."

Zarna's heart was wrung with sorrow for the child, but she could not help saying:

"So it was for Rita you came over?"

"Yes."

"Well, I might go and see her—if that would do any good."

"It would save her life, that's all."

"Then I'll come."

"For—for how long?" he asked greedily.

"How long do you want me?"

"For life. It aint only Rita that can't live without you. I'm—I'm in the same fix. Do you s'pose—"

She threw him a glance of incredulous wonder, but the bearded lady intervened with a handful of towels and bandages.

"Mrs. Febiger," said Zarna, "I want you to meet my future husband, Mr. Brafford."

"My God!" gasped the bearded lady. It was more than Jason could say. He had proposed and been accepted without a definite word said!

The bearded lady regained her composure with difficulty. "Excuse my French!" she said. "I'm pleased to meet you, and I hope you'll be very happy with Zarna." *(Please turn to page 154)*

"Don't Mess Wid No Lions!"

By Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

He laughs oftenest who listens in Alabama; Mr. Akers is our correspondent on the spot.

FROM between two steamboat-sized feet propped against his porch railing, "Loose Change" Jackson, colored, watched some "po' white trash" pasting up circus posters on the barn wall opposite. Loose Change couldn't read, but the pictures looked good—especially that one with the lions in it. Interest stirred in him. Old circus meant a lot of country negroes in town, all behind on their bananas and fried fish. And a boy who had married a good cook like Ammonia could take in a lot of money accommodating them.

Next thing was finding out when all this was to be. Luck showed up just right, otherwise Willie Ford. Willie was educated—through the fourth grade.

"How yo' pressin' club gittin' on, Willie?" Mr. Jackson sounded him out.

"Aint doin' no good. Weather so dry niggers aint gittin' dey britches press' none."

"Seed somep'n jes' now whut gwine bring on rain an' he'p business."

"Whut dat?"

"Look 'cross de street an' read fo' yo'se'f."

"Dawg if hit aint!" agreed Willie unsatisfactorily.

"Aint whut?"

"Gwine be lions in town."

"Knowed dat all time. Craves to know when."

"Sep-tem-ber twenty-fo'th," spelled out Willie. "Dat jes' de same as nex' week. Whut you keer? You be skeered to go round whar at dey is."

"Skeered of whut?"

"*Lions,* dat's whut. Ol' lion sees you, hit 'mind him of time when you an' him live in de same woods over yander in Af'ca. Sho whets he taste fo' dark meat ag'in."

"Huh! Boy, I *tames* lions. 'Member dat time I has to go nawth 'count de Cun'l's henhouse git too empty? I works fo' ol' circus den whut in winter quawters. Dey has me ex'cise de lions ev'y mawnin'."

"Huccome 'ex'cise'? Tryin' cotch you?"

"Naw. When I looks lion in de eye, he dribble at de mouth an' say, 'Yessuh.' Hitches two de bigges' ones to a wagon an' drive 'bout behind 'em, same as hawse. . . . . Nigger, you keep on pressin' pants an' don't mess wid no lion business—you aint und'stand hit like me."

Willie swallowed dubiously. Mr. Jackson *had* been in the North temporarily while his white folks were cooling down about a poultry shortage. No telling what had happened there.

"Got to be gwine," he offered weakly. "White folks gittin' fussy 'bout whut I does wid my time while I workin' fo' dem. Sees nex' week how you an' dem lions gits on."

Loose Change subsided upon his shoulder-blades again and turned his mind to some more of his business. The circus had come most opportunely. He was running for office in his lodge, and needed money for campaign expenses. The honor carried with it a purple robe that, so far, Loose Change had neither been able to get or forget. To wear it, he had to defeat Latham Hooper for Supreme Worthy Keeper of the Seals and Treasure of his lodge. And not only did Loose Change admittedly keep a mean seal, but a treasurer wasn't liable to be broke all the time like he was now.

But the trouble with ideas was that they made a boy take his feet down off the rail and bestir himself. Mr. Jackson's not only came down, but turned toward the office of his friend the mayor. On occasion, Loose Change whitewashed for the mayor.

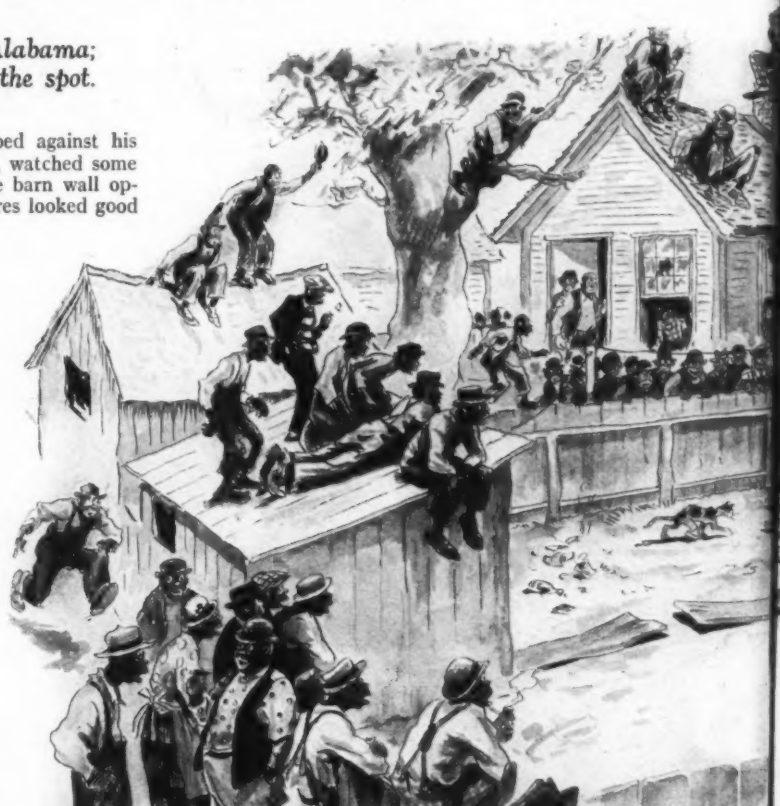
"Not lending a cent!" was His Honor's firm greeting when Loose Change shuffled into his place of business.

"Naw suh," agreed Mr. Jackson pleasantly. "Aint no way to git money cep'n work fo' hit—"

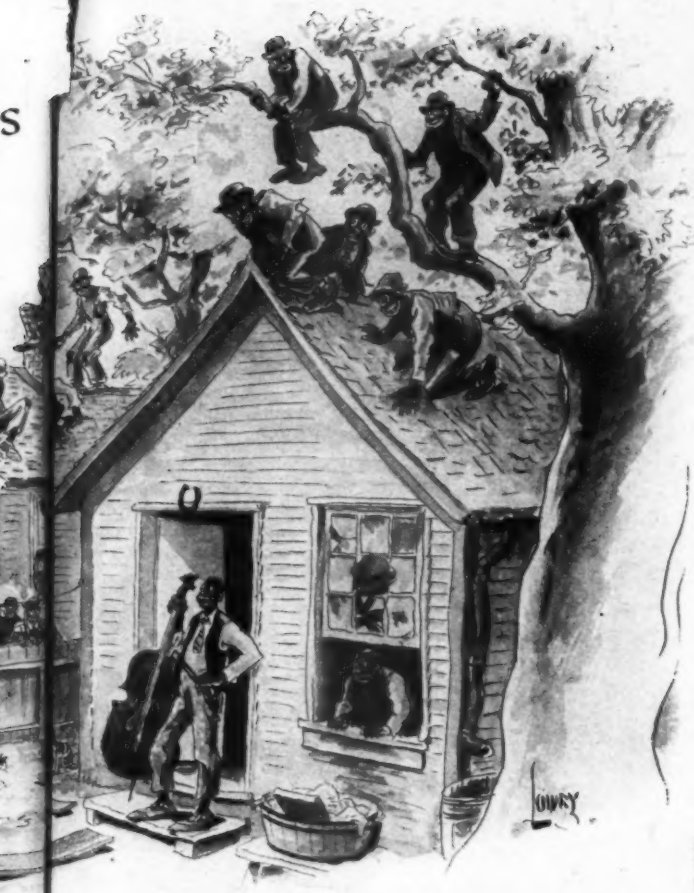
"And that doesn't mean work *me* for it!"

"Naw suh—dat whut I comes see you 'bout, suh. Wants pe'mit run a fish stand at de circus grounds nex' week."

"Anything to get you to work, Loose Change!" conceded the mayor with sudden heartiness. "Fix it up myself, in that case. What name you want it in? Yours?"



"I ax you," persisted Loose Change pointedly, "whar at Latham an' de lion? How I gwine do de tamin' when aint no lion heah?"



"Make hit out to 'Monia, suh—'Monia Jackson: she 'tend to hit fo' me."

Armed with his permit, Loose Change braced himself for the next move. He wasn't half through yet. He had to get the matter before Ammonia in the right light. Securing a permit for Ammonia wasn't a circumstance to getting her to use it. Besides, he talked and Ammonia listened better on a full stomach. With which on his mind, he edged cautiously within his own doorway.

Meteorologically speaking, Ammonia looked cloudy and cooler, with possible sudden squalls. Her lips tightened firmly. So did her husband's grip on his hat. He trod softly.

"Jes' fixin' git a job," he volunteered, reaching liberally for the cornbread.

"Fo' *who?*" Ammonia shot disconcertingly at him.

Loose Change took refuge in a hasty choking spell. Ammonia was working too fast for him. Give her the answer right now, and he'd be traveling in a cloud of kitchenware.

" 'Bout time you gits a job!" continued his helpmeet heatedly. "Bustin' my back over wash-tub all day while you sets in de shade! . . . . Has to take a stick of fiahwood to you to make you even fotch de white folks' clo'es heah fo' me to wash! An' cookin' vittles fo' you whut you too triflin' to go git! Whut kind of job you got, nohow, Nothin'? Samplin' de eatin' vittles in a rest'rant?"

Loose Change squirmed and looked pained. "Gwine in bus'ness fo' myself," he explained patiently. "I's de gin'ral manager."

"Managin' *whut?*"

Mr. Jackson shut his eyes, so to speak, and dived off the dock. "Rest'rant. Circus comin' to town nex' week. Mayor done gimme pe'mit run a fried-fish stand dat day. Us mop up."

" 'Us?' Who gwine cook all dem fish?"

Loose Change's scheme quit looking so good. "Aint know how de pe'mit made out," he rescued himself. "But Cap'n Mayor make writin' de way he want dat stan' run. He pow'ful p'tic'lar 'bout not changin' nothin'. You read who de mayor say in de paper he want do de cookin'."

Ammonia read and sniffed loudly. Loose Change grew nervous below the ankles. Womenfolks didn't have any respect for authority. Safety might lie in getting his mouth open first.

"I cotch 'em fo' you," he preceded her by a split syllable. "All you has to do is clean 'em an' cook 'em. I does all de heavy work handlin' de cust'mers an' gittin' in de cash money. You takes hit easy over de stove an' gits to 'sociate wid de fish."

Something in Ammonia's eye warned him to change his tune and tack. "Gwine git you dat lamp wid de red shade to put on de front room table," he promised hastily. "Jes' as quick as us make de money fo' hit."

"You better!" Ammonia threatened. A red glass lamp shade stood for more, socially, on Strawberry Street than did ownership of a steam yacht at Narragansett Pier. .

Loose Change got out while he could still travel freely. For a married man, he was doing fine. When you win an argument, leave before you lose it, was his policy. Besides, he had other business. It was time he circulated on Baptist Hill some more and fixed his lodge fences. Public office and the purple robe called him. And he saw a fresh advantage now in his fish stand: a little free fish, judiciously distributed, would do marvels for a boy's chances among the voting lodge members.

But opposite Hogan's Alley he came upon Latham, his rival, backed up against a fence admiring one of the circus posters and telling how good he was. Loose Change eased himself into a sitting position and started a slight back-fire. If the lodge members were looking for a good man for sealkeeper and treasurer, it was time they looked Loose Change's way.

Latham was on zoölogy at the moment. "Ol' lion git fo' dozen po'k chops fo' he breakfas' ev'y mawnin'," he discoursed learnedly to his admiring audience.

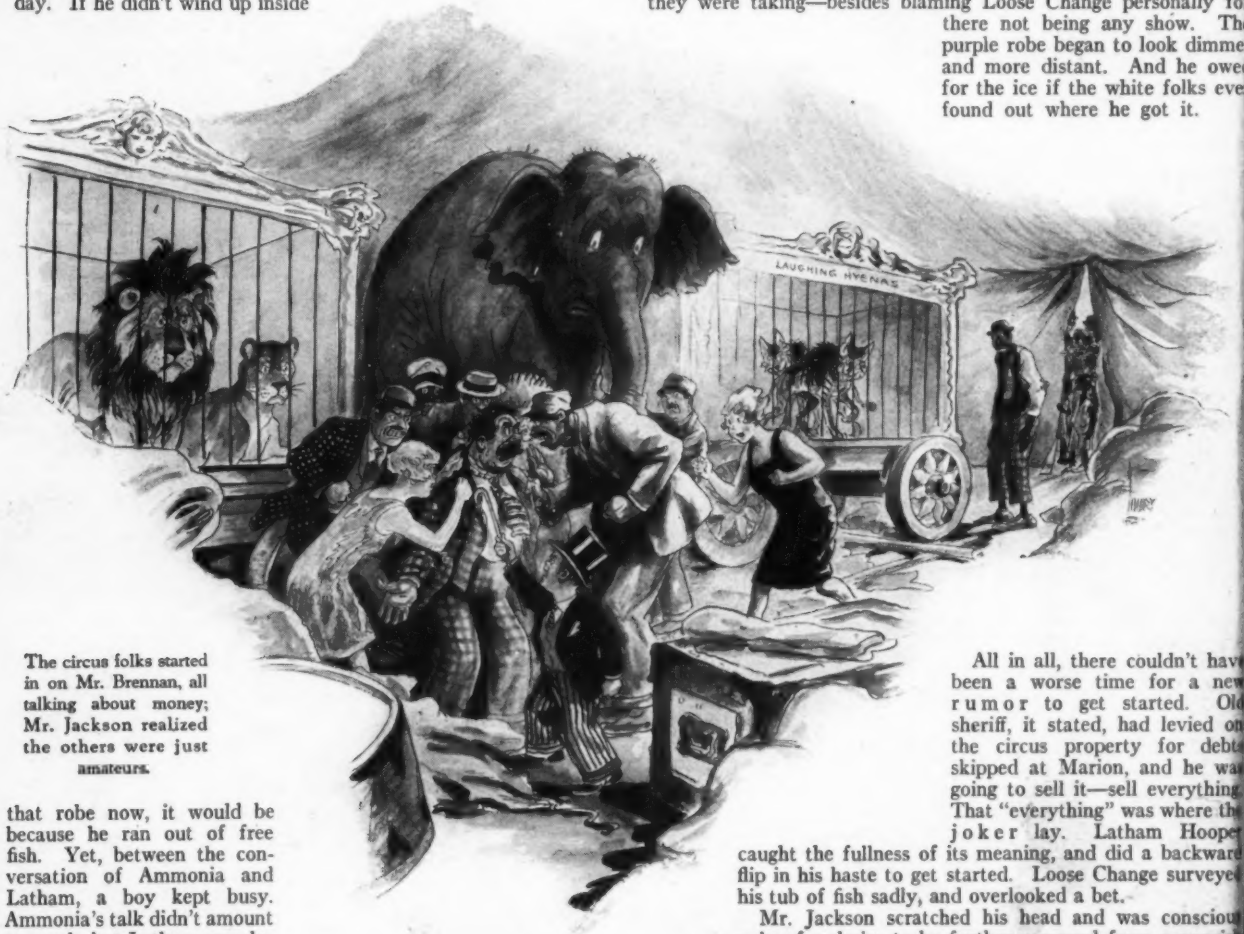
Loose Change sniffed a lion's-sized sniff. "Less some niggers knows, de mo' dey talks wid dey mouth," he observed aloud to whom it might concern. "Me, I works all las' winter 'tendin' to lions. When ol' lion git sick, he white folks aint let nobody but me set up wid him. L'arned a heap whut gwine go good in de lodge work nex' yeah."

The lion opened his mouth and said something. . . . . Loose Change reached Baptist Hill a mile ahead of Willie in a two-mile dash.

The audience switched its attention. Either Loose Change was a better liar than Latham, or he knew his stuff. In either event, he was the more interesting. Mr. Jackson sensed the change and took opportunity to admit publicly that around lions he was the rat's rubbers. The more he talked, the more like a lion-tamer he felt, the clearer he saw himself in the desired robe and rôle.

GETTING home late from private business some nights later, Loose Change encountered Brennan's Internationally Renowned One-ring Circus and Hippodrome getting in early from a short run from Marion. Dark as it was, and traveling as fast as Mr. Jackson was, he still sensed its gold and glitter, and the prospect of a big day's business for Ammonia.

For the circus fish were in a tub of ice in his kitchen at home, and Ammonia had settled down to an ominous silence concerning a day of cleaning, cooking and serving. For his part, Loose Change had kept out of personal danger and strengthened his political chances by the combined strategy of being absent from home the two previous days and spending them in inviting the doubtful lodge voters to drop by his fish stand on circus day. If he didn't wind up inside that robe now, it would be because he ran out of free fish. Yet, between the conversation of Ammonia and Latham, a boy kept busy. Ammonia's talk didn't amount to much, but Latham was doing real damage going around telling everybody about the big "bull" fiddle Loose Change had bought himself right after he became treasurer for the Knights of Night. It didn't sound right. Neither did the bull fiddle.



The circus folks started in on Mr. Brennan, all talking about money; Mr. Jackson realized the others were just amateurs.

This morning, Loose Change hadn't got his eyes well closed when Ammonia thought up a lot of work for him to do around the stand. He passed up breakfast for peace, and had a booth of rough boards and burlap rigged up close to the main entrance by the time Ammonia arrived heavily laden with her fish, fuss and firewood.

It was just after that that the big argument started—white folks' argument. Loose Change stood around admiringly and listened to experts. Old morning train from Marion Junction wasn't more than in before a big bunch of white gentlemen—all mad—came on the circus grounds from the direction of the depot. They all wanted to see Mr. Brennan, and no substitutes would do. Loose Change liked to hear somebody besides himself get bawled out, and those white gentlemen from Marion sure did have plenty to say to Mr. Brennan just before they took his money away from him. Right after which, the circus folks started in on him—all talking about money, too,—and Mr. Jackson realized that the Marioners were just amateurs.

And when it was all over, warm day though it was, the Internationally Renowned had automatically gone into a combination of winter quarters and bankruptcy. Following which, the sheriff gentleman came around with a tack-hammer and began nailing little notices on the circus wagons.

The fish business began to look bad. True, the grounds were still all cluttered up with darkys that had walked or driven in from plantations and sawmills as much as fifteen miles away. Equally true, they had never possessed either the funds or the intentions necessary to seeing the show. But normally they would have filled up on fried fish and free sights, and then cheerfully trudged or ridden fifteen miles back home again. But now everything was different—and worse. No show, no fish, was the turn they were taking—besides blaming Loose Change personally for there not being any show. The purple robe began to look dimmer and more distant. And he owed for the ice if the white folks ever found out where he got it.

All in all, there couldn't have been a worse time for a new rumor to get started. Old sheriff, it stated, had levied on the circus property for debts skipped at Marion, and he was going to sell it—sell everything. That "everything" was where the joker lay. Latham Hooper caught the fullness of its meaning, and did a backward flip in his haste to get started. Loose Change surveyed his tub of fish sadly, and overlooked a bet.

Mr. Jackson scratched his head and was conscious only of a desire to be further removed from a peevish wife and a tubful of fish that were getting shopworn powerful fast. He had been married long enough to know that a heap of things were going to be all his fault in a couple of minutes more. And all the business in sight was that of the doubtful voters in the lodge that he had so generously and prematurely invited to come around and fill up. Sullenly, Ammonia had fired up and started frying. Loose Change took it for a faint omen of good, and began doing legerdemain with forty-five cents in nickels, trying to make it sound as though he were doing a large cash business. Let her find out that all these negroes were eating free, and a lot of the favorable vote was liable to get crippled along with him.

Thought of Latham Hooper's chagrin alone sustained him as he fed the voracious voters. Yet the silver lining began to show through the cloud: if the fish held out and Ammonia didn't try to

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Soups that bring to your table the richest treasures of the garden! So welcomed for the Lenten meals, Fridays and strictly vegetarian menus! And in the general family meals!

You'll say you never enjoyed such tempting Pea Soup as Campbell's. It's made with the sweetest of dainty little peas, blended with fine creamery butter and seasoned "just so" by Campbell's famous French chefs. Rich in body-building nutriment, and oh, so delightful to the taste!

The tonic goodness of crisp, snow-white celery. You know how refreshing that is. All of it is captured for you in Campbell's Celery Soup. The celery is selected from the finest beds—just the kind you are proud to serve on your own table. Here's a treat to your appetite—a benefit to your health.

Asparagus Soup! The very name invites you. Tender young asparagus shoots are blended, in Campbell's Asparagus Soup, with such skill and care that all their charm and delicacy of flavor remains to please you. The garnish of asparagus tips is an added temptation to the appetite.

Now that the extraordinary healthfulness of tomatoes is so praised by the food experts, you will wish to serve Campbell's Tomato Soup even more than

ever. Its flavor is irresistible.

All these vegetable soups are highly beneficial to children. Especially when combined with milk or cream and served as Cream Soups. Follow the easy directions on the labels. See on label also full list of 21 different Campbell's Soups. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Simplicity of electrical and ignition systems is a feature of the new Ford

Every time you step into your automobile and start your engine, you put an electric light and power plant to work. With but a turn of the ignition key and the pressure of a foot, you set many parts in motion.

The electrical and ignition systems of the new Ford are particularly reliable in action because they are simple in design. Many features are exclusive Ford developments.

Take the generator, for example. It is of the dynamo or power-house type and has been built to prevent most forms of trouble. Practically the only thing you need do is to have the charging rate adjusted as the seasons change. Even oiling is necessary only once a year and there is no possibility of oil getting into the commutator. Ford engineering has eliminated the need of a bearing on the commutator end.

Closely allied to the electrical system is the ignition system. It, too, is of new mechanical design in the new Ford. There is but one high tension cable and that connects the coil on the dash with the distributor. Even cables from the distributor to the spark-plugs have been eliminated. Special care has also been taken to make the distributor water-proof, thus preventing short circuits from rain, snow, etc.

Throughout, the electrical and ignition systems of the new Ford are so simple in design and so carefully made that they will give you surprisingly little trouble. Yet that doesn't mean they should be neglected. Certain little attentions are needed from time to time.

Water in the storage battery should be maintained at the correct level and connections kept clean. The generator charging rate should be adjusted as indicated. Spark-plugs should be cleaned at regular intervals. Distributor points should also be kept clean and the distributor cam given a light film of vaseline every 2000 miles.

These are just little things, but they mean a great deal to your car. You can have them looked after at very small cost by the Ford dealer when you take the car in for oiling and greasing.

A thorough checking-up at regular intervals will lengthen the life of your car and give you many thousands of miles of carefree, economical motoring.

FEATURES
OF THE NEW FORD

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
Remarkable acceleration
Smoothness at all speeds
55 to 65 miles an hour
Fully enclosed six-brake system
Houdaille shock absorbers
Triplex shatter-proof windshield
Economy of operation
Reliability and long life

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

see the total cash receipts too soon, he saw himself treasurer by a nose. Therefore he kept up a big rattling of nickels into the cigar-box that served as cash register, and postponed the evil day when Ammonia checked.

"Fifteem cents out de dollar!" he called cheerily, as he slammed fish before a former Hooper adherent. "Thank yo', Frawgface! . . . . Have li'l mo' de white meat, Mist' Hogan. . . . . Ve'y fine dis time yeah—fif'-teem cents a throw! Ice water's free. Don't fo'git who feedin' you when de votin' starts! C'm on wid de fish, 'Monia—gent'man's waitin' heah wid de cash money!"

In the midst of this, and without warning, Loose Change experienced the Chinese medical system of curing the patient's pain in one place by giving him a bigger pain elsewhere. Willie Ford played the part of Oriental medicine man, with a lot of bad news fresh from Frogbottom. It explained Latham's recent haste and happiness, but without doing Loose Change any good. He merely had two pains now.

"S-s-say dat over ag'in!" he stuttered when the first numbing impact of Willie's message had left him.

"Says Latham done bought hisse'f a *lion* from de circus—"

"W-w-whut fo'?"

"Say he gwine give hit to de lodge to use in de 'nitiation work. Aint no other nigger lodge in Alabama got lion workin' fo' 'em."

Loose Change blinked and watched his stock going down. He *talked* lions, but Latham *bought* them! Fish weren't in it with a lion for making votes for a boy, either. Let Latham start up Baptist Hill leading that lion and he'd make Loose Change look like a cheap four-flusher. . . . .

But would he? Hope dawned. There was a weak place in Latham's scheme after all.

"L-l-lion!" sputtered Loose Change excitedly. "Aint nobody know nothin' 'bout handlin' lions round heah but me."

But here the diabolical depths of Latham's stratagem was revealed, unconsciously, by Willie Ford, the pressing-club magnate.

"Naw," continued Willie, "dat whut *he* say. Gwine round axin' all de niggers whar at c'n he git good lion-tamer."

SOMETHING warned Loose Change that he had been opening his mouth and putting his foot in it, on a big scale. Willie kept on telling the worst.

"Ev'ybody remembers whut you gwine 'bout talkin'; dey all tellin' him how handy you been 'lowin' you is round lions. So Latham done tol' ev'ybody he gwine git you to tame dis one fo' him. He craves you drive hit 'bout hitched to wagon like you specifies you used do."

Loose Change wanted to talk but his lower jaw wouldn't let him. It was flapping kind of loosely under the influence of contemplating what stood between him and wearing that purple robe. The man that bit off more than he could chew was but a toothless infant beside Loose Change.

None of which left him in a suitable mental condition to listen calmly to a great coughing roar that issued suddenly from somewhere near the circus tents, and made a boy's feet reach yearningly in the direction of distant parts. Country negroes got wall-eyed and shivery because they didn't know what it was. Loose Change got weak and sat down in the tub of fish because he *did* know. If Willie and Latham were telling the truth, he was listening to his next job.

"Git out dat tub of fish!" Ammonia snapped at him. "Dey's weakenin' now."

"Aint no weaker'n I is," mumbled Loose Change, looking for a short-cut to Canada. Let Latham bring his purchase around now, and Loose Change felt exactly in the mood to show a couple of counties how long and far a colored boy could stay in front of a lion.

"Dat him now," observed Willie innocently.

"Yeah, d-dat him," giggled Loose Change inanely. He didn't feel like giggling, either. Let a bar break loose, and he could hear the populace describing the situation as: "Heah come de lion—dar goes Loose Change!" Main thing was to get off the circus grounds. But he couldn't leave with the lodge voters crowding around him the thicker for free fish and fresh moral support. They clearly liked being close to someone that admittedly understood all about an animal that could scare them to death just by opening his mouth.

"Whut de matter wid you? You done e't somep'n?" demanded Ammonia pointedly, reaching for the final fish.

"Done *heard* somep'n," amended Loose Change under his breath. He needed to go off and listen to a lot of good advice. Following which, if Latham would only remain invisible and quiet on the subject of lions, there might yet be time to think up a good alibi.

But Latham wasn't that kind. With the lodge voters clustering around and the air again vibrating with lion language, Latham trolled toward his rival.

Latham approached leisurely. Worse, he was polite. "You de boy whut promulgate you works all one winter nussin' wild lions?" he inquired hopefully.

Loose Change could not tell a lie that looked like it would meet the situation. "Sho is," he admitted apprehensively.

"You mean de boy whut de lion's white folks all time send fo' when he git down sick? De one whut hitch two lions to wagon an' drive 'bout wid 'em?"

THE wording of the questions sounded sickeningly familiar to Loose Change. The lodge voters had heard them before, too. Now they crowded eagerly about to hear Mr. Jackson's reaffirmation. What the lodge needed, they now clearly recognized, was the sort of seal-keeper and treasurer who could rightly look after the lion which Mr. Hooper was about to present to the Order.

Goggle-eyed and groggy, Loose Change heard himself sealing his own doom. In saving his face he was ruining his future, but too many lodge niggers were listening now for him to do otherwise. "L-l-lions looks at me an' say, 'Yessuh'!" he stuttered feebly. "When I tames 'em dey aint never fit fo' nothin' no mo' cep'n keepin' de flies off de baby. Don't fotch yo' lion round my tamin' place 'less'n you wants him ruint."

But Latham didn't seem worried over the possibility. "Sho is glad you's so good," he congratulated his opponent. "Dis lion wild an' need somebody whut he got to call 'Papa.' So you done talk yo'se'f into a job. He need yo' kind of tamin', Big Boy. Ov' in Ma'ion he git out an' eat two niggers fo' breakfas' befo' dey c'n head him off. Wants 'gage you to tame dat lion down twel dey c'n use him in de lodge work. When you gwine start?"

Loose Change couldn't think of any date sufficiently remote to suit him. Light-years was the sort of measure he wanted to talk in now, but Latham had him lashed to the calendar and was pushing him for an answer. "How 'bout commencin' wid dat lion tomorrer?" he pursued his proposition.

Tomorrow was election-day in the lodge—no day for a candidate to serve as lion food. Which was the reason Latham picked it, apparently.

"W-w-whut time you crave git dat lion tame'?" was the best Loose Change could do.

"Noon-time—jes' befo' de election. Pays you fo' dollars after I sees how tame he is."

Ammonia saw her lamp-shade. Latham saw himself sporting the purple robe of office. Loose Change saw his finish. That left everybody seeing something but Willie Ford. Willie drifted in as the others drifted out. The fish were all gone, and one place looked as bad as another to Loose Change now, so he stuck around.

"Whut you gwine do 'bout dat lion?" Willie questioned curiously.

Loose Change wished that he knew. "Gwine tame hit," he countered hollowly.

Willie's eyes took on a far-away look. "Sees automobiles gwine up de hill," he stated softly. "Somebody ridin' up front wid lily in he hand—an' *hit aint gwine be de lion.*"

Loose Change sat and suffered while Willie shuffled down Strawberry Street and spread the word that Loose Change was going to crown his campaign for seal-keeper and treasurer of the lodge by publicly taming a lion that had eaten four colored boys for lunch in Marion the previous day.

LATE that afternoon Loose Change sat upon his front porch. From between two steamboat-sized feet propped against the railing he sadly surveyed a different world but the same posters. No longer, however, did he admire the jungle scenes portrayed upon the barn wall opposite. When he could stand it no longer he slouched over and tore down the circus posters there. Especially the one with the lions on it. Not only was he fed up on lions, but about to be fed to one.

Scarcely had he reseated himself when Latham hove into unwelcome view—Latham and a lot of lodge voters. Loose Change recognized several heavy fish-eaters and realized sickeningly that buying votes wasn't half as hard as keeping them bought.

"Jes' drap by to make sho us und'stands ev'ything," Latham greeted his rival, carelessly. "Heaps times, niggers dey gits dey notions wrong an' you has to run 'em down an' put fawked stick over dey neck befo' you c'n git 'em under control an' keepin' dey contrac's. . . . . When you specify you gwine tame dat lion of mine?"

"Noon-time tomorrer, like I says."

"Whar at?"

"Right whar at I does all my tamin'—in my yard."

Latham noted a detail, but didn't let it worry him. Loose Change wouldn't dare stay and face either the lion or the idea of a lion on the morrow. Which left Latham safe—and treasurer by default.

"Noon-time—tomorrer—right heah—you tames de lion," Latham recapitulated as he took his departure. The tide was turning Latham's way. Loose Change realized it, too. If he fled he was doomed in the lodge—and if he stayed he was diet in a lion. Latham's trap was one hundred per cent perfect. And yet that robe—

Willie Ford dropped by once more, full of barber-shop gossip and unattractive notions. "Ol' trees gwine be full of niggers round heah tomorrer," he observed pleasantly. "Dey comes to see de tamin'. Heaps of 'em thinks you aint gwine git dat lion so tame."

Loose Change moved uneasily in his seat. Agreeing with Willie was no fun. It grew less so on Willie's next proposal: "Le's go see dat lion."

Mr. Jackson turned pale a couple of inches deep. Listening to and about that lion had him where he couldn't sleep or enjoy his eating-victuals now—and Willie wanted to go look at him! Loose Change couldn't find grounds for declining.

Willie lined him up before the cage and started in to admire the size of Loose Change's job on the morrow. The latter's eyes told him there wasn't any joke about it: this was a real lion, and hungry. Loose Change looked at him and tried to estimate how much mileage he could put between himself and the lion before morning if he put his mind to it. The lion looked at Loose Change and seemed to be trying to figure out what a full meal would be like. After which he

opened his mouth and said something—and Willie couldn't keep up. Loose Change reached Baptist Hill a mile ahead of Willie in a two-mile dash, hunting a place where the acoustics weren't so good. And it was hours later before he emerged from beneath the Morning Star Baptist Church with an idea concerning a detail in Latham's proposition that so far he had overlooked.

BEING able to read got Willie into a further perplexed condition the following morning, election morning. Willie swallowed air and then sprained his eyesight looking. He could believe what he saw but not what he read.

For there, right in front of Willie's eyes, Loose Change was constituting half of a two-man parade. In advance of him marched an African replica of the Spirit of '76, making a serious public disturbance on a snare drum. Loose Change himself was as an army with banners—homemade banners and painted by ear, inscribed:

biG lioN taiMin
at my house oN BABtist Hill
12 oclock Sep 26

All is invited

georgE (loose ChangE) jacksoN
candidate foR lodgE trEASureR

Dont feeD the lion

Up Walnut and down Strawberry marched Loose Change and his drummer. Colored Demopolis couldn't attend to its business for looking. Willie was flabbergasted but hard to lose. Questions aimed at Ammonia brought no satisfactory explanation. Since being able to elicit but forty-five cents from Loose Change, as proceeds of half a day's fish-frying in the hot September sun, Ammonia had but one wish so far as he was concerned. That was that the lion be both prompt and thorough.

By ten A. M. the sign had done its work. Seats in the trees overlooking Mr. Jackson's premises were at a premium. A good near-by roof was worth whatever its seeker could be induced to pay. The space outside the tamer's fence was thick with lodge brethren, receptive to intimations as to which way to vote for treasurer. "Latham or Loose Change—leaves hit to de lion," stated one high-roosting voter impartially, and the sentiment found favor all through his tree.

Eleven-thirty—and from the back door of lion-taming headquarters shot Willie, pop-eyed and important. Willie's gait indicated one in whose ear a bug has been placed.

Loose Change wasn't in sight, but the front door was ajar and there were audible indications of his presence—the notes of an approximation of "Rock of Ages" being sawed out on the bull fiddle.

"Dat nigger gwine need *couple* of rocks to hide hisse'f in when Latham git heah wid dat lion," muttered a pro-Latham spectator nervously.

Across from Glenhurst rumbled the roar of the King of Beasts. The notes of the bull fiddle soured horribly, then continued bravely but weakly.

The noon whistles sounded. So did the bull fiddle. Tension increased moment by moment.

The twelve-thirty whistles blared and the spectators began to look at each other. Everything was thirty minutes late. The bull fiddle kept on, but something was not according to Hoyle and schedule. Loose Change was there, as per agreement and as indicated by the harrowing notes from within. But where were Latham and the lion? Another hungry roar rolled across the flats and accounted for the latter but not for the former. The only new incident was the reappearance of Willie—Willie in apparent fresh perturbation over the news he bore. Panting, he plunged through Loose Change's back door, and the notes of the bull fiddle ceased at last.

Then Loose Change Jackson appeared at his door.

"'Scuse us, but Latham done gum up de tamin'," he apologized. "You all done heah de 'greement: I wuz to do de tamin', right heah. An' me an' twelve 'clock wuz both heah at de right time, ready. Aint dat right?"

"Sho wuz," admitted the puzzled multitude.

"But I ax you," persisted Loose Change pointedly and in the manner of one with an ace in the hole, "whar at Latham an' de lion? How I gwine do de tamin' when aint no lion heah to git tame'?"

And none could answer. Not until—

THAT evening, by the light of a moth-harried oil lamp, the officials of the lodge perspired over the count of the vote for Supreme Worthy Keeper of the Seals and Treasure. Behind them stood Loose Change and Willie, his benchman, keeping an eye open for election-frauds. Two piles of ballots grew upon the table: a large one and a little one. And the large pile was Loose Change's.

An unanswered question joined the moths about the lamp, a question left over from the noon hour. "Whar at Latham, whut talk so big 'bout de lion?" inquired an election officer.

Willie Ford saw a chance at the limelight and leaped for it. Loose Change's Number Twelve right shoe came down hard upon Willie's Eleven-and-a-half and cut off foolish discussion from that quarter.

"Shet up!" hissed Loose Change in the suffering one's ear.

"Yeah," persisted Willie in his anguish. "But I finds out Latham aint never bought no lion. He jes' put out dat tale to skeer you so he c'd git 'lected while you runnin' 'way."

Willie's news didn't click. "Hmph, nigger, you aint tellin' me nothin'!" retorted Loose Change. "You reckon I'd wasted good travelin'-time paintin' dat sign if I hadn't heard Latham back behin' Mawnin' Star chu'ch while I's und'neath hit, tellin' some dem fish-eatin' niggers all 'bout hit? . . . . But, boy, whut make Latham cotch dat noon train wuz gittin' hit straight 'bout he 'greement wid me: dat *I* tames de lion—but *he got to lead hit to my house* whar de tamin' gwine to be done!"

LET'S MAKE MONEY

(Continued from page 55)

makes strong men and women want to advise you, is also the quality which would make you a failure in the kind of career they are likely to pick out for you.

KEY NUMBER 12

There is boiling going on inside of you. If you can turn that steam onto your job, you will forge ahead like the Empire Express. But that turmoil of emotion inside you is not now utilized, because you do not like your work. You think it is enough to do what you have to do. It is not sufficient. You must *like* to do what you have to do, or be miserable—and usually ill paid. A person who is being noble about work is almost—though not quite—as unpleasant to have about as a slacker! The men and women who are making good money tried one job after another till they found one they could stick to. You do not have to be monogamous with jobs.

KEY NUMBER 13

Grow up as you grow older. Don't waste work-time thinking about the people who work with you and how peculiar they are. Do not let your emotions get in your way. Like diamonds, they are nice things to have, but not suitable for office wear. Men and women who are going to succeed are the ones who do not bother to give "tit for tat," champion everyone's causes, brood over minor call-downs, sulk at slights, clutch at empty symbols of importance and otherwise act like adult infants. Those who can do business pleasantly with disagreeable people, buy from the man who has the best goods even if they don't like his manners, and in general keep both eyes on the ball, are the persons who attract responsibility. And responsibility brings money.

KEY NUMBER 14

You have conflicting desires; you want to work your own way on what interests you, and at the same time earn as much as an automobile manufacturer or the author of "Abie's Irish Rose." After all, it was only a path that is said to have been worn to the house of the mousetrap manufacturer in the woods, while you want a cement road with customers arriving in motorbusses. You are doing very well indeed, considering how little you will concede to the devouring demands of business.

KEY NUMBER 15

You might as well face the fact that you can't do what you want to do. But it is also true that you can't do what you don't want to do. Apparently you do not like your present work. You accept it in a spirit of resignation, look it over captiously and do it half-heartedly. That is no way to make money. It is no way to treat a job. If we had given you that job, we would feel that you hadn't done right by our Nell. No job is going to work hard for you and spread butter on your bread unless you love it, coax it, plan its future and give it your undivided attention during office hours. If you had a job that would make you money without your help you could just as well stay at home. But of course the boss might notice that.

KEY NUMBER 23

You are like the country boy who goes to the city and works hard to get money so that he can retire to the country. Perhaps this is the conflict that makes you growl about your work. But you stay on because you look forward to the prestige and dignity that will come to you in the end. Perhaps, also, you like your job better than you think you do. You are naturally the money-making type and need no advice on that score. But perhaps you do not realize that proportionate recreation is as necessary to life as baking-powder to a cake. For your encouragement we will promise you that the first ten thousand dollars are the hardest to accumulate. In your old age you may regret the sins you haven't sinned, but you will have made yourself and a good many other people comfortable.

KEY NUMBER 24

You are rather good at money-making, but take your time about it. You do not let any of the details of your work escape you, and you keep after it until it is done. You are adjusted to modern life because you can be happy as a link in the business chain.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

is Young.....Entrancing.....Beautiful...
as the world expects her to be

ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. Slim as a nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride is winning all hearts with her charm.

Modern to her finger tips, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . flitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times . . . At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found the way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

"Even on our Nevada ranch," she says, "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's.

"One can keep one's skin really young and lovely with just these Two marvelous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic. I'm devoted to Pond's."

WHEREVER you go, this simple daily treatment with Pond's four preparations will preserve the fitness of your skin:—

First, keep your skin immaculately clean by pore-deep cleansing, after exposure and every night before retiring. Spread Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, with upward outward motion over face and neck, letting the fine oils sink deep below the skin.

Then gently remove the dirt and cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. They are finer than old linen and absorb the cream and dirt instead of rubbing it into the pores.

Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your daytime toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistledown touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) *Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty velvety new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.*

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR., *was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin like hawthorn bloom. This chic ensemble is of flame-colored velvet cape over a peach chiffon frock.*

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Q
108 Hudson Street . . . New York City.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(BELOW) *Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. Use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!*

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You do not feel an overwhelming desire to start the first airship line to Europe or even to travel in it. But you get your steamer trip and lots of other pleasures. You can manage your own affairs better than we can advise you.

KEY NUMBER 25

It looks as if you didn't give a darn whether school kept or not, provided you get your pay-check. The trouble is not that you are mercenary, for it is very right that the laborer should expect his reward, but that you are indifferent. You think that as long as you don't pull anybody's hair or slight your work, they ought to be satisfied. Maybe they should, but *you* shouldn't. The thing that has made the American business-man famous is not so much that he loves money as that he loves making it. He makes biscuits as gleefully as he used to make mud pies. If you are not getting any fun out of your work, you are being cheated. Make the boss share the fun with you, and the money will take care of itself.

KEY NUMBER 34

If you want more money, you'll have to give up some freedom, and whether that's worth while only you can tell. You get a lot of fun out of your work, so maybe it isn't necessary for you to work harder in order to buy fun outside. If you insist on being rich, however, here is the formula: You have ability; cultivate reliability—or at least enough of it to keep people from finding out that you have a way of forgetting about the thing you ought to do and saving yourself at the last moment by the skin of your teeth. Do not let the world know how lightly you take your responsibilities. Practice pulling a serious face before the mirror and don't be openly facetious when you nearly send a shipment to Canton, China, instead of Canton, Ohio.

KEY NUMBER 35

You don't see it through! Why not? You have all the trouble of the monotonous side of your business, and when a crisis comes with its opportunity for triumphs—you slump. Shame on you! The King of France with twice ten thousand men marched up a hill! And then marched down again! What a conspicuously foolish way for a king to behave!

KEY NUMBER 45

It is all right to be a young man (or woman) of promise till you are in your thirties, but if when you are forty you are still referred to as "talented," something is wrong. You don't earn money by talent pure and simple, but by talent applied to a need of the public. This may be recreation or tin buckets or music or food. Choose your field, apply your undoubted ability and back it up with the copybook virtues of industry, self-confidence, honesty, punctuality and the rest.

KEY NUMBER 123

You would make an excellent *Nicholas Nickleby* working for the *Cheeryble Brothers*, but the constant flux of modern business conditions does not suit your temperament. You will have to conform to the idea that business today is not merely a matter of conscientiously doing the work set before you and rising steadily from grade to grade like a docile child at school. Let the crisis find you ready to take the big leap to Chicago or into a different line or wherever it may be that your interests will lead you. You can't make money at endurance, though it is equally true that you can't make money without it. You don't do as well as you deserve to.

KEY NUMBER 124

Your work is good. You are painstaking and industrious, yet you do not get ahead as fast as your ability warrants. Too much thought and strength go into enduring the discomforts of your environment. You are not well adjusted. Two courses are open to you: Either you must change your attitude toward the people with whom you come in contact and toward the hateful sides of your business, or else you must change your situation. The second is easier, but you find yourself in exactly the same fix. Try doing your work better and see if happiness and pay do not increase. It is an odd coincidence that happiness and rising salaries go together. Which is the cause and which the effect?

KEY NUMBER 125

Why don't you like your work? That is where your trouble lies. Suppose you take a pencil and paper and make a list of everything you dislike about it. Then check the items that are common to all jobs—slow advancement, too little money, lack of coöperation, monotony and so on. Study the remaining items. How many would be eliminated if you changed your attitude toward them—convincing the boss of the need of a new filing system and like matters? What is left on the list? Perhaps lack of outdoor exercise (or too much), a blind-alley prospect and so forth. Now it is up to you to decide whether or not you have the courage to choose another profession, start at the bottom—and climb.

KEY NUMBER 134

One way to make money is to have a fairy godmother appear on your hearth and turn a pumpkin into a chariot, but as that doesn't often happen you'd better give up thinking about it. Your great-uncle Elijah may never die, and if he does, he will no doubt leave his money to the Anti-Saloon League. So spend your time considering your own money-making qualities. Do you make a hit at first and peter out later? Is that because you have too many irons in the fire? You may be of the promoter type, who can't finish one job because there are ten others he wants to get after. You might as well get resigned to the fact that you probably can't be a banker and an architect and an author and a movie actor all at once. Choose one thing and settle down to it; or maybe we'll let you do two; but three is the limit.

KEY NUMBER 135

Sometimes a scornful attitude toward money-making work goes hand in hand with a desire for money. If this is your trouble, relinquish one or the other of these trends of thought. This advice does not apply to Bernard Shaw, but so many people are not Bernard Shaw. When you have reconciled yourself to the idea that the way to get money is to make it, choose the career that is least repulsive to you. You may be unexpectedly successful in work that no one thought you were suited for if you have the perseverance to go through with the necessary training. If you can save a little money, the best way for you to invest it is in yourself. Get a thorough educational training in your chosen field. Become expert if you can in at least one branch of it. Self-confidence will do wonders for you.

"You Can Change Your Fate"

Another and even more fascinating formula for appraising yourself and your possibilities will appear in an early issue. The authors, of course, are the clever pair whose contributions to these pages have already done so much to entertain you—

Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins

KEY NUMBER 145

Your business success depends a good deal upon the individual you marry. You need some one to keep you up to the mark. This is so disagreeable a task that it is likely to be undertaken only by a person who doesn't too much mind bullying and nagging you. You have an unusual amount of ability, but you squander time and money and opportunity unless some one is everlastingly after you. You are well worth saving—be kind to the one who undertakes to make you earn more money.

KEY NUMBER 234

Lucky the person who works for or with you, for you know what you want and how you want it done, and you appreciate ability in others. You are a born executive. Or maybe you have acquired your traits, for you are clever enough to train yourself as well as you train subordinates. You need no advice from us. Your first thought is on your work and your second on your dividends, and the day will come when you will say, "Goodness!" (or something stronger) "Did I earn all this money?" Yes, you did, and you also earned the love and admiration of all who know you.

KEY NUMBER 235

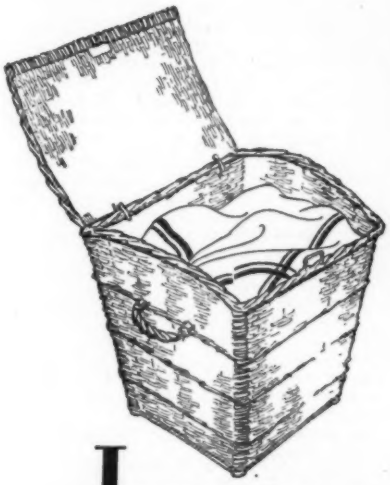
Your work is your child; it is not enough to tell it to go to school—you must see that it goes. You haven't the right sense of responsibility toward it, and perhaps that is why you don't like it any better, and consider it a horrid, disagreeable child. Now just what are you, as the boss or as the boss' employee, trying to accomplish at the moment? Are you taking a whole-hearted interest in getting it through? Or are you moping around, saying, "Well, I'm doing all anybody told me to do, and it's not my fault if it doesn't come out right." Beware of the it's-not-my-fault attitude. It suggests the minor-employee slant of mind. If you want to get nearer the top, you'll have to think of yourself as part of the business. If you have a job, say "we" to the boss, not "you," when you are talking about business affairs.

KEY NUMBER 245

You get along somehow, so there's no need to worry about you. Possibly the reason you are not making more money is because you don't want to. You are reading this out of idle curiosity, not because you have any intention of going after riches with a rake. Since you like to sit and think about what fun it would be to find an oil-well in your back yard, turn your thoughts to ingenious means of making money that would utilize your special aptitudes. Dovetail the interests of the day with your friends' specialties. Try all sorts of combinations. If you strike something that arouses your enthusiasm, see if you can find some one to carry out the scheme with you—you would not keep going long under your own steam.

KEY NUMBER 345

You are one of those that make money in starts and spend it in fits. Although every once in a while you find you are making a good income, you never have any of



found

between clothes-hamper and clothesline —

Extra Help

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IT'S LIKE finding a new and willing assistant to help you with your washing, when you use Fels-Naptha Soap! For Fels-Naptha brings you *extra* help that does the hard rubbing. Your clothes are clean, white, fresh through and through, with less work and effort on your part.

What is Fels-Naptha's secret? No secret at all! It's just the plain, common sense truth that having two helpers instead of one is bound to make your washing easier. Soap is one helper, of course. You wouldn't think of washing without soap to help you. But Fels-Naptha Soap brings you the *extra* help of good golden soap combined with plenty of naptha—two willing helpers instead of one!

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So look forward to finding something next wash-day. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today—the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient. When you've discovered what this *extra* help means to you, not only for washing but for everyday household cleaning, you'll agree with the millions of women who say, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

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it left over to tide over the lean years or to invest in a house to live in. Spend less in rent and turn the surplus into capital. You look at your business in an unprejudiced way; you haven't the slave soul that would condemn you to routine; and you really like your work: so all you need are those good old stand-by virtues of punctuality, conscientiousness, perseverance and frugality, that you no doubt can develop overnight—or by next week, anyway. The rest lies in getting over your inertia. If you are not in the midst of one of your plenty periods at the moment, get busy at once—you know how.

KEY NUMBER 1234

Make your emotions work for you, for they are strong and healthy. Your danger is that they will govern your actions instead of being obedient to your service. When children of great money-makers go to extremes in extravagance, ostentation and foolish exploits, people say that they are spoiled by too much money. The truth usually is that they have inherited the tremendous vitality which their immediate ancestors used in accumulating millions, but they lack a battlefield on which to expend that vigor. Strong emotions are a tremendous asset if you are capable of turning them to your advantage.

KEY NUMBER 1235

Members of the 1235 group are tremendously aware of the herd. This is a money-making quality if they like the herd, but bad if they shy away. They can't be comfortable without people—alas for them, if they can't be comfortable with them! Are you one who is enraged at injustice to yourself or others? You can make money out of this trait by becoming a lawyer (and later a judge), a social worker or a soldier (a general's salary is not much, but he has good publicity), or you can write a novel about it—whatever it is that annoys you. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair are fine examples of how to make one's anger work for one.

KEY NUMBER 1245

The stars in the sky declare that you tend to do the work and let others take the money! When the obstinate customer refuses to sign on the dotted line, you go out of the door instead of braining him with the inkwell and guiding his unconscious hand where it should write, or using any of the other cajoleries which sales-ologies recommend. Now, there is one piece of selling you *must* do before night. Sell yourself to yourself. You are exceptionally fine goods, but will the boss raise your pay, give you the hand of his heir (or -ess) in marriage, take you into partnership or offer you a contract on various advantageous terms if you look upon yourself as a green worm or even a big furry caterpillar?

KEY NUMBER 1345

You have such potentialities and such faults! You have ideas enough to stock three editorial offices, run two novelty factories and then have some left for publicity purposes. But where is your bank-account? Is your handwriting legible? Can you keep books? Are your shoes polished? In brief, how do your sterling virtues stand? This is what *you* are to do. Save—not borrow—save a thousand dollars. Well, we will let you off with five hundred. While you are saving it, you will of necessity acquire the stodgy character-traits which are the steel frame-work of skyscrapers.

KEY NUMBER 2345

You can't fail on a job. But you aren't as able at getting credit for what you accomplish. You choose your work wisely; you are dependable; you can hold your own; and you are never happier than when at work. Very probably you are contented as you are. If so, do not make any changes. But if you really need to increase your income, develop initiative. The way for you to make money is probably for you to help your employer make more money rather than to go out on your own. You are the type that advances steadily and somewhat slowly. Your lack of speed is compensated for by your making fewer mistakes than less competent workers.

KEY NUMBER 12345

You tend to put other matters in front of money-making, and perhaps this is just as well. You may love freedom too well to slave for paltry gold. If you are a woman, you are especially tempted to overcapitalize duty and go bankrupt. Or perhaps you get more fun out of being cultured than out of making money. At any rate, some emotion stands between you and business success. If you want a larger income, figure out why you do not allow yourself to earn it. For some reason you are unwilling to pay the price of being rich.

DOUBLE MURDER

(Continued from page 61)

influence of a narcotic, and a nurse and a maid were both in the room with her.

But were they?

Chapter Eighteen—3 A. M.

DR. WORTH, too, was staring at the black, impenetrable rectangle left by the opened window. It was a passageway for air, but infinitely more so was it a passageway leading to obscure recesses of the night: recesses that seemed to offer a maleficent sanctuary to hell-born secrets of distorted souls.

Who had crept along that balcony and fired that shot?

"What would you suggest doing with Hollander, Doctor?" Lieutenant Valcour finally asked.

"He would be better off in a hospital, Lieutenant. I consider his constitution to be more than sufficiently strong to obviate any danger in moving him. Are you going to arrest him?"

Lieutenant Valcour smiled faintly. "He is under arrest now, Doctor. I would like to get a few things straightened out, though, before booking him on any definite charge. Would it hurt him very much to talk with me before he is taken to the hospital?"

"Not if it weren't for too long."

"Could you give him something to revive him—to brace him up?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will have a man send for an ambulance, and just talk with Hollander until it gets here."

"That will be all right."

"And if you don't mind, Doctor, I would like to be alone with him. Just he and I and—Endicott."

Dr. Worth was already busied with restoratives. "Certainly," he said. "Miss Murrow and I will be just outside, if you want to call us."

"Cassidy," Lieutenant Valcour said, "wait outside in the hall, and you, Hansen, go downstairs and telephone for an ambulance. Let me know as soon as it gets here."

And in a moment Lieutenant Valcour found himself alone in the room with Endicott, with Hollander, and with those curious mists that hinted at unnamed dreads.

The restoratives were effective, and Hollander opened his eyes upon a stranger who was sitting on a chair beside the mahogany chest. He wondered idly who the stranger was. The drug which Dr. Worth had given him made him feel rather alert and smart. Any sense of pain was completely deadened. His eyes traveled leisurely about the room and hesitated at a sheet-covered object on the bed. That would be his friend called Endicott. His lids closed sharply as a reaction to some wound that was not physical.

Lieutenant Valcour stared thoughtfully down at Hollander's pale face.

"What did you do with Endicott's hat?" he said.

Hollander opened his eyes again in bewilderment. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "And who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm Lieutenant Valcour, Mr. Hollander. We've talked together over the telephone. That hat I'm referring to is the one that Endicott must have been wearing, or carrying in his hand, or that was some place near him when you attacked him shortly after seven this evening."

"I didn't attack him, Lieutenant." Hollander's lips were peaked-looking and didn't move very much when he talked. "I wasn't in this house until a little after one-thirty this morning—after you had called me up."

"Which did you think Mrs. Endicott would really do, Mr. Hollander?"

Hollander tried painfully to concentrate. He felt the need of being very careful of his footing: they were on dangerous ground.

"Do?"

"Yes—when she told you during tea at the Ritz that she had about reached the end and was either going to kill Mr. Endicott, or commit suicide. Or didn't you really believe either?"

It seemed impossible that Hollander's face could grow any paler.

"You're crazy, Lieutenant."

"All sorts of people tell me so lots of times, Mr. Hollander. Did you have to wear Endicott's hat when you went out because you had lost your own?"

HOLLANDER sighed fretfully. "You must think I'm awfully dumb," he said.

"Oh, not at all—well, in a few things, yes. Your choice of friends, for example. And I don't mean the Endicotts."

"Who do you mean, Lieutenant?"

"That dark-eyed child for one—Mr. Smith. But perhaps you don't know that his name is now Smith. I imagine that when you left him in the apartment he was still either Jack Perry, or Larry Nevins. He shows great versatility, really, in his adoption of names. I was just a little surprised and disappointed at his present selection of Smith."

"You've been to my apartment, Lieutenant?"

"Yes. I had quite an enlightening talk with the present Mr. Smith. Where did you leave Endicott's hat?"

Hollander, after one peevish glare, shut his eyes.

"I can tell you pretty well what happened, you see, except for that," Lieutenant Valcour went on. "You *did* believe Mrs. Endicott this afternoon when she told you her intention. That much is fact. And now for a little fiction: either at the Ritz, or just as you were handing her into her car, you stole her purse."

Hollander's eyes snapped open and glared viciously.

"Because," Lieutenant Valcour continued, "you wanted her keys—the keys to this house. You were a little hazy as to just

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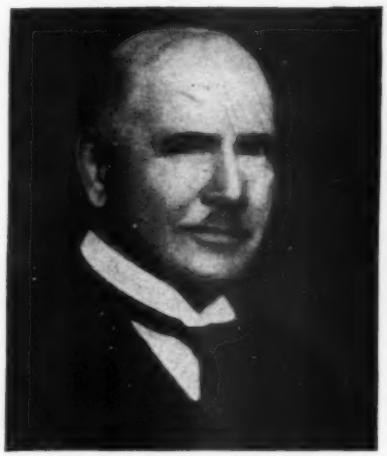

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Prof. V. Gräfe

Fayer, Vienna

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what it was you intended to do, but you did know that you were going to kill Endicott, and that you were going to do it before his wife either committed suicide, or else killed him herself. You went to your apartment and got the stiletto. Then you came back here, let yourself in with Mrs. Endicott's keys, came up to this floor and into this room. You may have been in several of the other rooms first; I don't know. Nor do I know just what you were searching for while you waited in here, either. Mrs. Endicott herself will tell me all about that later. At any rate, you were going through Endicott's clothes in that cupboard when you heard him coming. You closed the cupboard door. You were naturally nervous and upset—everyone is when contemplating or committing a crime. You were afraid there would be some slip, so you disguised yourself with dust smeared on your face. Then, either because you made some noise or else because he wanted to get something, Endicott opened the cupboard door and saw you. You must have had the stiletto already in your hand and have looked rather horrible altogether, because the shock of seeing you stopped his heart and he crumpled to the floor."

Hollander's eyes began to look feverish.

"His falling like that startled you," went on Lieutenant Valcour. "You felt his heart and in pulling open his overcoat so that you could get your hand inside, you ripped off the top button. What did you do with it?"

HOLLANDER grinned faintly. "Swallowed it," he said.

Lieutenant Valcour flushed a little. "You probably put it in your pocket. You were satisfied that Endicott was dead—miraculously dead—and that you hadn't had to stab him. But he *was* dead, and you experienced the natural panic of all murderers. I don't mean that you went wild, or anything. But your mind didn't function correctly. You may have been quite calm, but it wasn't a calmness based on intelligence. You dragged Endicott into the cupboard and closed the door. You washed the dirt from your hands and face in the bathroom, combed and brushed your hair, wiped the silver clean, and then printed that curious note which Mrs. Endicott found, and which contained no significance other than to direct suspicion to some outside agency in order to shield her from becoming a suspect herself. But why did you take Endicott's hat, and where did you put it?"

"You're talking bunk, Lieutenant."

"On the contrary, Mr. Hollander, those were the moves which were made here tonight—whether you were the person who made them, or not."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And it is quite within the range of possibility that if you didn't make them, then Mrs. Endicott did."

Hollander looked very worried and very tired.

"You're bluffing, Lieutenant," he said.

"And you're a very frightened man, Mr. Hollander."

"Are you going to arrest Mrs. Endicott?"

"That depends."

"Because she didn't do it."

"Why didn't she, Mr. Hollander?"

"Because she loved her husband."

"I wish you would explain to me how it is that she loved him so much that she wanted either to commit suicide or else kill him."

"Pride, Lieutenant."

Lieutenant Valcour tested the possibility of that angle. It could not, he felt, be ignored. As many outrages were yearly committed under the goadings of pride as there were under those of jealousy and hate.

"You believe, Mr. Hollander, that the other women whom her husband played around with hurt her pride so keenly that her love became colored with hate?"

"Why not?" A certain fierceness crept into Hollander's voice. His eyes were shining very brightly. "People don't know her as I know her. *Nobody* knows her the way I know her."

Lieutenant Valcour shrugged. "She made you hate your friend—a man you'd been through the war with—whose life you had saved."

"That's the bunk, Lieutenant."

"But you did, didn't you?"

"Oh, sure—it's all true enough, about it happening—but that stuff doesn't last."

"Friendship?"

"Among men? Hell, no." Hollander jerked his head fretfully. "Gratitude gets damned tiresome, Lieutenant, not only to give it but to get it."

"Especially," Lieutenant Valcour said gently, "if a woman comes between."

"No—no—no."

There was a complete and very convincing finality in the three negations.

"But you do love Mrs. Endicott."

"I worship her."

"And she?"

"I don't know." There was nothing obscure in Hollander's expression now, and his eyes were frankly, genuinely sincere. "Why should she? I'm nothing. Herbert was everything."

Lieutenant Valcour almost regretted having to do so when he said, "Then why, Mr. Hollander, does she address you in her notes as 'Tom, darling'?"

Hollander didn't answer for a minute. He considered the question quite seriously. "I guess it's just because she's sorry for me," he said.

"And I, personally, think that that's a pretty bum guess."

"No—listen here, Lieutenant—"

Hollander's voice began to wander. His sentences became broken—meaningless. It was with a sense of relief that Lieutenant Valcour saw the door open and two stretcher carriers come in, followed by Dr. Worth and the ambulance surgeon. Hollander, as they carried him out, was unconscious again.

Lieutenant Valcour detained Dr. Worth at the door.

"There is something I should like to ask you," he said.

Chapter Nineteen—3:15 A. M.

"DOCTOR," Lieutenant Valcour said, "our immediate concern is in finding out who fired that shot. The principal reason is quite academic: we want to catch and arrest the person who did it. A secondary reason is that many people who reach the state of mental unbalance where they are impelled to commit murder don't stop with the crime. They've tasted blood. They are in a state of abnormal acuteness, and are driven by a near fear: that of discovery and capture. To prevent being captured, they reason, why not kill again? There is nothing to be lost. You see, they can only be electrocuted once. I am presupposing, of course, that the criminal is an outsider—some person at present hidden in the house, who will make some desperate effort at escape. It is a supposition that must be entertained, even though it is not a very good one. I believe that the facts will eventually prove the criminal to be a legitimate inmate."

"That narrows the field, doesn't it, Lieutenant, to whoever was in Mrs. Endicott's room?"

"It does, unless somebody dropped a rope ladder from an upstairs window and got onto the balcony in that way. But I don't put much stock in those tricks, Doctor, any more than I do in sliding panels and trapdoors. Outside of the badger game I've never come across a sliding panel in my life, and I don't ever expect to, either."

Dr. Worth was inclined to take the idea more seriously. "But a rope ladder—there might very well be one around the house for an emergency fire-escape."

"All right, who was in the room just above this one? You. Did you come down a rope ladder and shoot Endicott?"

"God's truth—my dear man—"

"Oh, be sensible, Doctor, of course you didn't. And who had the room across the hall from you, which also is above the balcony? Mrs. Siddons, the housekeeper. If you saw her, you'd scarcely picture her as hurrying up and down a rope ladder. No, Doctor, whoever was on that balcony came from Mrs. Endicott's room. We're back to the same three people: Mrs. Endicott, her maid, and her nurse."

"But Mrs. Endicott is out of the question, Lieutenant. She is still under the influence of the narcotic I gave her."

"How about the nurse, Doctor? Have you known her long?"

"Known her? Simply for the several cases she has worked on with me. But she comes from the most reputable agency in the city. How about the maid?"

"I don't know."

"She is just as good a candidate for suspicion as Miss Vickers, isn't she? Why under the sun should Miss Vickers want to shoot Endicott?"

"I'm not seriously considering Miss Vickers at all. It's perfectly obvious that whoever did shoot Endicott was either directly responsible for the earlier attack during the evening, or else involved in it as an accomplice."

"That might still include the maid."

"It certainly might. I wonder if you'd mind asking Miss Vickers to come in here."

Dr. Worth went out and closed the door. Nurse Vickers came in without the formality of knocking. Her glance toward the bed was professional, and not colored by any sign of nervousness.

"Thank you for coming, Miss Vickers. There is just one thing I want to know: who was in the room with you and your patient at the time of the shooting?"

"Why, I couldn't say, Lieutenant, exactly."

"Why not, Miss Vickers?"

"Because I wasn't there myself. I was down in the kitchen making some coffee. I left Roberts with Mrs. Endicott. You see, there wasn't anything that had to be done, except just to be there. I'm sure it was quite all right."

"Of course it was. I'm not suggesting for a minute, Miss Vickers, that I thought otherwise." Lieutenant Valcour studied the woman for a second and then said, "I just wanted to know if you could help me check up on the number of shots that were fired."

"I didn't hear any shots at all, Lieutenant, way down there in that kitchen."

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR wondered at this. The sound of one shot might have been heard down in the kitchen—the shot which had killed Endicott, and which had been fired from the balcony; the sound would surely have traveled clearly in the still night air and to the kitchen from outside. And yet he believed Nurse Vickers implicitly in her statement that she had heard no shot. There was no earthly reason why she should lie about it. The fact convinced him that whoever had fired had held the pistol inside of the window.

"No," he said, "I suppose you couldn't have heard anything at all. Maybe Roberts can help me. She was in the room, wasn't she, when you came back?"

"Oh, yes, Lieutenant, and terribly excited about the shooting. She seemed so upset, in fact, that if there hadn't been so many much more important things for Dr. Worth to attend to, I'd have asked him to give her something to quiet her."

"One can hardly blame Roberts," Lieutenant Valcour said. "The fusillade must have

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"Use a dentifrice that really cleans,"—that is the simple rule which dentists urge. For clean teeth are likely to be healthy teeth. And healthy teeth are likely to be pretty teeth.

If you have any reason to feel that your teeth need treatment, see your dentist. Otherwise, do as he would have you do—brush your teeth twice a day with a safe dentifrice *that really cleans!* That, say leading dental authorities,* is the most that *you* can do to guard the natural loveliness of your teeth.

We asked dentists this question, "What kind of dentifrice will best safeguard the health and beauty of teeth?" Their answer was simple. "A dentifrice that really cleans. Put in as much cleansing power as possible and leave out drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives—they are unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

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Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form. As you brush, this cleansing agent bursts into a bubbling, sparkling, delicious foam.

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Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard quality. *Also, Colgate's is more* economical. *In the famous 25c tube, you get more toothpaste than in any other nationally advertised brand at that price.*

***AUTHORITY—"The dentist of today believes that there is very little curative or medicinal value in the average dentifrice. The chief function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth . . ."**

From an interview with a leading dentist in Printers' Ink, December 20, 1928.

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been quite a shock, you know. And then everyone's nerves are on edge tonight, anyway. In just what fashion was she upset, Miss Vickers? From your professional experience, I mean, you probably could diagnose her actions; was it fright—nervous shock?"

"Oh, fright, of course, Lieutenant. I've seen lots of nervous and hysterical people during my work, but never one as badly off as she was. I'm not exaggerating one bit when I say that she was gripped with a hysterical sort of terror."

"Really! As bad as that?"

"Why, I was almost afraid even to let her stay in the room with the patient. The poor creature actually seemed to blame Mrs. Endicott in some fashion for what had happened. Just imagine this, Lieutenant: when I came in she was literally leaning over the bed and shaking her fist at Mrs. Endicott!"

"You are quite certain of this, Miss Vickers?"

"I saw it with my own eyes, Lieutenant."

"And was Roberts saying anything?"

"Just the jumble that people go in for when they're hysterical."

"You couldn't catch anything connected?"

"I didn't try, Lieutenant. I had to get her away from the bed and calm her down."

"You were able to?"

"I was. She calmed down quite suddenly and became perfectly normal again. I persuaded her to run downstairs and make herself a good, bracing cup of tea."

Possibly carrying the pistol with her, Lieutenant Valcour thought bitterly, to hide it in some place where it might never be found.

"Did she come back into the room afterward?" he said.

"Well, not really, Lieutenant—I know how particular you police officers are about the littlest details. She just stopped at the door to tell me she was feeling all right again. She said she was going upstairs to her room to take a little rest."

"And you're quite sure, Miss Vickers, that you can't recall any of the words that Roberts was saying when you found her leaning over the bed?"

"I would if I could, Lieutenant—but it was just a jumble. Ice—something about ice, and human hearts. Then she switched to 'searing flames' and I don't know what all else."

"Would it bother you very much to go up to her room and see whether she's in condition to come down here for a few minutes?"

"Why, not at all. I'd be glad to."

"Thank you, Miss Vickers. You've helped me tremendously. Oh, there's just one more thing, Miss Vickers."

MISS VICKERS paused at the doorway. "Yes, Lieutenant?"

"When you came back upstairs from the kitchen, did you notice anything about the atmosphere of Mrs. Endicott's room?"

"Why—I don't know—you mean a sense of tension, or something?"

"No, I don't. I mean was it as warm as when you left it, or cooler, or what?"

"Yes, I do, too—it was cooler—*much*. Because I remember after I quieted Roberts I went over to one of the radiators to see if the heat was still turned on. I thought Roberts must have turned it off, although I couldn't for the life of me see why. But the radiator was quite hot, so I realized it must have been just the change from the kitchen. It's a hot kitchen."

"That is probably just what it was. Would you send Roberts to me now, please?"

"I will, Lieutenant."

Miss Vickers went out and closed the door.

Lieutenant Valcour then did a rather horrible thing. He went over to the bed and pulled down enough of the sheet so that Endicott's face was exposed.

Then he sat down and waited for Roberts.

Chapter Twenty—3:24 A. M.

"YOU wanted to see me, Lieutenant?"

She *had* been under a strain, and a rather terrible one. There wasn't any doubt about that. It was emotion after all that brought age, not years, thought Lieutenant Valcour as he glanced at the dark rings so clearly visible beneath her tragic eyes.

Roberts hadn't looked toward the bed—yet—but then he hadn't really expected that she would. Perhaps she wouldn't look for some time, but eventually she would lose some portion of that really splendid self-control that she was exerting.

"I wonder if you could tell me, Miss Roberts, the number of shots that were fired during the shooting."

"I'm sure I couldn't."

She was pointedly on guard, her eyes held at a level that included his cravat but went no higher.

"The question isn't as silly a one as it seems," Lieutenant Valcour said. "I don't suggest for a minute that you counted the shots as they were being fired, actually, but it's quite within possibility that your subconscious mind really did that very thing, and that on consciously thinking about it, the number might come to you. It's something on the principle of visualizing sound."

"I'm sorry. I'm sure that no amount of thinking about it would clear the rather terrible confusion of that moment."

"Wont you sit down?"

"I prefer to stand, thank you."

"Just as you wish. You were with Mrs. Endicott, weren't you, when it happened?"

"Yes."

Lieutenant Valcour admired the accomplished ease with which the word had so unhesitatingly been brought out; but then most women, in his estimation, were natural born liars. The art formed for him one of their greatest charms.

"You were sitting down beside the bed?" he went on.

"Yes. Reading."

Splendid—splendid—she was a Bernhardt—a Duse!

"And Miss Vickers?"

"She was down in the kitchen making some coffee."

"Did the shooting upset you, Miss Roberts?"

"I'm naturally nervous. The sound of firing has always disturbed me terribly." Then she flung at him abruptly: "My brother was killed in the war."

Lieutenant Valcour both looked and felt genuinely consoling.

"Was there anyone whom you loved killed in the war, Lieutenant?"

She was determined to hammer at the point, it seemed. He wished she would stop.

"There wasn't, Miss Roberts."

"Then you don't know much about soldiers."

"No, not much, really."

"It's hard to tell you just what I do mean. But it's the thing," she ended fiercely, "that made me understand Mr. Endicott. He never quite recovered, you see, from being a soldier."

"And, perhaps, it also made you understand why Mrs. Endicott misunderstood him?"

"Of course it was," Roberts said. "She too lost no one in the war. In Mr. Endicott I kept seeing my brother. I suffered for him to the extent I would have suffered for my brother, had my brother been in similar circumstances."

"Suffered?"

"Yes, suffered. From her damned superiority."

"You think that Mrs. Endicott overdid the mental?"

He noted that Roberts was slowly losing control. There was a blazing quality of anger creeping into her eyes.

"Lieutenant, she regarded that man as her tame tiger. You realize how strong he must have been physically."

"Very strong."

"It used to please her to control him—you know the way it's commonly expressed—with a 'word.'"

"I shouldn't exactly say that she had succeeded."

"You mean—the other women?"

"Yes."

"She didn't care about that. If anything, it satisfied her sense of power. She looked on them as a pack of shoddy substitutes that he could fool with, kick around, and treat terribly, if he liked. But she still remained the original—the unapproachable—the happy possessor of a tame tiger. He was always *hers*, you see, no matter what it was he had done. She's had him crying."

"That's a little hard to believe."

"It's the truth. He took her in his hands one night and twisted her—just like that! She didn't say a thing to him. For a month afterwards he went around the house like a whipped cat. Then she said something kind to him, and he cried. I wish she was in hell."

"Perhaps she is, Miss Roberts—just that."

"She wont stay in it long. Her kind don't."

Lieutenant Valcour held his eyes thoughtfully directed toward the bed.

"Tell me, Miss Roberts, do you think that Mr. Endicott is happier dead? Let me put it in this fashion: If Mr. Endicott had really been your brother, would you rather have seen him dead, than living in the emotional hell you picture Mr. Endicott as having lived in?"

His gaze retained its determined fixity.

"No," she said. "There is always a way out."

But it was irresistible. She found herself having to look, too. Against every advice of instinct her eyes were drawn toward the bed in company with Lieutenant Valcour's. . . . . Peace—there *was* peace—greater than she had ever seen when he had been living—peace to a tired heart—a plain, normal, happy human heart that had been broken on the wheel of too much complexity. . . . . "Oh, I'm lying, Lieutenant. I would—I would—a million times rather."

HE worked very fast now, having captured the mood. "Were you thinking of all that when you stood outside on the balcony and watched him through the window?"

Her eyes clung immovably to the closed lids—the mouth, carved in gentle shadows. Her very being seemed withdrawn on private heights. "I wasn't on the balcony."

"And I'd like to know what you did with the gun."

Perhaps he was laughing at it all now, if people laughed in heaven. He and her brother—they would have met, and be laughing at it all, together. But they wouldn't be

Fanny Heaslip Lea

The gifted author of "Quicksand," "Chloe Malone," "Honor," "Expert Testimony" and many other notable novels and stories will contribute to our next issue a story you will not soon forget. Watch for it under the title—

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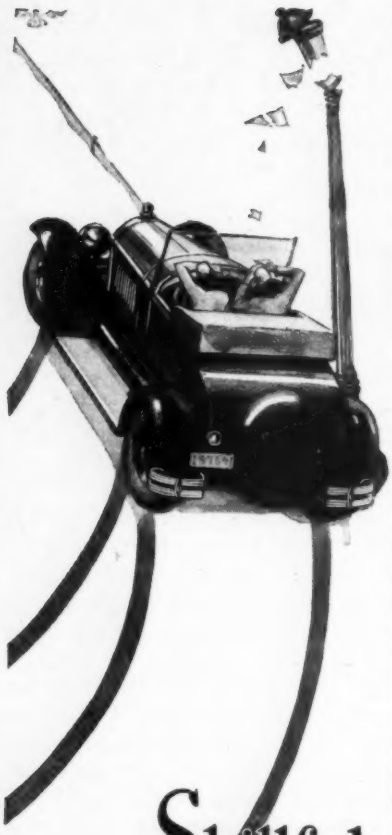

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WEED CHAINS *Steel Grip*

laughing at her. . . . . "There wasn't any need to use the gun, Lieutenant."

"Then what did you do with it?"

"Put it back in the bottom of my trunk." . . . . He'd know, now, the exact reason why she had done the things that she had done. People knew everything in heaven—sort of an enveloping awareness—like lightning darting brilliantly to immediate comprehension at its target . . . . target—gun? Her face was bleak. "What did you say, Lieutenant?"

"I had just asked you, Miss Roberts, what you did with the gun, and you told me that you put it back again in the bottom of your trunk."

Her eyes, as she looked at him, were strangely devoid of fear.

"Then if I told you that, you'll find it there."

"It wasn't the wisest place to put it, Miss Roberts."

"It doesn't matter, much."

"You mean you don't care?"

"Not just that. I'm speaking about the gun. I never fired it."

"Then why did you hide it?"

"Because it's illegal to have a gun."

"Then why did you have one, Miss Roberts?"

"It's one my brother gave me over twelve years ago. I've always kept it with me."

"What caliber is it?"

"A thirty-eight."

The bullet in Lieutenant Valcour's pocket had been fired from a thirty-eight.

"And tonight you were going to use it to save Mr. Endicott by shooting him."

"No, Lieutenant. I was going to use it to shoot Mrs. Endicott if she attempted to get near him again."

"Again?"

"Why yes, Lieutenant. She went out of the room last night right after he had knocked and said good-by."

"Out into the hallway?"

"Yes."

"When did she come back?"

"She didn't come back."

"Then when was the next time you saw her?"

"When you rang for me—after you had found Mr. Endicott in the cupboard."

"And you think it was Mrs. Endicott who put him there." Lieutenant Valcour thought of the broken fingernail of Mrs. Endicott's otherwise immaculate hand. "But why, Miss Roberts, should she kill her—tiger?"

"Perhaps Mr. Hollander could tell you that better than I."

"And why did you get a gun to prevent Mrs. Endicott from going 'again' to her husband, when you knew she was under the influence of a narcotic, that she was unconscious, and couldn't possibly move?"

"Because, Lieutenant, she never drank the narcotic."

(The forthcoming installment of this intriguing mystery novel brings it to its memorable climax—in the next, the April—issue.)

THE INFERNAL FEMININE

(Continued from page 69)

"You let me do the figuring," said Mr. Murphy, "and you'll get somewhere in this fighter business."

AFTER a suitable interval had elapsed, during which Mickey's career went forward with great success, he once more wandered down to Avenue A, where Miss Mabel Delaney lived and had her being in company with Mamma Delaney, Papa Delaney and other Delaneys too numerous to mention. He found her reclining stylishly on the family couch, devouring candy and one of the most intimate of the confession magazines, alternating with clocklike regularity between a bite of candy and a sentence of confession. She greeted him with a shriek and the clasp of soft arms about his neck.

"Well, for crying out loud! It's the boy friend!"

"How you been, Mabel?" cried Mickey joyfully. "How's the old kid?"

He bent to kiss her, but she twisted away and stared at him in horror.

"What's the trouble now?" demanded Mickey. "Has that damned wop barber been holding your hand again?"

"Mickey!" yelled Mabel. "Look at your nose!"

"What's wrong with the nose?"

"It's awful! What you been doing to that nose, Mickey McCann?"

"I aint touched it," said Mickey indignantly. "There aint nothing the matter with my nose."

"There is so! It looks awful!" She raised her voice to a shriek. "Mamma! Mamma!"

The tramping of huge feet resounded through the flat, and presently Mamma Delaney appeared in the doorway, a bulky and forbidding figure. She scowled at Mickey.

"What's going on here?" she demanded. "Mabel, do you want I should throw this bum out of the window?"

"Mamma!" cried Mabel. "Look at Mickey's nose!"

Mamma Delaney stepped closer. She peered; she refused to believe what she saw; she thrust forth an exploratory forefinger.

"My Gawd!" she said. "What an awful beezer!"

"Say!" protested Mickey. "Lay off my nose. There aint nothing wrong with my nose!"

"Is that so!" cried Mabel. "Is that so! Well, you just have a look at yourself!"

"What a beezer!" said Mamma Delaney.

She lumbered from the room, and Mabel yanked Mickey before a mirror. He realized immediately that there was sufficient ground for her outbreak. The nose that he saw in the glass was not at all the handsome beak that had adorned his face the night Mabel ordered him from her home. It was quite different. It was flatter, and covered a great deal more territory; it spread out like a discouraged mushroom. The young gentlemen with whom Mickey had been associating in the fighter business had wrought their will upon it.

"Looks pretty bum, at that," admitted Mickey. "I never looked at it this way before. But say, Mabel! I got three hundred smackers!"

"What have you been doing now?" demanded Mabel suspiciously. "Robbing somebody?"

"I got those three hundred smackers in the fighter business, which I'm a popular idol in," Mickey explained. "Maybe some day I'll be champion of the world or something. But right now I got three hundred cold smackers."

"I don't care what you got!" cried Mabel. "I aint got no use for no guy that you got to look twice to see has he got a nose."

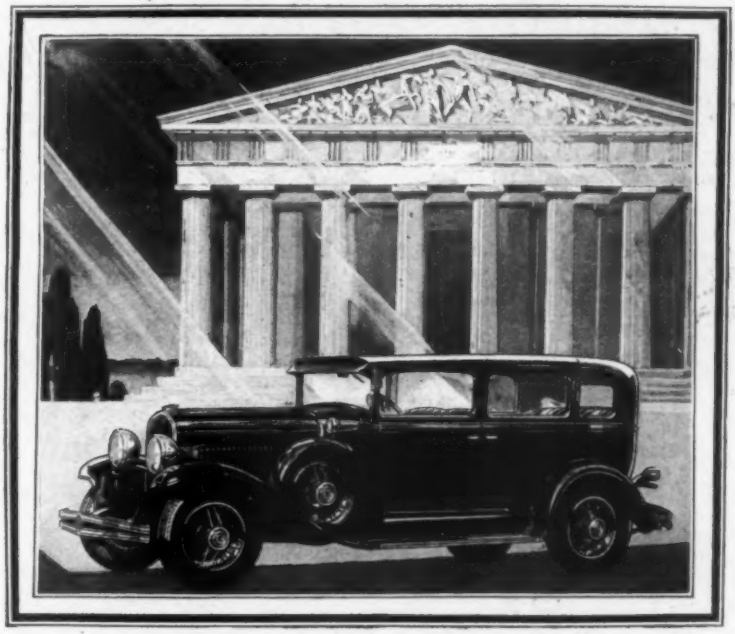
"I can't help getting busted in the nose," Mickey complained. "In the fighter business which I'm a popular idol in, lots of guys are always getting busted in the nose. Look at the jack I get for getting busted."

"That don't mean nothing to me," said Mabel. "I aint going to marry no guy that's got a nose like you got."

She began to weep; she flung herself on the couch and wailed in abandon. Mickey did not know whether to tell her to shut up or let her alone. So he let her alone, and finally she bounced to her feet and ran her fingers through her hair.

"Mickey," she said, "you got to get yourself a new nose."

CHRYSLER BEAUTY IS NO CHANCE CREATION



Chrysler's classic style and beauty have won the admiration and enthusiasm of thousands of motorists the country over—New Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan, illustrated.

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Chrysler has sought instead to do something never done before in motor car design—to search out *authentic* forms of beauty which have come down the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged and has *translated* them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility.

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* * *

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"Be yourself!" said Mickey. "How'm I going to get a new nose?"

"Why not?" demanded Mabel. "Lots of guys have got new noses. I read in the papers every day about a guy getting himself a new nose. You got to go to one of them plaster surgeons or something like that."

"Plasters wont grow no new nose," said Mickey. "I got to see a doctor."

"You do it quick, too," said Mabel. "You beat it up to one of those guys tomorrow, and you tell him you want a new nose on account your girl wont have anything to do with you until you get it."

"Yeah," said Mickey, "and while I'm laid up, you'll be holding hands with these wop barbers."

"One more crack like that," said Mabel, "and I'll have Mamma toss you out of here on your ear."

"I'll murder that guy yet," said Mickey.

"Beat it," said Mabel. . . . .

Mamma Delaney was almost overcome with admiration when she saw Mickey's new nose. She detained him in the kitchen while she viewed it from various angles and pronounced it a vast improvement over Nature's original model.

"It's what they call streamline," said Mickey. "The doc said it was a beaner."

"A streamline nose!" said Mamma Delaney. "Well! Can you blow it, Mickey?" she inquired anxiously.

"Sure," said Mickey, "but I aint so dumb as to do it."

"It sure is some swell beezer!" said Mamma Delaney. "I'd like to get me one."

And Mabel kissed him. She put a peremptory stop to her mother's rhapsody and dragged Mickey into the parlor, where she kissed him again.

"Oh, Mickey!" she cried. "It's just perfectly gorgeous!"

"Hot stuff, aint it?" grinned Mickey.

"It's swell, just perfectly swell!"

"It ought to be," said Mickey. "It set me back enough. I aint got no three hundred smackers now, Mabel. I aint got a nickel."

"But you sure got a swell nose, Mickey."

"Sure I have. But I can't buy no furniture with it. How're we going to get married if we aint got no jack?"

"You can go to work," said Mabel, "and I'll wait for you."

"I can't get no lot of jack by working," said Mickey.

"What do you want with a lot of jack?" demanded Mabel. "Aint I enough?"

"I'll say you are!" said Mickey enthusiastically. "But you told me to beat it and get a lot of jack quick."

"You're cuckoo!" said Mabel. "I never said nothing of the sort."

MICKEY flung his hands upward and outward in a despairing gesture which he had learned from close association with the recognized leaders of the fighter business.

"Can you beat that?" he cried. "Here you tell me to go out and get a lot of jack, and now you forget you ever said it. You dames is bug-house."

"Sure we are," agreed Mabel. "And why not? Anyway, people get married every day without a lot of jack."

"Well, we got to eat, aint we? If you'll let me fight one more fight," said Mickey, "we can get enough jack to give us a start."

"And get that new nose busted up?" shrieked Mabel. "I should say not. If anybody busts that new nose, Mamma's going to bust it."

"I aint got to get no nose busted," said Mickey. "All I got to do is go in there and hold this new nose like this wop barber holds your hand—"

"Mamma!" yelled Mabel. "Mamma! Come sock this bird, Mamma!"

"All right, all right," said Mickey. "I was only telling you that I could go in there and hold this new nose, and whoever I'm fighting'll knock me cuckoo, but he wont slam the new beezer because I'll be holding it. Then I'll get the loser's end of the purse, and that'll be something."

He explained at length, with gestures, and Mabel considered the proposition.

"All right," she said finally. "We'll take a chance. One more fight, and you're through with this nasty fighter business. And you better not get that new nose busted, neither. One little bust in the beezer, and I'll be a barber's bride."

"I'll murder that guy yet," said Mickey.

WHEN Mr. Jake Murphy heard Mickey's plan, he swooned. A liberal portion of bootleg gin restored him to normalcy, and he then began to complain that Mickey was taking the bread out of his mouth again.

"You're running out on me," he said bitterly. "Taking the bread right out of my mouth when I've made you a popular idol in the fighter business. How you get that way?"

"My girl says I'm through with the fighter business," explained Mickey. "She made me get this new beezer. Swell, aint it?"

"Where does this fool girl live at, anyway?" demanded Mr. Murphy. "I guess I better have a talk with her and learn her some sense."

"She lives down on Avenue A," said Mickey, "but you better keep away from her if you know what's good for yourself."

"I aint going to bother your girl," protested Mr. Murphy. "Aint I paying alimony to two wives already? I aint nutty, am I?"

But finally Mr. Murphy agreed to do what Mickey wished, and a match was made with Knockout Bolton, the South Carolina Bearcat. Mickey went into the ring in good condition and a favorite in the betting, for Knockout Bolton, while a willing young man and earnest, had two left feet and was slightly less nimble than a tank; he was as likely to hit himself as to inflict damage upon his opponent. But for this fight Mickey changed his entire plan of battle; ordinarily he rushed in, stood toe-to-toe with the enemy and engaged in a wild slugging match, but now he advanced cautiously to the center of the ring, his left glove hovering anxiously over his nose. Knockout Bolton glared, grunted and swung. But he tripped, and by the time he had untangled his feet and oriented himself, Mickey was in a neutral corner. This was repeated almost without variation half a dozen times, and by the end of the third round the lumbering Bearcat was muttering fiercely to himself and Mickey was almost spent. But he was happy, for his new nose had not been damaged.

Mr. Jake Murphy was not in Mickey's corner when the fight started, the essential tasks of swinging a towel, spilling water down Mickey's neck and shouting, "He can't hurt us!" having been delegated to a young man just starting in the fighter business and eager to learn the correct procedure. But Mickey condoned the unethical conduct of his manager with the thought that Mr. Murphy was probably away somewhere drowning his sorrow in bootleg hootch, unable to witness the sad spectacle of bread being taken from his mouth. But when Mickey dragged himself from his corner at the beginning of the fifth round, he heard a terrific commotion in the rear of the hall, and saw Mr. Murphy buck-jumping down the aisle. Behind him, clutching his hand and trying frantically to keep up with him, was Mabel, her hat dangling over one ear and her lipstick and rouge mingling in an unusual but brilliant pattern on her keen little face. Mickey stared at them for an instant, and then his surprise was overwhelmed by a burst of righteous anger.

"Hey!" he yelled. "You let go that guy's hand. Have you always got to be holding some guy's hand?"

"Beat that guy up, Mickey!" cried Mr. Murphy. "Here's your girl, and she says beat that guy up!"

Mr. Murphy and Mabel were traveling at such speed that when they reached the end of the aisle they could not stop. They bumped against the platform of the ring, and Mr. Murphy slid to the floor, while Mabel bounced back into the lap of an elderly fight-fan with a furiously waving walrus mustache, who throughout the evening had been imploring the Bearcat to hit Mickey with a brick. And the Bearcat was doing his best. Standing flat-footed, his tricky pedal extremities securely anchored at last, he whaled away at Mickey with commendable industry. A blow finally went where he aimed it, and Mickey was knocked down, but he got absent-mindedly to his feet without taking the count; Knockout Bolton was now the least of his troubles. He shook an indignant glove at Mabel.

"Hey, you!" he cried. "You get out of that guy's lap! Have you always got to be sitting in some guy's lap?"

"Beat that guy up, Mickey!" shouted Mr. Murphy, jiggling up and down.

Mabel seized the elderly customer's hat and began banging him on the head with it, to his intense disgust and embarrassment.

"Get off me, you little bum!" he yelled.

Mabel turned on him furiously.

"Where you get off, talking that way to a lady?" she cried. "I'll push your face in!"

"Get off that guy's lap!" yelled Mickey.

Mr. Murphy could not speak; he opened and shut his mouth and tried to encourage Mickey with grimaces. Mabel seized the elderly customer's mustache in one hand and gave it a yank.

"Don't call me no little bum, you big bum!" she cried. Puffing in such fury that his mustache was torn from her grasp and billowed in and out like a sail, the customer gave Mabel a vigorous shove. She slid into the aisle, where she bounded up and down with Mr. Murphy, while all over the house special policemen blew whistles, ran furiously up and down the aisles and the crowd roared in delight. Mickey hung over the ropes and implored:

"What's the big idea, Mabel?"

But Mabel was busy repairing her complexion.

"Beat that guy up, Mickey!" croaked Mr. Murphy. "Here's your sweetie, and she says beat that guy up!"

"That's right, Mickey!" cried Mabel, putting away her lipstick. "Knock his block off! Never mind your nose!"

Mickey opened his mouth in astonishment, but the Bearcat closed it with a neat uppercut to the chin.

"Watch what you're doing, Mickey!" cried Mabel. "I don't care if you aint got no pretty nose! Get it busted, Mickey! Bust the beezer!"

AT last Mickey comprehended that Mabel had, for some reason to be explained only by the inherent insanity of her sex, conceived a violent dislike to the new nose. She wanted it busted. That was now obvious. Mickey thought she was cuckoo, but he loved her. So he dropped his guard and stepped in close to the South Carolina Bearcat, and gave that young man the razzberry.

"Bust me in the nose!" he invited. "Slam the beezer!"

"I aint slamming no beezers," said the Bearcat distrustfully. "There's something funny going on around here."

He made no further comment, but devoted himself to hammering Mickey's ribs, with an occasional tentative poke at the jaw, utterly unmindful of the handsome target so freely offered. Mickey realized at last that the Bearcat was not the big-hearted gentleman he was reputed to be, and he tried to fight back, but he was almost exhausted and his punches lacked steam; they had no other effect than to cause Knockout Bolton to shake his head

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angrily. And finally the Bearcat measured the distance, made certain that both his feet were on the floor, and put everything he had in a swing that started at his right heel and traveled upward in a curving sweep until his fist cracked solidly against Mickey's jaw. Mickey sailed over the ropes, but his hard luck went with him; he came down sitting.

IT was late the next afternoon when Mickey crawled from his bed and went disconsolately down to Avenue A to hear what Mabel had to say about his inglorious descent from the pedestal of popular idolatry. He feared that she would have a great deal to say; she had made a few pointed remarks as he lay on the floor after the Bearcat had wrecked him. Then she had vanished with Mr. Murphy.

Mamma Delaney opened the door at his ring, and greeted him with a glare, a disdainful sniff, and a large hand which held a note.

"Mabel said she aint home," said Mamma Delaney. "She said to give you this here note if you had nerve enough to come down here."

And this is what she wrote:

"Mr. McCann: I take my pen in hand to inform you that I wont marry no guy that thinks more of his pretty nose than he does of me. I also inform you that I am probably soon to be married to Mr. Mike Pillaro, who is a popular idol in the barber business.

Yours truly,
Miss Mabel Delaney."

Of all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune by which Mickey had been buffeted, this was the most painful. He staggered blindly down the steps, and stood uncertainly at the bottom of the flight. Mamma Delaney suggested that he remove himself.

"Beat it," she said, "before I crown you myself!"

This was a definite promise and was backed by obvious power, but it affected Mickey like a bucket of cold water. It cleared his brain, and he was suddenly overwhelmed by a sense of injustice; he realized at last that if he was ever to live in peace with these women, he must adopt stern and repressive measures. He strode and turned belligerently up the steps.

"You'll crown who?" he demanded. "Who'll you crown?"

Mamma Delaney tried to bar his passage and swung a huge fist to emphasize the fact that no welcome sign was displayed, but Mickey easily slipped under her blow and then shoved her against the wall. He went raging into the Delaney apartment, where he found Mabel skulking in the hallway, trying to ascertain the effect of her message. He pushed her roughly into the parlor, slamming the door in Mamma Delaney's face.

"Say!" said Mabel. "Who you think you're pushing?"

"You!" said Mickey savagely. He pushed her again. "Sit down over there!"

Mabel cowered on the couch, and Mickey flung his hat to the floor. He began to remove his coat.

"Mickey!" Mabel whimpered. "What're you going to do, Mickey?"

"You wanted me to get my nose busted, hey? You wanted that guy to smack me on the beezer, hey? Well, you watch!"

"Mickey!"

"I'm going to run slam into that wall and bust this swell beezer you made me pay out my good jack for, and then I'm going to smack you good and plenty. And when I've done that, you can go to hell! You and your barber both! You can go to hell and hold his hand, for all I care!"

He gulped and rushed headlong. But Mabel was too swift for him. She stopped him an inch from the wall with both arms clinging to his neck. He tried to shake her off, but she tripped him, and he fell heavily. Mabel towered above him, her bright eyes snapping.

"You must be cuckoo!" she cried. "What's the big idea, trying to bust that swell new beezer?"

"You wanted it busted," said Mickey weakly.

She shook her head pityingly.

"Mickey, you aint safe to let run around loose. Do you think I'd marry a guy that would let another guy bust his nose all over his face?"

Bewildered, Mickey could only stare at her.

"I aint so dumb," said Mabel. "Now you get up from there and put on your coat. I'm going to take you down to City Hall and marry you before you get run over by a street-car or something."

She helped Mickey to a sitting position, straightened his necktie, and shook a warning finger under his nose.

"And you listen to me, Mickey McCann! The next time you try to run out on me, I'll —I'll—"

She suddenly stopped; her voice broke and she slumped to the floor beside him.

"Oh, Mickey! I been awful mean to you!" She laid her moist cheek against his.

"Mickey, I'll give up the manicuring business so I wont have to hold no guy's hand but yours."

"Hot dog!" said Mickey. As he grinned and kissed her, the door opened gently and Mamma Delaney stood glowering on the threshold, her sleeves rolled up and the light of battle in her eye.

"Mabel," she said gently, "let go of this bum for a minute so I can throw him out of the window."

"Mamma," said Mabel, "beat it."

HER SECRET FROM HIM

(Continued from page 65)

no money of her own. It was all right, of course. Jimmy had made a joint checking-account of his own account. She paid the store bills with it, but always with a feeling of hesitancy, as though she were spending for herself something not hers. And there wasn't a week when he wasn't pushing a ten-dollar bill or more into the pocket of her apron or into her purse. Often she would find money in her purse with no explanation whatever. Jimmy had put it there when she wasn't looking.

But these bits of money were Jimmy's. She always spent them in places like the delicatessen or draperies store, something for the house—for Jimmy and her together. It was not her money. She had no money. She had always been independent before—as her mother had been, in those last sad years of her life, having to ask nothing from anybody, standing on her own. Now she was standing on Jimmy's. She wasn't afraid that he would leave her. It wasn't that. (Of course her mother probably felt that way about her father too, before he left her. What had that to do with it? Shame, Marion!) But there might come a time when she wanted to do something—buy something for him or something, and then she wouldn't have any money of her own to spend. Money was a good thing to have. You always ought to have some of your own laid by.

The feeling was heightened one night when she was meeting her husband downtown. They had been married for a year, and the utter newness of being alone together in their apartment had worn off, not enough so that they were ever bored by being alone together, but so that they could bear to leave for dinner downtown and a show together now and then.

Jimmy was to meet her at Randolph and Michigan at a quarter to six, and Marion, fearing that she might be late, was five minutes early. At six he was still not there. At five minutes after six Marion began to worry. At a quarter after, frantic with fear for Jimmy's safety, she started for a phone to call his office, and found that she hadn't a nickel in her purse!

She had grown careless about carrying money, even the money which Jimmy gave her. He was always with her. He always paid for everything. It was so easy not to worry about taking any. And she had come off with two pennies and an I. C. ticket with one ride on it, which she had used coming down. What could she do?

Fortunately it was unnecessary to do anything. When she got back to the corner, Jimmy was there, distracted because she was gone. He couldn't help being late. He had been on the far North Side on business, and an L wreck ahead of him had held up trains for over half an hour.

But the incident made Marion do some heavy thinking. What if she should be stranded like that with nothing? She must remember to carry money with her. And she must have some money of her own—something to fall back on in case—oh, something to fall back on. Something by which she could keep her self-respect in an emergency.

Perhaps, during that half-hour of anxious waiting there had crept into the way-back-in places of Marion's mind (those places which were scarcely seen by herself, even) a suspicion of Jimmy, the first that had ever lodged there, a cankering thought that he was late because he was with another woman who might steal him from her. (After all, a girl is never absolutely sure. After all, you get along better if you never trust a man all the way. She had reasoned it that way before; why not again?) She believed his story, of course. It would never occur to Marion to disbelieve anything he said. She loved him with everything she had. She trusted him utterly. Nevertheless—

Have you ever waited on a street-corner for a man who meant more to you than all the rest of the world, and have him (who was always prompt) not come, and the city crushing noisily and cruelly about you, hiding him from you, keeping news of him from you with its impersonal clatter?

That night Marion had a dream. She was a child again, playing about in the back yard of her home, when Jimmy came along and asked her to come with him. There was a great tower suddenly there where none had been before. Together she and Jimmy climbed it by a ladder which was outside, her mother fretting and worrying on the ground for fear she would fall. Then suddenly Jimmy was on the ground, running away from her, and the ladder was gone, and there was no way for her to get down. She called to him, but he would not answer. She called to her mother, and her mother stood laughing and crying by turns and screaming, "Never trust a man!" Marion tried to go to her mother, and was falling through space screaming—when she woke with Jimmy's arms about her, petting her and telling her that everything was all right.

ALL the next day she was depressed. She could not rid herself of a feeling of pain and desolation within her. And when she did her marketing that day, she bought a pound of butter in one brick, instead of in four long square quarter-pound bars (convenient for slicing into little pats), because she saved two cents that way. And going

what a whale of a difference
just a few *inches* make

Yes . . .
and what a whale of a difference
just a few cents *make*

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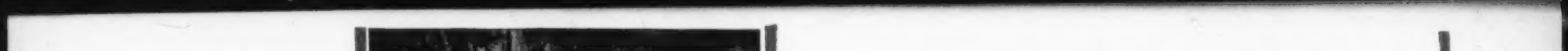

to a paint-store, she bought a gallon of benzine to clean her dress with, instead of sending it to the cleaner as she had planned.

When she reached home, she hunted about until she found an empty tin candy-box, round, the three-pound size, and put into it a dollar and twenty-two cents—the exact amount she figured she had saved on the butter and cleaning. With a hard little set to her mouth, she told herself:

"Jimmy expects me to spend money on these things. If I'm willing to clean my own dress and cut the butter into quarters myself, I've earned it, haven't I? It's my money, isn't it?"

Day after day, week after week, month after month, change and bills went into the round candy box, and from there to the Parkside Trust and Savings Bank. Marion became first less and less effusive and then more and more silent with Jimmy, and her happy days were less and less frequent. Deep within her, her first secret from him rankled and hurt, and time and time again came near to bursting like an angry sore which cannot contain itself. Hardly a day passed but what she had discovered a new way to save, and even to earn a little money.

During the lean years in her mother's life Marion had become an expert seamstress, and she found that for two dollars she could buy enough material to make an exquisite hand-embroidered undergarment which she could sell to a Michigan Avenue shop for six. During that year of confusion in the Marion-Jimmy household, fifteen of these found their way to Michigan Avenue and a net of sixty dollars was added to Marion's savings-account from that source alone. She found that now and then she could get spare-time jobs addressing envelopes. In a year she had written eighty-two dollars and fifty cents' worth of names and addresses.

But her chief sources of revenue were her pockets and her purse, the pockets and the purse into which Jimmy would stuff a five, a ten, once even a twenty, when she wasn't looking—money to spend on clothes for herself, or on some little knickknack she wanted.

But she didn't spend it on clothes and knick-knacks. She put it into her savings-account.

AT first it had seemed dishonest to her. Then she had developed an elaborate formula of extenuation, telling herself that she was doing this for Jimmy—that some time he would be sick, or they would want to begin to plan a house together, or there would be some other crying need which would let her bring out her nest-egg proudly, when Jimmy would be glad and praise her.

Her clothes began to look bad, and she knew it and hated it. So she went out with Jimmy less and less. Sometimes he would phone her in the afternoon to say:

"Want to come downtown for dinner and go to a show?"

Marion's heart would leap to meet his voice with pleasure that he should want her to come, and her first impulse, as it always was when he wanted her to do something, was to ask just when and where, and shout that she would be there. But her pleasure never got as far as her lips. It was stifled, pushed back within her, and a colorless and weary voice answered:

"Oh, Jimmy, I'm so tired. Not tonight. You go if you want to."

"Alone?"

"Of course, or with some one else. I don't want to keep you from going, but I—I just can't tonight."

She couldn't answer him with the time-honored plea of women:

"I've nothing to wear."

For Jimmy had provided clothes. He had given bountifully, and she knew it. But her clothes, instead of hanging neatly in rows in a wardrobe, waiting for a happy evening with Jimmy, were precise round figures in a little book hidden in one of her dresser drawers. Eight hundred and ninety-seven dollars' worth of them. In a little over a year!

So she couldn't tell Jimmy she had nothing to wear. She could only say sadly: "Oh, Jimmie, I'm too tired. You go alone."

ONE night he answered back to this, distracted, not understanding why she kept refusing, wounded and lonesome, longing for the return of their first perfect evenings together. Puzzled, he gazed at her slumped into a chair.

"Damn it, Marion," he cried, "don't you see that the show doesn't matter at all? It isn't the show that I want. It's going out with you and having a good time by being with you, and seeing different things with you, and people. I want to play with you, and you don't want to any more. You don't have a good time when you go out with me. Something's changed. Something's gone out of me, I guess, so that you don't enjoy being with me any more."

It didn't occur to Jimmy that there might be another man—at first. Later that thought came to him too, in little stabbing terrors, came and was put aside again as unworthy. Marion unfaithful to him? He was a cad to think it possible!

But he was worried. He tried to win her back with greater kindness and more effusive lovemaking. He bought her presents and brought them home unexpectedly, and Marion frequently took them back to the stores and put the money they had cost into her savings-account. She thought she did this secretly; she thought that Jimmy's apparently growing abstraction shielded her completely. But her husband, more sensitive than ever to her every act, missed the things he had given her and decided simply that she hadn't liked them, that the fact that they had been expressions of his love for her made no difference to her, that his love for her made no difference.

But he said nothing of this to her. Desolation burned into him like a hot iron. He had lost her. He could not understand. He loved her—but if she did not love him, what then?

He would find a way to make divorce easy for her and to make a settlement large enough so that she would not have to ask anything from anyone until she was on her feet again. That was what love meant to Jimmy, and he set about trying to make more money so that, if it came, he could do the right thing, the thing that would keep Marion from hardship afterward.

His closest friend, Bill, was on LaSalle Street. That was where money was made. Jimmy went to see Bill.

"Bill, I want something that stands a chance of coming through big—on a not-too-large investment."

His old friend looked at him narrowly.

"Forget it, young fellow," he said. "If you've got some money to put away, let me buy you a couple of bonds that'll pay five and a half and that you may be able to sell at a profit. Forget the big-money-quick stuff, and the house on the North Shore or whatever it is that Marion wants. You can't afford to make big money quick, Jim."

"It isn't a house, and I don't want any five-and-a-half-per-cent bonds. I'm willing to take a chance. I'll kiss it good-by when I hand it to you, but I don't want it unless there's a chance that it will make five or six times what I put into it."

One of the reasons why Bill was a good friend was that he could mind his own business. If any friend of his was intent upon making a fool of himself, Bill was willing to help him do it—and twice as willing (when the time came) to help pull him out of the hole into which his foolishness had flung him, without any, "I told you so."

So Jimmy left Bill's office a day or so later with three crisp stock certificates in his pocket, for each of which he had paid five hundred dollars. What Bill did not know was that, in order to pay for them, Jimmie had borrowed fifteen hundred dollars, and that Jimmy's boss had endorsed the note. Bill had simply done what Jimmy had asked him to do: sold him stocks which might come through five or six per cent within sixty days—or be worth less than yesterday's newspaper.

That night at dinner in Jimmy's house there was scarcely a word said at the table. For the first time in their married life Jimmy had a secret from Marion. Her own secret, lying heavily within her, had long since made her quiet.

The next day a delivery-wagon brought a grandfather clock to the house, a clock like one Marion had once admired in a newspaper advertisement. Jimmy, feeling a little like a capitalist, had bought it immediately after leaving Bill's office the day before.

Marion uncrated it and wept—wept for her lover, wept for the old intimacy which had been between them and was lost, tears of longing for these and of shame for her own hoarding, her cankering secret which stood between them, making her silent and her husband sad. There was something terribly wrong with it all. They loved each other as much as ever—she was sure of it. Why had they ever stopped playing together? Why hadn't she kept her clothes up and gone out with him? Why must she scrape and grasp and hoard, while Jimmy spent his money on things like grandfather clocks to show his love for her?

She would be through with it! She would make a clean breast of it all to Jimmy that night, transfer her savings-account to their joint checking-account and buy some clothes. They would play again. They would be lovers again. Time would go on again singing, in the sweet way it had known when they had first been married.

DRYING her tears, she went to their bedroom and pulled out her bank-book. Nine hundred forty-eight dollars and twenty-six cents now. It was a lot of money. It would be hard to tell him, to show him this and say that she had been saving every penny all these months without telling him. Saving for what? What could she say about that?

There was a thud at the back door as the boy threw the evening paper against it. As if glad of an interruption to her thoughts, she put the bank-book aside and got the paper. She would put money out of her mind and read the paper casually, without thinking of the matter. It was good to be calm about these things, not to do anything impulsively. Impulse came from emotions and the way to do was to think things out without being emotional about it. Otherwise Life tricked you.

On the front page of the paper a story caught her eye at once. A former chorus girl, Betty Brayson, married for six years to

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a former football star, had just filed suit for divorce from her husband, who had disappeared. No one knew where he was. There was no money.

"Like Mother," Marion whispered to herself. "Well, Betty old girl, you got yours, didn't you? That's the way things are, and you can't stop Niagara Falls by throwing kisses at it."

An hour later Jimmy came home and Marion thanked him calmly for the clock. Something in her struggled and leaped toward him, something eager and tempestuous. But it could not get into her mouth. It was held down. It could not say what it wanted to say. What Jimmy heard was:

"You old darling! That was sweet of you. You spend too much money on me!"

Her voice was calm and tolerant, as though she were talking to a child. There was no eagerness and no gratitude in it.

Three months later Bill's point was proved. Jimmy came home with his face white and drawn, his feet dragging after each other, tired and sadder than Marion had ever seen him look. She tried to ignore it, but when there was no word from him at all, when he walked past her in the hall, letting her kiss his cheek, but not kissing her, and going to their room closed the door, she was frightened.

She fussed about a few minutes, stalling the dinner, turning the gas-stove down with cold, unsteady hands. Then she went and knocked on the door of their room for the first time in her life. There was no answer. She knocked again, as though this place which had been theirs together was suddenly not theirs any more, but a strange place in which she did not belong.

She heard Jimmy stir on the bed and mutter: "Oh, come in, of course."

He was sitting on the edge of the bed, his chin in his hands.

"What is it, Jimmy?" she asked, standing before him.

She wanted her arms about him, wanted suddenly to have him weeping with his head on her breast, letting his grief, whatever it was about (that didn't matter) flow from him in tears that she might soothe it, but she was afraid to go to him, afraid to touch him. She felt alone and strange, debarred somehow from a secret place into which she wanted with all her heart to enter.

"Nothing, Marion. It's all right. Don't worry. I'll be along in a minute."

She stood there, not knowing what to say.

"Has some one died, Jimmy?"

"Died? No. I wish to God some one had!"

HE was thinking how easy death might be. How everything would straighten itself out if only he had died in the moment when Bill had told him. He had lied to his boss when he had borrowed the money. In a couple of days his boss would find it out because he would have to pay the note he had endorsed.

"What do you mean? What is it, Jimmy? You must tell me."

"It's nothing," he assured her, ashamed of his own thoughts.

Then, standing up with an attempt at lightness:

"I'm a little short of money, that's all, and it's kind of a mess for a bit. I'll find a way out of it. Come on, let's go eat."

Money! Jimmy needed money! Her pulse beat at her temples. Something was robbing her of breath. Her mouth opened and closed again. Money! Jimmy needing money!

"How much, Jimmy?"

Her voice was low and restrained. They were at the table trying to eat.

He looked at her irritably. What did it matter how much? Why must she talk about it? Nothing she could do to help. She probably didn't much care, really. There'd be more to it than this if she did, more than these few calm words. She couldn't feel it as he did. Why talk about it? He was so damned tired! He couldn't argue.

"A thousand dollars. I owe fifteen hundred that I must pay in a couple of days, and I can only borrow five hundred on my insurance. What does it matter? I haven't got it. It might as well be a million!"

"Jimmy, I—I—" How could she tell him? How could she face him with it? He must have needed it before—he must have borrowed it from somebody for something. She had had it. Why hadn't he come to her and told her about it at first? What had he wanted it for? Why wouldn't he tell her more now? (O Life, Life, how can you be so cruel? Why can't you tell me what to do?)

"Oh, Jimmy, I wish I could help you!"

SOMETHING was frozen within her. Something lay dead and she could not rouse it. This was what Life was like. Oh, she must be wary still, or it would get her in the end, as it had gotten her mother, as it seemed somehow to have gotten Jimmy for a moment. But he would find a way out, as he always did out of everything. And there would still be a greater need. This would pass.

"Let's not talk about it any more," Jimmy said. "I was a fool and I've got to dig my way out of it, that's all." He was being brusque and businesslike now, as he had been so often lately.

The next day he went to see Bill. It was almost as hard as having his boss find out, having Bill help him without saying, "I told you so." But Bill helped, as he always did. Jimmy signed a note to Bill, and a check to the bank which held his other note, and left feeling a little better.

And with his rise in spirits came an increasing tenderness for Marion. He had been brusque and unkind to her the night before. He would slip home early this afternoon and show her that he had not meant it. Stopping at a lingerie shop, he bought a pair of apricot-colored silk bloomers. He had forgotten those which she had returned. He must take her some little thing to show her. Poor kid! She needed underwear. He had noticed lately that her clothes looked a little shabby.

Not until he had got into the house did he remember that she had said she was going downtown that afternoon. No matter. He would put the bloomers into her drawer and let her find them when she looked there. He went to her room and opened the third drawer of her dresser, to find a disordered array of underwear, stockings and nightgowns.

It seemed incongruous to put a gift into a mess like that, with everything this way and that. He would make it a double surprise by straightening it all up and putting the new bloomers on top. Taking the contents out in handfuls he laid them on the top and was about to fold them, one at a time, to put them back, when he saw that the paper in the bottom was soiled and mussed. He would put in a new one. He took it out and crumpled it in his hand, then stopped as his eye caught a small, chunky manila envelope in one corner of the drawer.

TWO hours later Marion, returning with six new dollars from a Michigan Avenue shop, walked heavily into the apartment. The lightness which had been in her step two years before had gone; and tonight, following the night before, when everything had seemed worthless and hopeless in the face of Jimmy's depression and subsequent irritability, she seemed old and worn. Old at twenty-one! She laughed wryly, with a hard note in her voice.

At the door of the bedroom she stopped aghast.

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"The New French process MELLO-GLO Face Powder stays on longer and prevents large pores. Best of all, I never have a shiny nose when I use MELLO-GLO—it keeps ugly shine away." Claire Toy (now acting in Ziegfeld's "Whoopee"), 214 Riverside Drive, New York City.

"New wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder gives my skin an exquisite youthful bloom and spreads more smoothly. Because it is so fine, MELLO-GLO never gives a pasty or flaky look." Manon Maria, Baroness de Grazia (concert and radio singer), 152 E. 30th Street, New York City.

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The drawers of Jimmy's dresser were all half open, and some of his torn underwear was hanging over the edge of one of them. His comb and brush and the bottle of witch-hazel which he always used after shaving were gone from the top of the dresser. It had come, then! It had come! Just as her mother had said.

She wanted to scream, but put the first finger of her doubled-up fist into her mouth and bit it instead. Rushing into the wardrobe where he always kept his traveling-bag, she saw that that too was gone. He had gone, all right, without a word—left her cold! She held her purse more tightly and tried to breathe easily, without this tearing effort, without letting herself think of anything.

Coming back to her room, she sat on the edge of her bed, wondering what to do to keep alive until this terror passed. Her hand, leaning against the pillow, was aware of something cold and hard and smooth under it. A note. Of course. He did leave a note after all. She opened it and read:

"I can't stand in your way any longer. I can't write clearly. I can't think clearly. I shouldn't have been at your dresser, but I wasn't meaning to sneak or spy on you. I was only going to straighten it up and leave something there for you. You must believe that. I saw your bank-book.

"Poor child! How you must have hated me to save all that to get away from me. I don't wonder you wouldn't tell me about it, when I make such fool investments and lose. But if you care at all, I did that for you. I borrowed money to invest for you and lost it. I wanted to have some money to give you so that you could feel more independent. I didn't want you to have to stay with me (when you seemed so unhappy) simply because you couldn't afford not to.

"But I see I needn't have worried about it so much. You were able to do it for yourself, weren't you? The ten dollars I gave you three days ago—you managed to get that in the next day, didn't you?

"Oh, Marion, this sounds bitter, and I don't want to be bitter. We ought at least to be friendly about it, even if you can't love me any more. I muffed it somehow. I'm sorry. Don't be afraid to spend your savings now, though. I'll see that you're sent more before they're gone. I'll be a little tight for a few weeks, but I'll have some more for you before that is gone. And you may divorce me on any grounds you like. I'll not contest it.

"I suppose it looks skaty just to go like this without even telling you good-by, but I couldn't bear to say it. I'd never go, if I saw you again. But I must—you must be free to do as you wish. I can't hold you. If I tried to tell you, your dear eyes—"

It stopped short, without any signature, with the last sentence unfinished, without anything to tell her where he had gone.

MARION read it rapidly, and going back, read it again, the pain within her intolerable, stopping at, "We ought at least to be friendly about it," pinning a frenzied hope on that sentence; the life seeming to flow out of her in heartbreaking surges at "you may divorce me" and coming back in unbearable pain and longing at "your dear eyes."

Rushing to her dresser drawer, she pawed wildly for her bank-book. There it was, where she had left it, the clothes piled helter-skelter on top of it—and in the center of the mess a new pair of apricot-silk bloomers, rumpled now.

Taking out the bank-book, she turned her head away from it with a little shudder, then suddenly back, looking it in the face, crushing it in her fingers and screaming at it with sudden fury:

"Oh, damn you! Damn you! Damn you!"

Throwing it on the floor, she stamped on it, kicked it, then leaned sobbing against the dresser.

"Oh, damn you, Life, that you should ever have told me that!"

And then, as any woman would have, she flung herself on her bed to weep through the agony of those months of blundering and beyond this last cruel thrust of Life, who had tricked her. . . . .

And what the end of this story will be, I cannot say, for all this happened only two weeks ago, and time is long. Jimmy is unhappy as a man can be, but wont admit it. He says he'll not go where he's not wanted, and he knows when he's well off and a lot of similar things without any power to drive away the lost, lonely look in his eyes.

And Marion says very little. But when last I saw her, I noticed Jimmy's new telephone-number scribbled on a memo pad on her telephone stand. Marion has just bought herself a new outfit, from a sleek black hat, sitting rakishly down just above her eyes, to alligator-skin shoes, with everything that goes underneath and above. And when she sat down and crossed her legs, I could see just the edge of a pair of apricot-colored silk bloomers. There was a new Marion in her face, a determined if slightly subdued (but wise and quiet) set about her mouth, and a soft deep light in her eyes, so that the sight of her bothered my sleep and my poor old sentimental imagination half the night.

Sweet Marion! The world could stand a few million more like you, whatever their blunders.

I only know this: that whatever happens, there are stranger things than that!

THE VARMINT

(Continued from page 49)

the world at large, and grieving as only a sensitive collie can grieve at unmerited disgrace. Did these humans think he enjoyed the awful odor that clung to him? Wasn't it bad enough, by itself, without his being driven forth like some unbroken puppy?

He did not smell any worse, even now, to these humans, than many humans smelled to Lad's tormented senses, again and again, with their sickening perfumes and tobacco and booze! He bore all that—though he loathed it—for the sake of being near those he loved. Yet when, through no desire of his own, he chanced to be malodorous, they ordered him from them in disgust!

(Not that Lad, sensibly, was conscious of any such mode of reasoning. Yet it was the truth—again and again the tobacco-reek on the Master's breath and clothes had sickened the dog, as had the supposedly delicate perfumes used by the Mistress. Yet blithely had he endured these affronts to his tortured super-keen nostrils, to be close beside these two humans who were his gods.)

"WHAT—what is it?" faintly panted a woman halfway down the table—a woman whose knowledge of the country was less than limited. "I never knew of anything so—so—"

"The polite word for it, in fur-circles," expounded the Master, "is 'Alaska sable.' The naturalist name for it is *Mephitis mephitica*. We plain folk call it a skunk. It is one of the most beautiful animals in the world—and it is one of the most odorless and harmless, except when it is scared or attacked. You know the result. I'm sorry. I thought the old dog had too much sense to tackle a skunk. It's instinctive with most

grown dogs, that live in the country, to leave them severely alone. . . . . There are five windows in this dining-room, and they're all wide open. My only criticism of my father, in building this house, is that he didn't have five thousand windows in the dining-room and a hundred-mile-an-hour draft blowing through every one of them. I wonder if the odor will *ever* get out!"

The dinner was a ghastly failure. The Mistress had prided herself on the menu. But a starving man could scarcely have partaken of food in that atmosphere. It was a windless night. The scent lay everywhere like a pall. Scientists claim that, on still air, the skunk-reek can be noted for the distance of a mile. Lad had been 5,280 feet less than a mile from the dining-room of Sunnybank.

When the last guest had gone,—and all of them departed at an unprecedentedly early hour,—the Master wound a muffler around his nose and mouth and sent for a pail of hot water and for many cloths. Then he whistled for Lad. Out of the summer darkness the collie reluctantly appeared. For a solid hour the Master wrought over the miserably uncomfortable dog, scrubbing with all his strength and to Lad's infinite malaise, until he was exhausted.

"In another week or two, Laddie," he said wearily, as he finished his wholesale task, "you may be fit to come into the house again. If I could have gotten to work at you the minute this happened,—as I did once with Bobby when he was a puppy,—the time would be shorter. But it's had a chance to 'set.' So it has hurt me worse than it has hurt you—and in exactly the same place. Where's my pipe?"

"Don't scold him," exhorted the Mistress. "I've been thinking, dear, and I believe we know now what kind of varmint has been killing your prize chickens. Laddie would never have been foolish enough to go for a skunk, for his own amusement. He remembered how you guarded the henhouses all last night. So he did some guarding on his own account, early this evening. And this is the result."

Without answering, the Master strode down to the outbuildings. Presently he returned.

"A killed and half-eaten rooster in the bottom of the bigger coop," he reported. "And a Buff Orpington pullet gone. Perhaps you're right. Laddie, I'm sorry I ordered you out of the room tonight. I—I apologize. But—well, you were pretty fearsome! And you made us score the first dinner-failure in Sunnybank's history. Shall we call it square, Lad?"

But Lad was far from willing to call it square. He had been shamed—publicly shamed. He had been ordered from the dining-room, in the presence of more than a dozen people. He had heard a laugh—a tremulously unconvincing laugh, but still a laugh of derision—as he slunk from that room. Then, after an evening of lonely unhappiness, he had been scrubbed in agonizingly rough fashion, till his tender skin was sore and tingling.

All this—as any mongrel puppy could have deduced—was due directly to the foul black animal which had belittled Lad's worth as a watchdog and had slain chickens whose safeguarding was part of his sacred watchdog duty. A hate for the fearless killer throbbed in the collie's supersensitive heart. There was a debt to pay.

LAD slept ever in the house—either in his "cave" under the piano in the music-room or else (as does Gray Dawn in these later years) on a rug at the foot of the main stairway. The French windows of the downstairs rooms stood wide open all night in summertime, for the house was as safe from thieves, with Lad on guard inside it and with his fiery young son Wolf on the

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front-porch mat, as if a machine-gun company were on duty there.

Tonight, as soon as the house was quiet, the big mahogany-and-snow collie crept out through the first open window he came to. At sight of his sire, Wolf sprang up from his mat on the porch. A low growl, far down in Lad's furry throat, checked his onward progress. Lad passed on, unaccompanied, to the larger of the two hencoops.

There he laid him down, wide awake, his deep-set sorrowful eyes fixed on the board under which the skunk had crawled. Scent and sound told him his enemy was not there. He turned his gaze toward the black line of woodland whence he had seen the skunk approach. And there, wide awake and vengefully watching, he remained until sunrise, before going back into the house and to his piano cave.

And so the next night, and the next. Lad had something to do—a blot on his watch-dog escutcheon to wipe clean.

Meantime, on the day after the slaying of the two chickens, the Master and Robert Friend, his English superintendent, and one of the other men, made a careful inspection of the supposedly hole-less henhouse. There, more by chance than by skill, they happened upon the swinging wall-board. It and two other almost as badly damaged planks were replaced, and the whole structure was strengthened pending an early replacement of the old coop by a new one.

The mystery of the skunk's predatory entrance was solved. But Lad's grievance was no whit abated.

Therefore, at odd times by day, and every night, he took to haunting the region of the mended chicken-coop.

IT was on the eighth evening, early, that his long vigil was rewarded. By this time, thanks to the Master's scrubbing and to other administrations, the awful reek had departed from Lad's heavy coat—except in rainy weather, when it had the same elusively unpleasant aura of an oldtime wet Alaska sable muff. Once more he was welcome in the dining-room at meals. Yet in the depths of his bruised heart he grieved.

Yes, it was early on the eighth evening that his patient watching was repaid. Dinner was over. The humans were sitting on the veranda in the dusk. At the Mistress' feet on the porch lay Lad. Then to him came the very faintest hint of the skunk's presence somewhere within a few hundred yards of him.

No human could have caught that all-but-imperceptible animal-odor, so vastly different from the scent associated with a skunk. But Lad caught it, and it stirred him to instant and vengeful activity.

Unnoted, he arose from his sprawling-place at the feet of the busily talking Mistress. Down the steps he went, noiselessly, and around the house-corner and toward the group of stable-buildings. No longer was he a sedate house collie. Subtly he had become a beast of prey. With soundless pads he sped along, every sense strained, every faculty ready. Thus, a thousand years ago, had sped his wolf-ancestors to the chase.

He might well have spared his instinctive precautions. The skunk both heard and scented him, almost by the time the collie began his progress. Yet the knowledge that the avenging dog was at large and coming toward him did not check the invader, nor even make him move more warily. Once before he had encountered this collie, and had come off triumphant. There was no reason to cringe from him this second time.

Moreover, the skunk was hungry. So were his brood. He had steered clear of this particular chicken-coop for some nights now—not from any fear of Laddie, but because the scent of new boards and of human touch and fresh human footsteps were vaguely distasteful to him. But now these undesirable signs were wearing away. Wherefore he was making another pilgrimage to what had hitherto been an unfailing source of food-supply to him and his.

Across the patch of open grass between the woods and the stables came the skunk. He was a slow and clumsy traveler, as are all his kind. As he neared the chicken-yard a furry avalanche dashed out from the shadows and bore down on him.

THE skunk was in no way taken by surprise. He had seen the dog in ambush in the dark and had even heard Lad's quick breathing. He checked his own leisurely advance, but he did not give ground. Instead, he braced all four of his feet and awaited in grim confidence the onslaught of the opponent he felt so certain he could overcome.

Full at the braced and deadly prepared foe, Sunnybank Lad launched himself. But Lad had a brain which did not let him make the same kind of fool of himself twice. Moreover, Lad was descended from the wolf-folk that had made many a meal, unscathed, upon skunks.

As he came within perhaps twelve feet of the waiting skunk, Lad shifted far to one side, in a single bound, without slackening his lightning-swift speed. In what seemed like practically the same motion, he flashed in at the skunk, from the left.

Before the wily enemy could brace himself again, or so much as turn to meet the flank attack, two mighty jaws had caught him—jaws that could crack a beef-bone, jaws whose snap was instantaneous in its swiftness.

Lad had paid his debt. The account was squared.

"I would have made my dinner-call sooner," a woman was saying to the Mistress and the Master, on the veranda. "But I thought Sunnybank would seem more like its old self if I waited till Lad could be thoroughly fumigated or even buried. You poor people! What a way to spoil a jolly dinner!"

"It is history, now," answered the Master. "Lad is back to normal, and we've fixed the chicken-houses in a way to discourage any further visits from his malodorous enemy. The incident is closed at last. We—"

His mouth fell slack. A waft of breeze bore to the porch's occupants a right conclusive proof that the incident was still wide open. During the pause of horrified revulsion that followed, a bulky shape advanced from the twilight and mounted the steps with majestically proud stride. With it and in advance of it came the odor which had checked the Master's boast that the incident was closed.

Lad advanced toward the Master's chair. At the man's feet he laid something indistinct and limp and furry. Then he stepped back, wagging his plumed tail and eagerly awaiting a chorus of approval for his valiant deed in destroying the destroyer.

Dim as was the night, the humans knew well what trophy it was that Lad had brought along. In utter darkness they would have known. The Master sent the thing flying out onto the lawn, with a kick; then he called to one of the men to carry it away and bury it. The guest made babbling excuse for her call's abruptly early ending.

LAD gazed with hurt amazement at this reception to his triumph-gift. His plumy tail ceased to wave, and drooped pathetically. It was the Mistress, as ever, who divined her collie chum's unhappiness and who hastened to lighten it. Interrupting the Master's scarce-begun scolding, she took the dog's classic head between her little palms.

"*Good* old Laddie!" she applauded. "It was fine of you! And it was a splendid present to bring us. Nobody's going to scold you for ridding the Place of such a horrible creature. You're a dear old dog. Only—next time you play St. George and come home from a dragon-slaying expedition, I

hope it will be on some evening when we all have frightfully bad colds in the head."

As she stooped over the comforted dog, Lad caught a whiff of the delicate French perfume she used so sparingly. The same puff of breeze brought him the rank smoke of the Master's pipe. Both odors were not only abhorrent to Lad, as to any dog, but were actively painful to his nostrils' tender nerves.

Yet willingly and even eagerly did Lad endure this dual torment, as a very petty price to pay for the joy of being with these two deities of his.

"YOU TALK TO HER!"

(Continued from page 77)

affair from the inception from his hiding-place in a pile of brush alongside the road. There isn't any more about Nance and Shirley—this bird says that after Mr. Montgomery had been brought back to life, the combatants, timekeepers, seconds and referees all gravely shook hands. Mr. Taliferro and Mr. Langdon donned their State Police regalia and waved a cousinly good-by to the car now driven by Mr. Thomas Dinwiddie. Details of the fight by rounds will be found on page six, column two, as reported by the colored gentleman aforesaid. I don't see anything so darn' bad in that, Con, old settler."

"You don't? Well, I do, and you'll be sorry, Nancy Moncton, telling that man—"

"I reckon there was no way for us to know he was a reporter," snapped Nancy.

"I'm for you, Nance," grinned William. "Look on me as heavy artillery to go to the front when called."

"Thank you, William, I will," answered Nancy, her hyacinth-blue eyes a little cold. Then to Constance: "What did you say about my being sorry?" she asked suavely.

"I said you'd be sorry acting this way," answered Constance, who had her full share of the Moncton temper and nerve, her dark gray eyes beginning to show a little dancing flame. "You and that Tommy Dinwiddie! I should think that you're both old enough now not to be getting into fusses all the time. Now it's come to where you get in the papers. You're eighteen, Miss Nancy Moncton."

"How old were you when you and Betty Wythe stole the copper's badge and his night—"

"What?" interrupted William. "She did? I never heard that one. What copper? Where, Nance? Tell me about it, darling. Remember, I'm your ally and must know all. You mean to tell me that my dear little Connie stole a copper's badge? And go on about that night thing. You surely don't mean that those two desperadoes stole his night—"

"William Cabot Hildreth," said Constance softly, her lips tight, "I reckon that's plenty from you. You keep right still, now."

"How old were you?" Nancy asked inexorably. She was a firm believer in carrying the fight to an opponent, and that a fast offensive was much better than a defense.

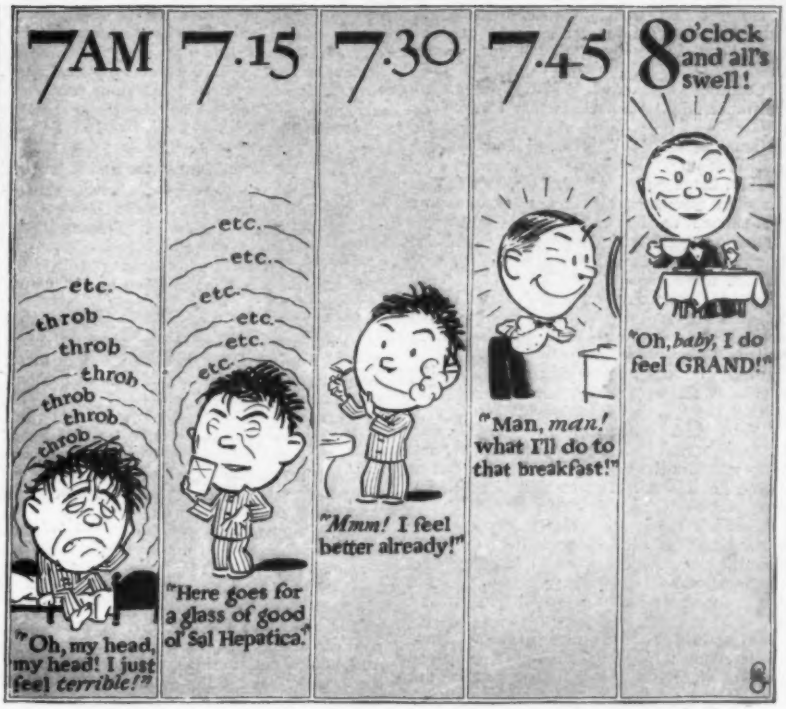
"I—oh, you—just wait till Daddy gets home, that's all."

"I will," promised Nancy, "and if he doesn't hurry up and come home right away, I reckon I'll be married to Tommy long before—"

"What!" said Constance and Betty together. "Sugar, you're not going to marry him, are you?" went on Constance. "Honey, he's awfully wild and—everything."

NANCY leaned a little forward in her chair. "You married William, didn't you?" she asked politely.

"Up guard!" said Sam. "Swords are out, Moncton."



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"Go get 'er, Nance," cheered William. "Sure she married me. She just admitted it a little while ago. Make her come through."

"Certainly I married William," answered Constance icily. "What has that to do with it?"

Nancy turned to William. "How old are you, William?"

"Hey, listen," pleaded William, "remember I'm your pudner! I'll answer that one for you, though, darling. I'm twenty-eight."

Nancy turned back to Constance. "How long had you known William before you married him?"

"Nance Moncton, you know as well as I do. I knew him a year and three months before I married him—and you know it as well as I do."

"And one week, four days and a half," put in William. "Don't cheat, Mrs. Hildreth."

"You," said Constance with enforced calm, "are almost as much of an idiot as Sam. Will you kindly try and keep still for a moment? I reckon I've enough to do taking care of this Nance Moncton for—"

"And the twenty-six years that you didn't know him," went on Nancy, "did you know what he was doing—or was it any of your affair? Before he married you, what he did was a matter for him to decide, wasn't it?"

"In plain English, as she is spoke up where I was brung up in Massachusetts," explained William kindly, "it was no one's business but that of the gentleman now being discussed. May I point out that the conference is about Mr. Thomas Dinwiddie and not Mr. William Hildreth?"

"Doggone it," said Sam, "let's go hunting, William, and leave these here females to fight it out."

"AFTER William married you," Nancy went on, "he did what you wanted him to do, didn't he?"

"Why the past tense, sugar?" asked Constance sweetly, the corners of her pretty mouth beginning to curve up a little. It was very hard to keep any of the Monctons from smiling very long. "This William Hildreth does what I want him to, right now, darlin'."

"And if he didn't?" questioned Nancy calmly.

"My goodness gracious—I don't know what I'd do, honey-chil'. I reckon I'd sell him down the river. He's absolutely no-'count, but I might get a thousand for him."

Nancy turned to Betty: "And you married Sam?"

"She did," answered Sam for Betty, she being unprepared to receive battle. "We're just the same as Con and Bill here, so there's no use fighting us. Except Bettina could get two thousand for me, I bet you, if this ornery William would bring a thousand. Go on from there."

"Why," said Nancy, rising, her lovely face smiling, "I reckon that's all—except that if I marry Tommy—and he doesn't do what I want him to do, why—down the river he goes—too." And with the paper in one pretty hand, she turned on a very neatly shod little heel and walked out of the dining-room.

"Aint dat somep'n?" demanded Peter, who was still standing there. "Ah done told you dat ma little Miss Nance she gwine to do jest—"

SOMETIME later Nancy was sitting on the top rail of the exercise-yard fence, watching a small colored boy taking Hawk God over the low hurdles, when Tommy Dinwiddie climbed up alongside.

"That's a right smart-looking colt," he said. "Reckon he'll be as good as his pappy some day."

"What are you doing over here?" demanded Nancy. "You better not let Connie see you, Tommy Dinwiddie. She's right fussy about last night. That man that helped us was a reporter, and—"

"I know it, darlin'," said Tommy. "I read the paper—so did the Judge and Mother. I reckon everyone in the world did. I sure wish I'd have known that he was a reporter. He wouldn't be able to publish anything for some time, doggone him."

"Well, anyway, you needn't think that I'm going to help you do anything. You—"

"Honey, is that a nice way to act to the guest in your house? Why don't you be a good girl and—"

"I'm not—and I don't intend to be—and you can't coax me into being one, either. And you're not in my house; you're out in the exercise-yard. I'm going to stay right here and I don't want to go anywhere, except I'm going to ride up and see Pappy Weston in a little while."

"Shucks," said Tommy, a very tanned, slim young man with a large bony nose and smiling black eyes. "Here I came all the way over to get you to drive into Washington with me, and—"

"What, Washington? Well, I wont. What do you want to go into Washington for? —Don't do that, boy," she called to Hawk God's rider. "Let him have his head! Hold your hands higher! That's it—that's a smart boy." She turned to Tommy again: "Tell me why you want to go to Washington."

"I wont," answered Tommy firmly, "unless you'll say that you'll go with me. Not even a smidjin will I tell you."

"What? Well, you will tell me, Mr. Thomas Dinwiddie, and right away. You better start and tell me, right now."

"How can I, darlin'," said Tommy, sorrowfully, "when I have to watch your right hand, that's all clenched up? I don't reckon I could duck very well, sitting up here on the rail."

BORN on adjoining plantations, these two had been together as much as possible all their lives. They both would combine forces promptly against any and all outsiders, regardless of numbers, weight, size or color, and would with equal promptness fight each other—up to a certain time. In their younger days when Nancy was around eight and Tommy two years older, Nancy considered herself fully the equal of Mr. Dinwiddie in the hunting and riding field and all others as well, physically and mentally; and even now, leaving out the fighting part, she still thought she was, if anything, a little superior. They fought their last personal fight the day after Nancy's eighth birthday over something that has passed into oblivion.

Mr. Dinwiddie arrived at the knowledge that it is not considered quite the thing for a gentleman, especially a Southern gentleman, and more especially one whose name was Dinwiddie, to fight with the female of the species, via Stanley Livingston Dinwiddie, who occupied the same niche with the Dinwiddies that Peter did with the Monctons.

Stanley came on the scene, back of one of the horse-barns, just at the moment Miss Moncton was sitting on the recumbent Mr. Dinwiddie, trying her best to bounce his head up and down on the ground, both small hands firmly locked in his hair.

"Has Ah libed to see de day," said Stanley sorrowfully, as he lifted the reluctant Nancy off her legitimate prey, "dat a Dinwiddie raise his han' to a woman? Take shame to yo'self, Misto Tommy! An' you ten years old, an' you don't know dat? No gent'mun nevah tetches no lady, no suh, dey don't. Is you a Dinwiddie or is you poor white trash? Answer me dat!"

"Doggone it," answered Tommy, getting up and eying Miss Moncton with a both hostile and watchful eye, "this here ol' Nance Moncton, she jumped on me, didn't she? Tell *her* about it, too."

"Don't make no nevah-minds," went on old Stanley Livingston firmly. "Any woman can do whut all dey wants to a gent'mun, an'—"

"Go on!" Tommy interrupted. "You mean that a girl can smack me and I can't smack her back? Well, I reckon—"

"Dat's hit—dat's hit—prezactly. Only thing you is 'lowed to do is to run, Misto Tommy, widout bein' call' coward, yes suh. But you mustn't touch 'em—dat's de gent'-mun's law, no foolin'."

"Well," said young Mr. Dinwiddie reluctantly, having had great faith in Stanley Livingston from babyhood, "if you say so, I reckon it's right, but it sounds like a lot of foolish stuff to me. What good would it do to run, Uncle Stan? She can catch me, doggone it."

"Don't make no difference. You is excused up to now—because you didn't know and nobody didn't cotch you at hit. But from dis time on, Misto Tommy Dinwiddie, you knows. Right now, Ah 'spects you to 'pologize to Miss Nancy."

"Dad burn it," protested Tommy, "she started it!"

"And I'd have finished it, too, Tommy Dinwiddie, if Uncle Stan hadn't—" began the still belligerent Miss Moncton.

"Honey, you let de ol' man 'tend to dis," cajoled Stanley. "Misto Tommy gwine to see de light in a minute. Don't matter what dey do, Misto Tommy. De question is—is you a gent'mun or is you not? Answer me dat."

Tommy looked at the tall, gaunt old colored man, whose face was that of some savage chief—then at Miss Moncton, who stood there with a look in her lovely blue eyes which told that she neither believed or thought much of it.

"All right," Tommy said finally. "I reckon I'm a gentleman, and I'm sorry I fought with you and I wont—ever again. Only don't you go—"

"Stop right where you is, Misto Tommy," commanded Stanley Livingston Dinwiddie. "Don't need no mo', honey. Miss Nancy, does you 'cept Misto Tommy's 'pology?"

"Why—why, I reckon I do," answered Nancy a little uncertainly. "Does that mean we can't fight any more?"

"Yassum, hit mean jest dat. You-all gettin' big chilluns now."

NOW, sitting on the rail, Nancy evidently remembered, because she said gayly: "That's right, I almost forgot what Uncle Stan told us. But you tell me right quick why you want to go into Washington. Also, Mr. Dinwiddie, you can consider yourself smacked good and hard."

"How many times?" asked Tommy anxiously. It was a game they had invented after Uncle Stan had set Tommy on the straight and narrow path of can-and-can't-do.

"Oh, go away from here," said Nancy rudely. "I want to watch that colt, and how can I if you hang around and—"

"Will you go if I go?" asked Tommy. "I reckoned we'd drive in, and you could go and see Katherine and Henry Pickett, and I'd

Sam Hellman

He purveys priceless commodities—smiles, chuckles and laughter, wholesale and retail. Be sure to read his next story, which is scheduled to appear in our forthcoming April issue and is seasonably entitled:

"Golf Is a Good Game"

go and see some fellows I know. I can stay with Cousin Jack, and—"

"I see," said Nancy with ominous calm. "I see—very fully. That girl you danced with so much last night lives in Washington, and she goes with your Cousin Jack's sister Marie. But why do you want me along, Mr. Dinwiddie?"

"Why, I thought that if you— Doggone it, what is this, the third degree?"

"Do you want to go to Washington to see that girl?"

MR. DINWIDDIE'S temper was a trifle unleashed by this time. "What if I do?" he demanded. "I reckon I can like to see a pretty girl, can't I? And I reckon I can talk to a pretty girl, can't I? I've always liked to talk to pretty girls."

"I know it," said Nancy, turning a little on the rail so that she could face him more fully. "And you've always liked to flirt with them and make love to them, also. That settles it—as far as I go, you can flirt with them and make love to them all you choose. I told Connie and Sam and all the rest at the table this morning that I reckoned I'd marry you; but now I wont—ever."

"What?" almost shouted the surprised Mr. Dinwiddie. "I didn't know that! Why the heck didn't you tell me that you were going to marry me, doggone it? How'd I know? Here I've gone and dated up—"

"I thought so. Why should I tell you what I decided until— Thomas Dinwiddie, the Dinwiddie men never break their word, do they?"

Tommy was dazed by the totally unexpected announcement but also wary enough to cover up a little.

"Darn' right they do—me especially. I mean they—"

"Do the Dinwiddie men ever break their word of honor?"

"Oh, that's different. Darlin', I never hoped that you'd even look at me. I've loved you all—"

"Do you intend to answer?" asked Nancy, making a movement that indicated she was about to get down from the fence.

"No, they don't break their word of honor, sugar."

"Well, then, you give me your word of honor as a Dinwiddie that from this minute on you wont even look at a pretty girl, and that you'll stop flirting with them or making love to them—or anything."

"But, darlin', how can I? You're the prettiest girl in the world—and if I did that I couldn't even look at you. And France Garrett and Shirley and Mary—"

"You needn't go any further," said Nancy, really beginning to get down. "You can go away from here just as fast as you can."

"But, honey," said Tommy, hurriedly following, "if you love me, why should—"

"Did I say I loved you?" demanded Nancy coldly, from the ground.

Tommy stopped on the lower rail, almost out by that remark, or rather question. "My gosh," he gasped, "you said that you had decided to marry me, and—"

"Are you going to give your word of honor?" interrupted Nancy, her graceful, slim little body erect in its silken sheath, and her little arched slender feet together as if at "attention."

TOMMY stepped to the ground. "No—I wont," he said positively. "You should not even ask me to do such a thing, Nancy. If you love me and I love you,—as you know darn' well and good I do,—you should have trust in me and—"

"You need not go on. I really am awfully busy today, Mr. Dinwiddie," said Nancy with a little smile, the one people put on when out socially. "And I will have to ask you to pardon me."

"Why, certainly," answered Tommy, just

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as politely and with just as good display of the same brand of smile. "I'm awfully sorry to have bothered you at all, Miss Moncton. Don't let me keep you for even a moment."

PAPPY WESTON was "back over yonder makin' a run," Nancy was informed by one of the half-dozen tow-headed children as she rode into the cabin clearing up in the Cumberland Mountains. They greeted her with shy smiles of welcome and little gurgles of delight as she produced a big bag of "store" candy.

"Well, I reckon I better go over and see him," Nancy said, as she swung down from her horse. "Will you take care of Duke for me, Clarabell?"—to a sixteen-year-old girl who came out of the cabin to greet her. "You may ride him if you wish, until I get back."

"Yessum, I will—and I'd sure admire to ride that Duke horse round on the level. You, Mel, you go and show Miss Nancy where at Pappy's plant is."

Mel, aged ten, led the way up the narrow little winding path back up into the hills. "The Revenoors been gettin' right pert round hyar," Mel volunteered as they went along. "Yes suh, they sure have. They jumped all spraddled out on Big Davis and Wes Bragg's plant. Wes got him one, anyway."

"My goodness, Mel, you don't mean to say that Wes killed a Revenue officer?"

"Well," admitted Mel reluctantly, "I don't reckon he done killed him altogether, but he put him some right smart lot of lead into that ornery bench-legged feist!"

After a little while the path came to a small creek and followed along beside it. Just before they came to a big boulder that the path wound around, Mel shouted loudly: "Oh, Pappy! Pappy! Hyar comes me with Miss Nancy Moncton!" And as he and Nancy walked slowly toward the boulder, Mel added to Nancy: "Ol' Johnny Teagarner, he come around the other day without ary a holler, and Pappy cracked down on him before he knowed who it was. Reckon ol' Johnny'll know better next time. Got him a hunk of lead in the arm, he did, for his doggone foolishment."

Some one called from up the hillside, "Come on—we-all see you-uns." And Mel, followed by Nancy, walked around the boulder. There were three men there besides Pappy, all working around a big still set along the bank of the creek.

WHEN Nancy came in sight, Pappy, gaunt, smooth-shaven and white-haired, his lean, brown, hard old face seamed with wrinkles, came up to her. "Howdy, sugar-chil'. I declare to goodness if you-all haint gettin' to be the best-lookin' gal in Maryland. Yes suh, I was tellin' my old woman this hyar very mornin' that I reckoned that Miss Nancy Moncton could make 'em all step up right yearnest."

Nancy smiled gayly: "Howdy, Pappy. If you-all get looking any younger and keep talking to me that way, reckon I'll elope with you-all instead of marrying that no-'count Tommy Dinwiddie like I was aiming to do. Howdy, David—howdy, Porter. Bob, reckon you-all better had stop steppin' out in Hagerstown like you-all was last week. Connie and I saw you-all coming down the sidewalk all dressed up with new suit and hat and shoes and everything. We reckoned we better stop and tell Sally Carter about it."

While Nancy was teasing the slim youthful Bob, who was grinning delightedly, she was doing two things. First she went to the pile of wood near the boiler, and picking up a piece, dropped it on the fire. Second, she went over to where a tin cup was setting on a stump and dipped it into a large earthenware crock on the ground, then put her lips to it.

The four men and Mel watched her gravely as she went through the ceremony of helping make and test the product, thus making herself one of them—as all visitors to a moonshine plant do, if they know what is customary. If they don't, they will be handed a stick of wood and requested to put it on the fire.

"Pappy, I came up to ask you about Lady. She's right puny, and Henry don't seem to be able to make her well."

"That dog's all right, honey. Come over hyar and sit down and norate to your old Pappy Weston all about hit."

He listened gravely to the list of Lady's symptoms, then said: "Honey, that dog's all right, just like I tell you-all. Have that no-good-on-yearth Henery fotch her up hyar to me for a week. I'll fix her up for you, sure as shootin'. Smile now, for the old man." And the gaunt old moonshiner and uncrowned king in his part of the hills patted the downcast Miss Moncton gently on the shoulder.

"I knew you-all would, Pappy," Nancy answered, patting his hand with her cool little one, and smiling as requested. "Ever since I was a baby and Sam brought me up here, I reckon when I'm in trouble I think of you-all right away."

"Yes suh," said Pappy promptly. "Ary thing you-all want, I reckon I'll get 'er for you, come hell or high water. You-all tell the Major that I got me some pheasant and pa'tridge marked down, and he's to come up a-runnin'. You boys 'tend to things," he called to the rest. "I'm goin' down and see that Duke horse with Miss Nancy Moncton."

A HALF-HOUR later Nancy rode down through the hills, very much cheered up, knowing that if Pappy Weston said Lady was all right, she was. Duke picked his way daintily down the rock-strewn path, and Nancy dozed off in the warm velvet air. As they came around a little bend, Duke stopped, his head came up and his ears went forward. Nancy's eyes opened wide.

There in the path just ahead stood three men—two of them mountaineers, each with a thirty-thirty rifle in the curve of his left arm. The other man, the forehead and left side of his face bruised and caked with mud, his white flannel trousers and soft silk shirt torn and wet, was a little ahead of them. His face, where it wasn't dirty, was white, and there was a puzzled and dazed look in his eyes. He was a well-set-up young man, with clean-cut features and a little military shoebrush mustache.

The two men in front both said, "Howdy, Miss Nancy," and the one nearest gently stroked Duke's nose.

"Howdy, Bas—Howdy, Mase. What's the matter?" Nancy asked.

"Revenoor," drawled Mase. "We-uns are takin' him up to Pappy like he done give orders to, when we-all cotched one, alive."

The young man in front raised his head and looked at Nancy, then tried to smile. "I say—I don't know what the giddy thing is all about, you know. I really wish you'd have these men take me somewhere I can get the old bean attended to."

"Revenue officer? Are you sure, Mase?" asked Nancy, after the young man finished what was Greek to the two mountaineers.

"We-uns found him up yonder in the hills where no furriner comes, and he—"

"I've been trying to explain to these chaps," interrupted the young man wearily, "that the last thing I remember is when I turned out to let a truck pass, and I must have turned wrong because I side-swiped the thing and went into the ditch. The truck didn't stop. How I got to where these gentlemen found me, I really haven't the slightest idea, you know."

Nancy looked at him, her blue eyes smiling a little. "Which way did you pull over to let the truck pass?" she asked.

"Why—I say, I must have gone to the left as we do at home. I was not thinking and—by gad, that's just what I did do! What a bloomin' ass I am, what? I can't seem to get this passing thing right. Silly old thing, isn't it?"

NANCY looked at the two mountaineers, who were gravely listening, their hard, lean faces impassive. As far as they went, all talk amounted to nothing. The man they had found was a "Revenoor," and they were going to kill him as soon as Pappy got through with him. Pappy had given orders that anyone found in the hills was to be brought to him for questioning. Not that he expected to get much information if the man was a Revenue officer, most of the officers being as hard as Pappy himself; but if it were a scout sent out to locate a still, he might weaken, and Pappy wanted to know just what caused the recent activity in his neck of the woods. As far as the killing of a Revenue officer went, that was considered no more of a matter to be thought about than the killing of a copperhead snake; and as a matter of fact, the Revenue bunch thought little over the killing of a "shiner" if he resisted arrest during a raid. It has been and is today a never-ending war in which both sides kill and get killed, all in the day's work.

"This man isn't a Revenoor," Nancy announced. "He's an Englishman, from the country that helped the boys from here fight the Germans. He was driving in his car, and when he tried to pass a truck, he turned to the left, the way they do in his country. He was hurt and started away to get help. He went in the wrong direction, and you men found him up in the hills."

"Yassum," agreed Bas politely. "Reckon that's so. Me and Mase are takin' him up to Pappy. Mase, hyar, he wanted to kill him when we-all seen him, but I reckoned Pappy, he want to see him. Pappy'll tend to him, no foolin'."

Nancy had known hill-folks since babyhood; she knew how they thought and acted. She knew that the young man now sitting on a rock beside the path, holding his head down on his hands, was in actual danger of losing his life. There was only one thing to do, stand on her rating—and she did it.

"He's *not* a Revenoor," she drawled, her blue eyes looking out from two slits. "And I'll take him home with me, right now."

"No ma'am," said Bas courteously. "We-uns going to take him to Pappy."

"What is my name?" demanded Nancy, leaning forward in the saddle, so that she could see both men.

"Shucks, Miss Nancy," answered Mase. "You-all knows that we-uns knows your name."

"I reckoned you-all might have forgotten it," said Nancy coldly, no smile on her pretty lips now. "I reckon my brother Sam and the Taylors and the Garretts and all my men kinfolks are going to feel right fussy at you-all when they hear that you-all didn't believe me and wouldn't take my word. Reckon Tommy Dinwiddie, that I'm going to marry, is going to feel right bad about it too."

Neither Bas or Mase needed to be told the result of a feud with any of the families Nancy mentioned, either collectively or individually. That any or all of them would promptly drop all other affairs to wipe out an insult real or fancied, to any of their womenfolk, they both also knew. They knew that Nancy Moncton was the apple of Pappy Weston's eye. They both capitulated at once. "Dog hit all," said Bas, "that haint no nice way to talk to we-uns, and you-all knows hit. Haint nary one not believin' you-all. We-uns haint afeared of no Moncton or Garrett or Dinwiddie men either, or no Taylor or—"

"If I thought you-all were," interrupted Nancy, hotly now, "do you think that I'd

stay here talking to you-all? I know that no McCoy or Watson is afraid. You're just talking now, Bas McCoy."

"No suh," said Mase. "We-uns aint afeared of no man, but we-uns haint lookin' for you-all to get mad at we-uns, either. Me and Bas, here, would step up and take hit to the end with ary man for you-all, Miss Nancy, and you-all knows hit."

"I know you-all would, Mase—and Bas too," answered Nancy, her eyes warm now and shining. "And I reckon if you-all told Pappy that I met you-all and took you-all's prisoner right away from you-all, and sent word to him that I was taking him down to the Moncton place, and that he could see him down there, that Pappy would say that he'd have given him up to me the way you-all did."

"Reckon he would," said Bas with a grin. "Reckon thar haint ary man in the hills wouldn't, Miss Nancy. We-uns will tell Pappy—and he's you-all's man, right now."

"You-all no-'count scound'els of a Bas McCoy and Mase Watson," answered Nancy, her lips smiling now, "are the ones that carried me on you-all's backs turkey-hunting and crossing creeks when I was too little to keep up."

"That's right, we did," said Mase with a grin. "Yes suh, you-all wasn't no bigger than a smidjin of tea, nor was Tommy Dinwiddie, either. Well, if this man is a Revenoor, you-all kill him for us, please, ma'am. We-uns will be getting along."

"I will," promised Nancy, solemnly, as they started up the path without another look at the young man sitting on the rock, his head still down.

She dismounted and went over to him. "Can you ride?" she asked as he lifted his head.

"Why—yes. I say, I'm rather dizzy, you know. What did those chaps intend to do with me?"

"Kill you," Nancy answered calmly. "This is bad country up here in the hills for strangers to be in alone. They're hill folks and moonshiners."

"Moonshiners?" said the young man, standing up. "My word! I've read about them, and—"

"Now you've seen some," interrupted Nancy. "Your head looks awfully bad. Come on."

"But if I ride your horse, what will you do?"

"Walk," answered Nancy with a smile, "until we get to a place I know down in the valley; then I'll have one of the Burdicks drive us the rest of the way. Can you mount?"

"I—I think so," said the young man, putting his foot in the stirrup. "Things are not going around quite so fast. Yes—I can," he announced triumphantly. "I say, if you'll sort of lead the giddy old procession, what, it might be better."

Nancy started down, leading Duke, who was a good horse and knew that his mistress wanted him to let this stranger ride him.

"SAY," demanded a very indignant Mr. Dinwiddie, ten days later, when he found Nancy sitting on the veranda. "You don't have to be hanging around that bird all the time, do you?"

"Why! It's Mr. Thomas Dinwiddie," said Nancy, her blue eyes trying to show great surprise. "I reckoned you were up in Washington or Richmond talking and flirting with right pretty girls. No, darlin', I don't have to hang around him. Sit down, Tommy, and—"

"I've been putting in most of my time hanging around here trying to see you," answered Tommy, with quite a little temper, but sitting down just the same. "I'm getting plumb fed up with it, too," he added darkly. "You mean you *want* to hang around him, doggone it!"

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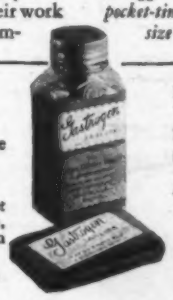

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"Why—I must take care of him, honey," answered Nancy, now trying to look puzzled without much success.

"No, you don't, either," said Tommy. "Anything of the kind! My gosh, can't a doctor and two trained nurses take care of him without your holding his hand all the time? Here I am with all kinds of things to do, and you fussing around that darn' fool that didn't know enough to turn to—"

"He's not a darn' fool," interrupted Nancy. "He's an Englishman, and—"

"I know all about it. They turn to the left over there. Well, didn't he know he was in America, for Pete's sake?"

"I haven't asked him," said Nancy sweetly. "I will, though, if you really want to know, sugar."

"How do you know who he is?" demanded Tommy sternly. "Just because he looks all right, that doesn't mean that—"

NANCY could have told Tommy that only four hours after she had telephoned about the stranger to a number he had given her in Washington, a big car had whirled up the driveway, with one of the secretaries of the British Embassy driving, and within another two minutes the much-bruised young man who had invaded the moonshine country was in the arms of a lovely blonde young lady, with a patrician English face, who was kissing him and scolding him all at once. "You shouldn't have driven alone, old dear. If you want to drive in the country, why not have Percy or Arthur go with you? Are you really hurt, dearest?"

What Nancy did say was: "Why, you mean what his name is? Why, darlin', his name is John Cecil Mowbray, and he is visiting his sister Lady Warrenne in Washington." Nancy didn't add that the lovely blonde young lady was his wife, with whom he was traveling around the world on their honeymoon. It may be that Nancy thought it would not interest Tommy. So she merely added: "He was driving down to see a man that he used to soldier with in South Africa that lives down in Oakland. Sam and William think he's right nice, darlin'."

"Yeah? And I reckon you think he's right nice too! Here I come home and come bustin' over here, and you're so darn' busy foolin' round him that I can't even see you for a minute. All I get from that old fool of a Peter is: 'Miss Nancy, she upstairs wid Misto Mowbray and aint to be 'sturbed, Misto Tommy."

"But, darlin', I thought that you were having a perfectly lovely time with all the pretty girls you like to see and talk to and—"

"I thought I would too," answered Tommy frankly. "But doggone it, I knew that you were right fussy at me, and—"

"Go on," said Nancy. "Finish it."

"They didn't look near as pretty as you, honey," confessed Mr. Dinwiddie. "I reckon after being with the prettiest girl in the world for so long, I'm getting kind of fussy myself who I look at. Please, Nance, don't you reckon that you can love me a little?"

"Why, I do! Better than anything, right now."

"All right, then," said Mr. Dinwiddie, easing his chair over very closely. "Then I'll promise on my word of honor—"

"You needn't, Tommy dear," answered Nancy, leaning toward him, "because I've decided to marry you right away, and if you do after we are married, I'll—" The rest was rather muffled, owing to the prompt action of Mr. Dinwiddie, but it sounded like, "sell you down the river!"

THE GIRL FROM GOD'S MERCIE

(Continued from page 38)

"I'll take this one bag with me." She said to Stanley: "I'd like to change clothes here, Mr. Clarke; I'll go down to that second house."

Stanley picked up her bag. As they walked toward the cabin, Frances said: "That young Indian I talked with on the train lives here, Mr. Clarke. His name was Jack Cub-Wolf." She laughed quietly. "When he entered the University of Manitoba Agriculture College, he changed it to John C. Wolfe. His wife is on the agency staff—a baby-welfare nurse to Indian settlements around here."

"These Indians must be a different sort from those on north."

"Oh, they are! Of course the Wolfes are far the best here." She lowered her voice. "What do you think of Méti Paul? Did you notice the look he gave you?"

"Notice? I *felt* it! You said he was major-domo for Harl. Well, *Iago* was a major-domo, too."

Frances turned her black eyes to him. "*Iago!* Why, that's the exact word—that's exactly what I've a dozen times thought about him myself!"

"You don't like him, then?"

"I detest him! I think he's vicious, underhanded! I'm—I'm afraid of him."

Stanley asked: "Why does Harl send a person like him to bring you? Or keep him in a position of trust and responsibility?"

"I don't know," Frances said in confidence. "It's something I've never understood; it's been more than a mystery to me. I'm going to ask Harl."

Stanley flinched at the implication of her words. They pointed to the day—it might be before tomorrow sunset—when she would be married to Harl Armstrong.

When he left her at the Wolfe cabin, Stanley started in search of the airplane pilot. He intended to pay not part of the flight cost, but all of it. The expense was a trifle to him; but he knew it was a serious matter to Frances, and to Harl. A deeper motive still—he did not want to be beholden to Harl Armstrong's hospitality; he wished to feel entirely free.

What did Frances Barton really feel toward Harl? Several times during the train ride she had talked of him—of this man whom she was to marry. She had talked of no other person save Harl; there was no other man in her life. And yet—it seemed to Stanley—this trip was no eager, romantic adventure for her, no nuptial flight into the clouds, such as a girl's marriage should be.

BACK at the Wolfe cabin, Frances was changing clothes and chatting in French with the dusky-olive young mistress who had pulled down the shades and lighted candles, and was sitting on the edge of the bed. The room was neat and cozy, and its walls were hung with pennants and athletic trophies which Sotenya's young husband had brought back, like so many ancestral scalps, from his college. Bringing the most coveted of them all, a diploma with honors, he was home for good now.

Frances, who knew both of them intimately and who also knew, only too well, the sordid details of the usual Indian tepee, could not help thinking that their passionate, idealizing devotion to one another had been that indefinable thing which had had power to lift these two above their environment and had enabled them to overcome all handicaps of their race. They were so ardently happy together that it brought a catch into her throat when she entered their home.

"You and your *amoureux*, the gallant Jacques—you are to go camping again this summer, is it true, Sotenya?" she inquired, her deft fingers touching hooks and buttons,

and her clothes falling around her dainty pumps.

"*Oui*, so. It will be the last."

"What? The last? But why?"

"Innocent!"

Frances stopped, glanced down at the little Indian girl; a flush suffused her cheeks, and she bent suddenly and kissed Sotenya.

"Oh, I'm glad! And you are?"

"It is *drôle* that now I am—as the English say—to practice that which I have been preaching. *Oui!*" She grew very serious. "I have been happy in my work, Françoise. Now I shall have to give it up. I shall not be free again. *Le p'tite* and *le mari*, they will be my everything. But—I am glad, very glad."

"You can be," Frances said quietly. "Sotenya, you are fortunate. Your marriage is blessedly happy."

Something in her tone caught Sotenya's attention. "So will your marriage be with M'sieur Harl," she stated, but with the slightest upward inflection of her voice.

"Of a certainty!" Frances replied quickly.

IN the slowly gathering twilight Harl Armstrong had walked away from the tiny group of buildings at Kez-Etawney and gone down the lake shore, with a scrawny little Indian lad tagging along behind him like a lost puppy which has picked up an owner. Smoking, pondering, Harl sat on a rocky headland where he could watch the southeastern sky and listen for the high singing whine of a Fokker airplane.

The little Indian waif, who in Harl's estimation was a shining example of the misery which a father's cussed no-accountness could cause, had fallen asleep, with the *Tyee's* (chief's) jacket spread tenderly over him. The tremendous supper which he had bolted in the white man's tent had got the better of him.

Harl had reached Kez-Etawney at noon of the day just passing. Six days ago, leaving Skuli, his Lapp herder, in charge of the reindeer ranch, he had taken a small swift motor-canoe and made a flying trip from the White Wolf Hills clear south to this Lake of the Ugly Deer, where he would meet Frances. The strain of it had told on even his hardened, powerful body; he was tired, overtaxed, but too lost in thought to sleep.

Besides, Frances was to come this evening.

Harl was thinking of Frances, and he was troubled. For two years he had looked forward to her return with almost intolerable longing. He had woven her into the woof of his plans, his every thought, until she had become a part of his being. In that lone land where he went from year-end to year-end without sight of a white woman's face, he had idealized her; it had seemed to him that when she came, his life and work here on the subarctic plains would be idyllic, and happy beyond imagining.

But now questions were arising within Harl. This being face-to-face with the marriage was causing him to think about it more deeply than he had ever done before. Considering their long betrothal, it was strange that doubt should creep in now, when she was on her way to him and he had their marriage license in his pocket.

Harl cherished certain memories which nearly chased away his blue devils of doubt. There were the good times which Frances and he had had together when she and Bishop Barton came to visit him or he seized a few days and went south to God's Mercie. She had been a good little comrade, never insistent, always following his leadership. She had loved him, deeply and trustfully, or she would never have accepted money from him. It was Frances who, contrary to her usual quiet acceptance, had made all the plans for the marriage in 'Peg and who scolded him for buying her that ex-

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pensive ring when *their* ranch was hardly on its feet yet. Yes, the years had forged a solid link between them; but—

Harl was sorry it had been his money which rescued Frances from that dingy church school and sent her down to Illinois. It made the situation delicate for him. Though he would have loathed himself for taking the slightest advantage of her utter dependency, yet he wanted to love her aggressively and fiercely. This damnable money matter tied his hands; he didn't dare be aggressive; Frances must come to him of her own free will or not at all. And now, in spite of the fact that she was coming to him and had made the marriage plans herself, Harl was thinking: "With her feeling under obligations, how can I be sure, dead sure, that she's returning to me now because she'd rather do that than anything else on earth?"

He wished he had lied or schemed somehow to keep her from knowing whose money it was.

BEHIND Harl the candle lights of the Mounted post, the Indian agency, the trading post and *méti* cabins, were being snuffed out. The evening was getting late. An orange glow lingered in the western sky—a trace of it would be there all through the brief northern night; but already it was too dark for safe flying. Perhaps the train had been late; perhaps the Fokker pilot had decided to wait till morning.

The little Indian lad stirred and rubbed his head. Harl looked down at him, and decided—with hardly a check in his thoughts—that maybe it would be wise to lay that jacket on an ant-hill for a while before wearing it again.

As usual when the blue devils got after him, Harl drew out a letter from Frances—her last one; and blowing his pipe to a red glow, he passed it slowly along the lines. One paragraph in particular set his heart leaping:

"It must have been terribly hard work, Harl, to raft those logs down from the timber country and build the new house for us. I'm awfully glad you did it, though you and I could have got along in the old one well enough. Those perfumy spruce logs will keep the breath of summer in our house all the year. But your intention to get an airplane (unless you really need it to transport supplies), and a radio, and your hope that a little colony of ranches will spring up around us now that you've shown them it can be done—you're doing all that for my sake, Harl, because you're afraid I might be lonely and dissatisfied, after my being Outside two years. Harl, I don't want a radio nor an airplane, and I don't want any neighbors nearer than a hundred miles! Those are our plains and hills, and I'm jealous of them. How could I be lonely—with all we'll have to do?"

Harl read on through to her name, and then slowly folded her letter. He muttered: "I must be blind tired, to let crazy notions like those take hold of me! I ought to go back to the tent and make myself sleep. She isn't coming any more tonight."

STANLEY found the Fokker pilot sitting on a pile of ties smoking cigarettes. He said: "Miss Barton will be ready to leave in a few minutes. That Groudin 'breed probably told you I'm to go along."

The aviator nodded. He glanced at the sky, remarked: "That train being late, we can't get there till after dark now. I don't like night flying if I can help it."

"You mean, wait here till morning?" Stanley asked.

"I'd rather. But that's up to you and her."

"I'll ask her. By the way, is this trip paid for?"

School Information

The Red Book Magazine publishes the announcements of hundreds of fine schools each month. Read their announcements carefully and write to those which interest you. The list is so comprehensive there are sure to be several which fit your needs. If you do not find the school or type of school you are seeking we will be glad to help you. We furnish personalized information collected by visits to the schools. In writing please give full details as to age of boy or girl, previous education, the kind of school you wish, approximate location and what you plan to pay per year. Enclose stamped return envelope and address The Director, Department of Education, The Red Book Magazine, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

"No. Harl Armstrong's paying at Kez-Etawney."

"How much is it?"

The aviator told him. Stanley took out his book of traveler's checks, countersigned one, passed it to the flyer. The latter hesitated. "But say, partner, I haven't the change for this. And Armstrong mightn't like it."

Stanley started away. "You can keep the change; and being in a plane, you don't have to care whether Armstrong likes it or not."

Outside the Wolfe cabin, he found Frances waiting for him beside a tiny arbor of hollyhocks and riotous bind-weed just shutting for the night. She had changed to a short skirt and belted jacket of blue velveteen, with tiny laced boots and plaid wool socks. Sotenya had combed her hair back in braided coils; like white shells her ears nestled in the blackness of it. Her clothes made her look younger—girlish and virginal; and Stanley's heart quickened, a fever ran in his veins, at the sight of her there against the morning-glories, waiting. And Stanley realized that this trip of his, which he had thought would be merely a vacation and pleasant work, could never be that now; already he was caught and swept along in an irresistible current.

Stanley Clarke's surprising attraction to her was tinged with pity and a great tenderness. That terrible stigma upon her parentage, known everywhere here in this country, must weigh heavily on any sensitive girl. And she was utterly alone in the world now, dependent upon the man she was to marry. She had been dependent all her life. From her birth in that camp of primitive Arctic nomads, up until the present moment, she had been bought, sold, passed from one person to another, never free to make her own choice, never with that power over her own life which is any human being's divine right. When she married, whatever chance of freedom she had had would vanish. Stanley was stirred with an overwhelming wish to break that tragic chain of circumstance which bound her. He roused with the impulse to take her away from all this, to make her happy; and for the first time in his life his money seemed of precious value to him.

AS he approached her and stood plucking at a morning-glory, he told her what the aviator had suggested; and thinking of a long evening here alone with her, he could not resist adding: "The man probably knows best. Shall we wait here, then?"

She thought a moment. "We'd be more than welcome to sleep at this Wolfe cabin tonight. I believe Harl would want me to stay. Perhaps we'd better."

"Then—can I invite you to have supper with me? I have a lunch—a little shoe-box affair—which Diamond Queen put up for me at Mile 81. It'll be plenty for the two of us. We could go down by the lake shore."

She seized his invitation with an eagerness that set his heart leaping. "But," he told himself, "it isn't what I feel for her; she wants only to talk with me."

From a clump of shrubbery up near the station, Méti Paul was watching them—just as he had spied upon every move they had made since they came.

His Mephistophelean eyes had not failed to notice that this city stranger was drawn toward the girl whom Tyee Harl was *sot* about; and he thought, most mistakenly, that she returned the passion.

This Clarke, of the quiet manner, the city polish, the bush ignorance—who was he? Tyee Harl had spoken of no Clarke. Where had she met him? Why was he following her to Kez-Etawney?

Suspicion had grown upon Méti Paul—suspicion and hatred, the twin possessors of

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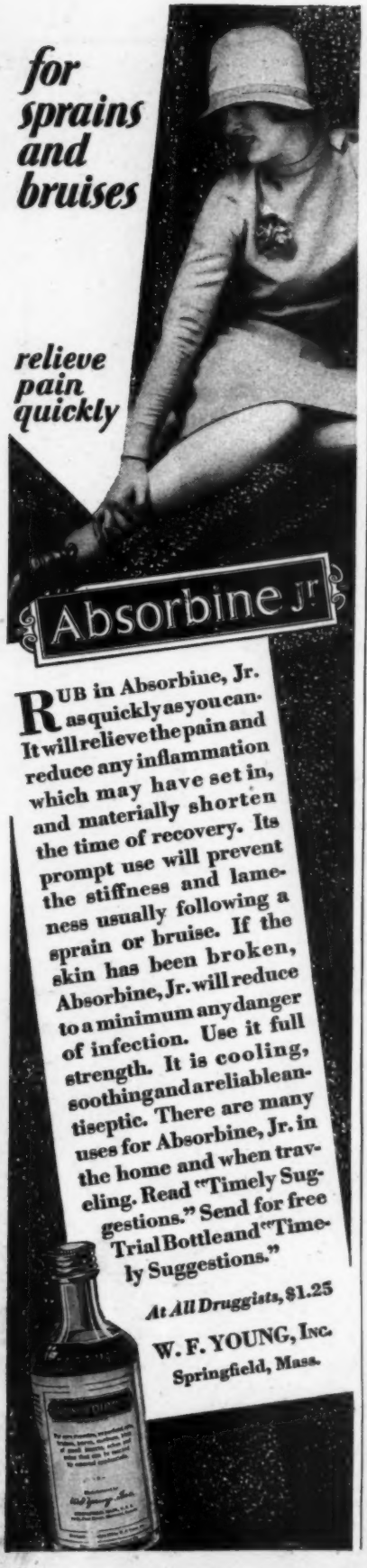
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his soul. He harbored no love or respect for Frances. He was past the love for woman. He did not care how she had disported herself down in the cities with this M'sieur Clarke. He considered Tyee Harl utmostly *absurde* to bind himself to this slim, dreamy-eyed *fille* instead of taking for his "wilderness wife" an Indian woman or *métisse* whom he could send away whenever he pleased to be tired of her. Certainly this girl—by the token yonder!—had made the coquette with many men; and certainly Tyee Harl was most *sot*. But let the fiends be thanked that he did worship her and planned to marry her by due rights! For that marriage would be an instrument to release one Paul Groudin, a sharp sword to cut away his bondage. And if this bush-ignorant stranger was a threat against that marriage, then a shadow must come out of the bush and slit his throat.

Méti Paul's eyes grew beady as he watched Stanley and Frances come up toward him, cross the tracks and start down through the drogue of balsam. His evil mind suspected evil. He decided to spy upon them and hear what they said. If he learned that the marriage was not threatened, well and good, he could creep away and leave them undisturbed. But, if not—

When they had passed out of sight among the balsams, he slipped across the tracks into a deerbush thicket; and keeping within sound of their voices, slunk along parallel to the path, waiting for deeper twilight.

Altogether unaware of their shadower, Frances and Stanley walked on beneath the evergreens toward the lake shore. The weather was clear and beautiful, with a crisp evening chill that made the mosquitoes and *brûlés* lethargic. A snowshoe rabbit in his brown summer dress hopped across their path; and once they stopped to watch a family of flying squirrels—airy and pretty and mysterious little creatures of the twilight—come out of a hollow snag and go volplaning away from tree to tree.

DURING their train ride together, Frances had led Stanley to talk of his early life—of his Indianapolis home, of his sisters, his tutors, his trips abroad. From a stray hint or two she subtly guessed that his father had been a callous, cynical libertine; his mother a shallow, emotional woman given to tears and violent scenes. Frances surmised that Stanley, sensitive and observant, had come to distrust emotions or human relationships of any sort; and going away to college, had found in science something clean and cold and bracing.

She felt now that she could trust him and that he would talk with her honestly. She was beginning to feel how utterly impossible it was for one to walk through life clothed in a set of maxims. She found herself surprised at a crossroad where maxims failed to guide. Lost and bewildered in her struggle to do right, she was casting herself upon the judgment of this man with a faith of which he was only dimly aware.

A couple of rods inland from the land-wash they came upon a little open glade where a flat boulder, standing above the sphagnum moss, would serve as a table. A few yards off-shore the Fokker, rocking in the gentle wavelets, lay asleep on the water. Farther out in an anchored canoe an Indian, with a trout-line tied around his toe and strumming an old banjo, was inviting his soul and supper at the same time.

There beside the boulder Stanley and Frances sat down cross-legged on the moss. As Frances arranged the food, Stanley watched her and thought: had it not been for Missionary Barton's chance visit, this beautiful, splendid girl, wearing the emblem of a sorority, talking of her esthetic dancing studies and of a life of which she had been permitted a brief glimpse—her lot would have been the tepee of a Dogrib chief!

HE asked abruptly:

"I'm told that Harl Armstrong is having some trouble; do you know about it?"

"Yes, I do—not the details; he wouldn't write of them—but the general situation. The *métis* are hostile to him because he's planning to bring in supplies and take out his furs by airplane." She explained: "Ever since *voyageur* times these half-breeds have been freight-haulers on our Northern rivers. They seem to think it's their inalienable right, and that they can make a trip whenever they get ready and charge whatever they like. They're threatening what they'll do when he gets a plane." Frances paused a moment, and added: "Harl keeps about two dozen families on his range. They're quite agreeable to being fed and clothed and housed in winter, but in summer they're always on the verge of pitching off and leaving him in the lurch. He could hold them if it weren't for an Antler Hare sub-chief called Bull Back-Fat who leads a pack down there and lives somewhere in a great marsh country. He's egging them on to destroy the ranch and blot Harl out." Frances added meditatively: "I have just the dimmest memory of a brutal half-grown boy in the camp that I was saved from. Now he's grown up; now he's that sub-chief. He hates Harl; he's jealous of Harl—"

Stanley looked at her, startled; and he suddenly paled. "Jealous—you mean of Harl's ranch, his leadership?"

"Yes, of that; but jealous—in another way—too," she said reluctantly.

"Good God! An Indian dreams of—you!" Stanley cried, aghast. "Now you're going there—you'll be down north in that country! Why doesn't Harl ask help from the Mounted?"

"He wont. He doesn't believe there's any real danger. I myself don't think there is. He started his ranch against the advice of the Mounted, so he feels he ought to meet the consequences himself. Besides, there're hard feelings between him and Inspector Youngblood. The time Harl made me go down to Illinois, the Inspector wanted me to take a school position he'd got me at Grand Lake."

"I would surmise," Stanley remarked dryly, "that this inspector himself was stationed at or near this Grand Lake."

They had finished their little supper, and were watching the waterfowl flacker back and forth across the purpling lake. A great white owl, tilting and banking through the evergreens, hovered a moment over their glade.

The question of this girl's actual feeling toward Harl rose up in Stanley; and he said: "It was mighty fine of Armstrong to send you down to Illinois."

Her fervid answer dismayed him. "Harl is one of the noblest men I ever met—he's one of the best men on earth!" Her cry was a condemnation of herself; she was thinking of all that Harl had done for her, of the longing for her that crept into his letters and that she tried valiantly to answer.

Frank R. Adams

All you who enjoyed Mr. Adams' delightful Red Book Magazine novel "Help Yourself to Happiness" will be glad to know that another of his unique stories will appear in an early—probably the next—issue. It will be called:

"The Drive-Away"

A MOMENT after she spoke, from the shadowy thicket came a low animalish noise—a snarling chuckle audible above the singing of the tree-toads. Stanley heard, or thought he heard, a faint rustling that grew fainter till it died away.

He had sensed in this moment, as he had in all her mention of Harl, a gratitude and loyal comradeship, but not the accent of passion. She spoke of him too unreservedly, she seemed to see him too steadily. In her eyes he was not set apart from all other men. Apparently she was not sure of herself, but bewildered.

Stanley asked her: "Shall we go now?"

Frances shook her head and made no move to rise.

"Mr. Clarke, can there be anything lacking in a marriage where two people honestly and deeply love each other?"

His fingers trembled as they plucked at the wolf-foot moss. "I hardly know what you mean."

She said: "If they've been good friends—the very best of friends; if they understand each other; if they'll fight for each other's happiness—can there still be something lacking? Is there something more than this in a true marriage?"

He thought for several long moments, realizing that she stood before the crisis in her life; with no one else in the world to turn to, she had turned to him. He tried to think only of her happiness. He was thinking in swift pictures of the lives of men and women he had known. "I'll draw a crude analogy," he said. "You'll understand it. Scientists now can build a substance of such complex structure, such organic completeness, that no one, not even themselves, can detect any physical difference between it and living substance. In all outward ways the two are identical. But there is, there is a difference. It can't be measured, it can't be put into words or formula, it's intangible as an imaginary line. But it exists and it's a profound abyss—as profound as the difference between life and death. The one is only the material, the foundation, of life; the other has *something more,* it has that nameless quality of life itself." He asked: "Can anyone say that that difference is a delusion?"

She had looked up at him, breathlessly. Now she said slowly: "I never thought of it that way; you've put it into words for me."

Chapter Three

OBLIVIOUS to the gale screaming past Frances and him, Stanley gazed down with feelings of awe and strangeness at the virgin wilderness spread under the broad glistening wings of the Fokker. In the space of three swift hours he had been whisked away from the frontier railroad, from the pioneer prospector's country, into the very heart of the Northern strong-woods. He felt the magical suddenness as of leaping, with no gradual change or adjustment, from one world into another.

Kez-Etawney lay not far ahead. Already Frances, leaning out into the slip-stream, was peering over the tip of the huge pontoon to catch sight of the post at which Harl Armstrong would meet her. Behind the cockpit, where the pilot and Méti Paul sat, she and Stanley were wedged close together in a two-place compartment—so close that a wisp of hair, escaped from her helmet, was whipping against his face.

This situation, which last night by the lake shore had been so confused and tangled, now seemed very simple to Stanley; and his course became clearer to him. This girl was returning to marry a man whom she loved only as a loyal friend. Out of her strong sense of duty, out of her stern uprightness, Frances was doing this. What was in prospect for her violated the deepest instincts of her girlhood. She had not known, no one

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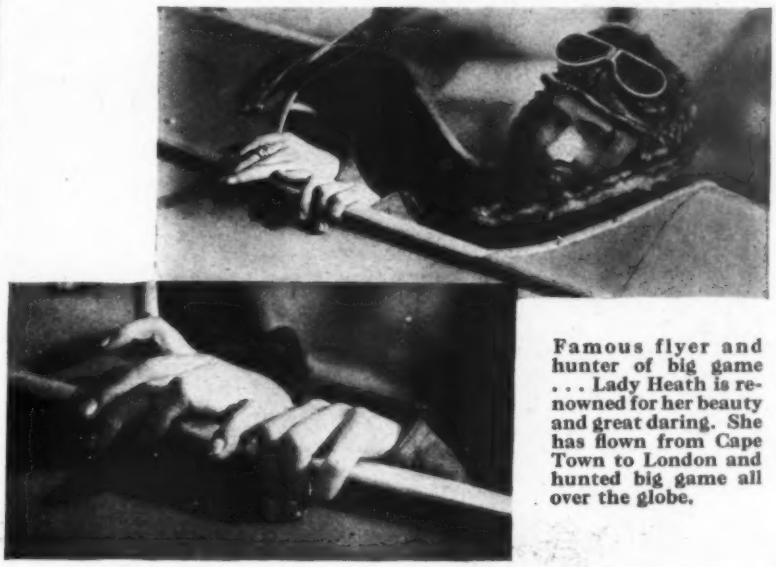

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had ever told her—certainly not the Anglican missionary, her foster-father—that love was rooted in the physical, whatever its flower might be. If "the right" meant tragedy to her, then it would become blackest wrong.

So far Stanley could reason honestly for her happiness: but since last night, when he lay sleepless through the dark hours, he could not deny that a certain selfishness had crept into his thoughts.

MILES away to the right a column of blue-gray smoke stood up, marking a forest fire. Straight under keel lay an expanse of muskeg, a trapper's paradise, dotted with muskrat and beaver houses and grown up with rank, lush marsh reeds. Passing that, the plane sped over a lifeless belt of fire-blackened *brûlé* where dead trees by tens of thousands lifted their gaunt arms to the sky. Then the blue of water, a lonely, beautiful lake speckled with black bugs that were deer and woodland caribou. Then once more the strong-woods, shimmering under the early morning sun; a pattern of varied greens, with each different stand of timber sharply distinguishable by the shade of its foliage. And through it all ran the silvery-ribbon network of rivers, many of them unnamed, unknown—the highways of the sly mink, the surly fisher, and the big fun-loving otter.

The nose of the Fokker swerved a little, as though catching sight of its goal. Looking through the propeller disk Stanley caught a glint of blue far away to the northwest. Slowly the glint grew, expanded, till a large star-shaped lake had unfolded. As the plane soared out over it, Frances grasped his arm and pointed; and in a far northern inlet he glimpsed a cluster of small white things which he knew were the buildings of Kez-Etawney.

The Fokker dipped its nose; the roar suddenly ceased; at a long six-mile diagonal the big pontooned craft glided down and down toward the sheltered bay. The whitewashed buildings swam nearer; the lake seemed rising up to meet the plane, till at last with a tiny jolt the machine touched, skimmed on a hundred yards through a cloud of spray, and came to a stop in the shallows.

With trembling fingers Stanley unbuckled Frances' safety belt and the pack-'chute straps around her shoulders and waist. Then he got up, a trifle cramped and stiff, and looked ashore.

A couple of hundred yards back from the land-wash stood the little wilderness post of Kez-Etawney: An Indian agency with a sample farm of vegetables all around it. A few *méti* cabins. Indian tepees pitched at haphazard—here today, and at some whitefish lake tomorrow. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police quarters and "butter-tub" (jail). A little sawmill, which seemed to be gnawing its way into the woods beyond, and a large-fronted trading-store flying the flag of "a skin for a skin."

A number of boats—sturgeon-heads, rogans, canoes and two big Yorks—were pulled up on the shore. In the shallows, a hundred yards or so to the right of him, Stanley was surprised to see another plane at anchor, a small neat biplane, with a man tinkering in the cockpit.

Three Indians in a sturgeon-head, bringing a canoe in tow, came paddling out toward the Fokker. Stanley's eyes went to the little crowd of people there on the land-wash. Frances was searching it too. In a moment she put her hand on his arm and cried: "That's Harl—there!"

BUT Stanley had no need of her words; already he himself had picked out the man Harl Armstrong—a tall, lithe figure towering half a head over any other of the men there. He stood a little apart from the group, watching silently. His arms crossed, his feet planted slightly apart, gave him the

peculiar semblance of a sturdy and tough tree, deep-rooted, weather-defiant.

When Frances waved, he lifted his hat to her, then held it in his hands.

Stanley said to Frances: "You go ashore in the canoe—you and Méti Paul. I'll stay—I'll help hand out our baggage."

"Then I'll take Harl your note of introduction," she suggested, "so you and he will not be strangers when you meet him."

On the trip that morning Stanley had thought he would not give that letter to Harl Armstrong, for it would bind him to the man's hospitality; but he had told her of it; he had committed himself; after coming two thousand miles to meet a man he could not draw back now.

He gave her the note; and when the canoe glided in between the pontoon supports he lifted her lightly, and she stepped down into it. The canoe skirled away. Watching, he saw Harl step down to the land-wash and into the shallow wavelets, and carry Frances ashore.

He watched no longer, but turned and began passing out the baggage to the Indians.

"LUCKY" AVERY, the possessor of that trim, expensive biplane which Stanley had noticed, was a remittance man whose father owned pulp- and paper-mills scattered up and down the St. Maurice of Quebec. Ten years ago Lucky had come back from the war with a splendid flying record but with nerves and body shattered. He could not seem to get the old-time kick out of anything, could not seem to take hold of anything; but since the "governor" was rich, he did not have to take hold. What were pulp- and paper-mills for, anyway?

With his wife Bess, Lucky had air-vagabonded through the length and breadth of Canada. On several occasions he had found a little kick in piloting Mounted Patrols into the wilderness, a little kick in cartographing and the Yukon mail. But skimming over the Barren Grounds in winter time, hunting wolves with a machine-gun in those illimitable white wastes—that was good.

Avery had "lit" and dug in two years ago down north at the edge of the Barren Grounds, a hundred miles east of Harl Armstrong's ranch. Two years was longer than he had ever lived in one place in his life; and this fact frightened him. Frequently, wandering with Bess in the poppy hills behind their home, he would remark: "Bess, we've got to get out of here. Too long in one place is dangerous. If we don't watch our step we'll be settling down!"

But this disaster had already sneaked up on Avery. Those two years had steadied his nerves and hardened his body. After the hectic whirl of war and the feverish bustle of cities, his life there, with his back yard stretching to the Arctic Sea and his front yard a great blue inlet coiling in from Hudson Bay, had worked a healing miracle. The playboy in him had yielded to the man of purpose. It was only a question of time now till he would go back to the St. Maurice and learn pulp-and-paper, and carry on when his father should leave off.

THIS morning he was at Kez-Etawney on some trifling business. Seeing the Fokker light, he got out his canvas canoe and came paddling across to it, and stood on a pontoon, holding the painter of his boat.

"Say, Jack," he asked the pilot, "you brought me that timer-assembly—hey?" Then, seeing Stanley, he introduced himself.

Stanley had an idea who Avery was; Frances had mentioned him a couple of times. He rather liked the fellow's indiscriminate friendliness.

"Your assembly's mixed up in the baggage somewhere," the pilot said. "And you owe me a box of cigars—good ones."

Stanley glanced ashore. Frances and Harl were talking, a little to themselves. Harl

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If you do not find a school in pages 11-18 which seems to answer your requirements as to courses or location, ask our assistance.

The Red Book Magazine's Department of School Information has helped hundreds of parents select schools for their boys and girls. We have also helped many young people who appeal to us to find a school where they may procure just the training for a chosen occupation. The same service is at your disposal. Our service is based on personalized information obtained through visits to representative schools in all parts of the country. In order to be fully helpful we need data on the following: type of school—college preparatory or general academic (in the case of a boy, military or non-military), finishing, post-graduate, business, technical, secretarial, art, music, dramatic, dancing, etc., in what section of the country; approximate amount you plan to pay per year for board and tuition, or tuition only for schools of special training; exact age, religion, and previous education of prospective pupil. Enclose stamped return envelope and address

The Director, Department of Education

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was holding the letter in his hands; and Stanley knew she was telling Harl about him.

"You a government inspector or something, Clarke?" Avery inquired. And when Stanley explained briefly: "Oh, a bug-ologist! You'll be down north? That's fine. You'll have to get over and visit Bess and me. A visitor is a treat in this country. We've got a bully place. Frame house, sheds, everything. Towed 'em up by barge from Hudson Bay."

Stanley assured him that he would certainly visit the Averys; then he handed out the last of the baggage.

Avery invited him: "I'll take you ashore; this boat's got a load. Climb in."

The excitement of the Fokker's coming had quieted down. A scarlet-jacketed corporal was waiting on the land-wash to inspect the newcomer's baggage. Frances had left Harl and gone up toward the Indian agency. Harl was talking to a group of Indians and *métis*—giving orders to them, it seemed.

Stanley was thinking: "In a few minutes I'll meet him. I'll know what kind of man he is." The 'breed, Méti Paul, had set Stanley to wondering. Why should Harl employ so villainous a person as his chief helper? Like servant, like master? True, as Waterby said, a man living alone against raw hardships would be elementally good or elementally bad. But which? True, Harl had sent Frances to school by his hard-earned money. But there was another and an ugly way to look at that: the money might have been her purchase-price; Harl might have taken advantage of her helplessness.

Avery was chatting away. "You're lucky to meet up with Harl and be staying with him." He offered Stanley a cigarette. "You don't smoke? .... Damn' fine fellow, Harl is. He's had a hard row to hoe. Bess and I're glad Frances has come; he was lonely as the deuce for her. She's a sweet girl, don't you think? They make a pair, Harl and Frances, if there ever was one! Imagine him taking her down north where those Smokies and 'breeds are laying for him! But he'll take care of her, Harl will!"

Stanley managed to ask: "Are they—here at Kez-Etawney—is he planning to marry her here?"

"I don't know exactly. I don't think so. Since their Winnipeg plans went busted, on account of Harl's trouble, I believe they may go down north to God's Mercie (that's Frances' old home, where she was raised) and be married there."

"How far is God's Mercie—how long to get there?"

"Five hours by plane. Six or seven days by boat."

Six or seven days! Stanley's heart leaped at the words which fell casually from Avery's lips. A week's unexpected grace!

HARL was still speaking to the small group of Indians and *métis* when Stanley and Avery came up. He gave them a friendly gesture to wait for a moment or two, and went on talking in mingled Cree and French.

Stanley noticed that of the prospecting army to the south only a couple of scouts had penetrated to Kez-Etawney. He was quick to see that the Indians here represented a long step toward the primitive. A few of them were Piney Crees, of the tall, handsome Algonquian type, but most were of the Tinneh or northern race. Their short stature, slant eyes and narrow foreheads bore evidence to that tide of low-Mongolian blood which crossed the Straits of Bering in prehistoric times and spread through Alaska and the Barren Grounds of Canada till it washed up on the shores of Hudson Bay.

Several of the group were trying to edge away unnoticed. They evidently had not much heart for Harl's business with them. "There was a little *métisse* girl died here last

night," Avery explained. "Harl is making the burial arrangements. Everybody but him seemed to go helpless or else didn't give a hoot."

Listening, Stanley was able to make out most of Harl's "bush French." He was ordering, directing: sending one man to a near-by Indian camp for a priest; talking quietly to a joiner; hurrying another man to Rivière aux Canneberges to fetch the little girl's father. And Stanley noticed that for some of these details he was paying out of pocket.

As he listened to Harl's gentle, full voice, as he intently studied that handsome, hardened face, the curly hair, the gray eyes with a glint of dangerous fire behind their kindliness, Stanley felt his animosity toward Harl Armstrong strangely ebbing and retreating. He experienced a respect for this tall, lonely man—and a pity, too. He realized the absurdity of pitying so strong and self-reliant a person, but there was something solitary in the man's pose and mien—of tragic loneliness reflected from his long grim battle six hundred miles on down north.

Harl finished his unenviable business presently, and came toward the two who waited. He nodded to Avery, but his eyes were upon Stanley.

He said: "You're Mr. Clarke. Frances gave me your letter." For a long steady moment he looked at the stranger—a keen, swift appraisal. Then a friendliness came into his eyes; when he reached out his hand and said, "Clarke, I'm mighty glad to know you," those words, usually so trite and meaningless, were instinct with sincerity and liking.

Stanley could not help noticing a certain respect in Harl's manner toward him. Evidently Frances had explained who their visitor was—and rather glowingly too.

THEY were interrupted by the Mounted corporal, who came up and demanded belligerently of Stanley:

"Clarke! That your stuff there on the land-wash?" And when Stanley nodded, he added: "What's in those glass jars labeled cyanide? And those drums labeled alcohol?"

"Why, cyanide and alcohol," Stanley admitted, with no intent to be humorous.

"Don't you know it's against the law to bring that stuff in here? Poison—alcohol—Indian territory! Don't you know you've committed a felony, bringing it in here? Come along!"

Stanley gasped. *Arrested!* It hit him like a blow between the eyes.

Harl spoke up: "Here, just a minute, Thomson. Don't get all spraddled out before you know what's what."

"Don't call me 'all spraddled out,'" the corporal snapped. "Keep your gib out of this, Armstrong!"

Harl retorted evenly: "Damned if I will! Clarke's my guest and he's a newcomer down here. You're jumping on him because he *is* a guest of mine; because you know Inspector Youngblood would pat you on the back for taking a swat at me. Clarke, just tell him what you're going to use that stuff for."

Stanley started to explain that it was to preserve the biological collections he intended to make. The corporal cut him short.

"Don't make any difference what for—the person that brings poison and alcohol in here goes to the butter-tub. That's that." He reached for Stanley's arm.

Harl stepped in between them. There was a snick of steel in his drawl.

"Look here, partner! I'm not against strict rules and I don't cotton to winking at necessary regulations, but there's times when you're supposed to use your horse-sense; and this is one of them. You ought to see that Clarke's no 'permit' smuggler. He's a scientist, one of the best in the country; and a two-by-four like you isn't going to arrest

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

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him, and you're not going to confiscate the stuff he's got to have for his work.

"Since you want to get cute, and since we're talking about alcohol, I'll let you in on a little secret, son. Last winter, during that January woolly-whipper, thirty gallons of whisky—rot-gut stuff soaked in tobacco and laced with ether!—was smuggled through Kez-Etawney and came on down north. Dog-Legs and his band over Clinton-Colden way got hold of some of it; two of 'em died from it—another got brained in a fight. I straightened that camp out. I *know*."

"What's that got to do with me? I didn't know anything about—"

"That's the point! It came right through your post and you didn't know a thing about it! It was your business to know. What I'm driving at, if you try to get hard-boiled with Clarke here, I'll spend the rest of the morning writing a letter to Superintendent Davidson that'll singe your pin-feathers off."

The corporal's face fell. Harl's threat, he saw in a split-thought, was no bluff, but a spiked club over his head.

He tried to draw in his horns without loss of dignity. "I'll hold you personally responsible for that stuff of Clarke's. If any of it gets to the Indians—"

"All right. I'll be responsible."

The corporal glared and stalked away—and Stanley breathed easily again. But he saw in this incident more than his mere escape from arrest and imprisonment. Between Harl and the Mounted smoldered a hostility, as Frances had hinted.

Stanley felt a sudden community of interests with Harl; he was on Armstrong's side in this trouble. As Harl turned to him, smiling, running a hand over his wavy hair, and said, "Well, we won that round, Clarke!" the last vestige of Stanley's resentment vanished. Something deeper than gratitude swept over him; he could no longer fight it down, no longer wanted to fight it down. In his life he had never known a warm friendship, a stanch partnership, though he had missed it and felt the human hunger for it. He had a quick premonition that here in the Northern wilderness he was at last to find it.

When Avery left them to find his timer-assembly and install it, Harl invited: "Let's go up to my tent, Clarke. You'll bunk there with me what time we're here." And as they started up together: "Frances told me you paid for that plane trip. What did you do that for? You've got to let me—"

"Pay it back? A minute ago you did—a couple times over." Stanley motioned at the R.C.M.P. "butter-tub." "Please don't put me into the position of taking everything and giving nothing," he protested.

HARL laughed. "Well, I'll even it up some way. But right now I'm sure much obliged; I wont have any particular trouble using that money." He grew serious. "About your letter, Clarke—I'm glad, more than glad, you want to stay with me. If you'd lived down there for five years with nobody but Indians and *métis* to associate with, you'd maybe understand how a guest is a strike. I know Frances'll be glad, too.

"There's just one thing I feel you ought to understand beforehand. Those Smokies and 'breeds north of God's Mercie have been hatching trouble against me. It's coming to a show-down before long. I don't think there's any real danger. They're a sneaking, cowardly bunch—the lot of 'em. They're great on pounding their chests and whetting tomahawks and making war-whoopee around a fire, but when it comes down to rifle-talk they'll let George do it."

Méti Paul came in sight between two tepees. Harl broke off, and signaled the 'breed, explaining: "I'll tell him to bring your baggage up to the tent, Clarke. And we'd better scratch those alcohol labels off those drums or we'll have some pickled Indians around here, and Thomson will be *ki-yi-yi*-ing at us."

The 'breed crossed a grassy plot to them.

WATCHING what passed, Stanley was amazed by a revelation—an unmistakable discovery of the relations between Harl and the *méti*. Toward Groudin, Harl was sharp, iron-handed. No mercy or tolerance there, none of Harl's usual gentleness! And the 'breed—Stanley was shocked to see in the eyes of Méti Paul a naked hatred of Harl Armstrong. He had felt the 'breed's hostility toward himself, but that was as nothing to the venom of his hate for Harl.

As Groudin left, Stanley inquired: "Is that 'breed one of those who are stirring up this trouble?"

"Méti Paul? Oh, no—he's my manager, my most reliable man. In fact, he's the only one, except Skuli the Lapp, whom I can trust implicitly."

"But good heavens—" Stanley checked himself. "But I don't think he's particularly friendly toward you."

"You're probably mistaken," Harl replied oddly. He added no explanation; rather plainly he did not want to be questioned.

Stanley thought: "Something queer about this!" He felt with conviction that it was nothing against Harl; but why did Harl employ this treacherous Groudin? How could he say that he trusted the 'breed implicitly? Stanley understood how he himself, practically a stranger, might be puzzled by something that was only a trivial circumstance; but Frances had known Harl intimately for years and yet she too was mystified.

Chapter Four

LATE that afternoon Stanley was making insect collections at a creek mouth about a quarter-mile from Kez-Etawney. One of Harl's Indians, Going-to-Bear, had guided him to the creek, but had left him, and Stanley was by himself. He could faintly hear that Avery was tuning up his twenty-thousand-dollar biplane for the long flight north; but he did not know what Harl and Frances were doing or where they were.

Stanley was working in a scientist's paradise of practically virgin territory. Already he had discovered an unknown ichneumon fly of different egg-laying habits from any hitherto-known species; and he saw possibilities of its being transplanted south and bred and turned loose in deadly legions against the gypsy moth and its destructive cousins. Yonder, dancing in the sunlight, was an old butterfly friend, the migrant *Anosia*, which had burst its pupal shell four months ago down in Florida or Mexico and had flitted some four thousand miles up across the continent.

In his eager enthusiasm Stanley was thinking: "What I can do in a year here in the North!"

It came as a shock to him when he parted a screen of boughs and suddenly saw Méti Paul standing in some bushes ten feet away watching him.

Méti Paul did not speak. Stanley went on with his collecting, unpleasantly conscious that those crafty eyes were following him. He knew quite well that this silence, this snake-like stare, was a subtle plan on the 'breed's part to get on his nerves. He tried to pay no attention; but when he worked across the open plot and found Groudin over there, eying him, he demanded sharply: "Is there anything you want?"

"*Non, non!*" the 'breed purred. "I only watch M'sieur at hees work. I am verree interest'."

Stanley decided to play friendly and find out what Méti Paul was up to. Inviting the 'breed to hold a cyanide jar for him, he

asked casually: "Where is Miss Barton? And what is Mr. Harl doing?"

Tyee Harl was buying supplies and getting his river brigade ready to travel. Mam'selle Frances was catching a few hours' sleep at the Indian agency. She had found but little sleep last night. . . . .

Stanley caught the hint in this latter remark. At Mile 256 Frances had watched the moonrise last night by the lake shore with him.

"How did you know about that?" Stanley asked, giving the 'breed a chance to come out with whatever he wished to say.

An Indian had told Méti Paul. There were malicious whispers about the matter. Perhaps, if M'sieur would not take offense, it would be the best not to expose Mam'selle to such whispers again. In fact if M'sieur would be advised, he should not go alone with her again at all, as last night at Lac Cœur d'Or. Of a certainty M'sieur was a proper man. But in this country such acts were dangerous.

"Dangerous?" Stanley repeated sharply. "Why dangerous?"

Let M'sieur consider that Tyee Harl loved Mam'selle fiercely. That he cherished her honor more than he did his own life. What if those malicious whispers should come to his ears? And let M'sieur consider—if Tyee Harl so much as suspected that anyone had misused Mam'selle's innocence—

With elaborate gesture Méti Paul plucked a twig and broke it between his fingers and flung it out of sight into a thicket. And then, adding no explanation to his ugly warning, he slipped into the bushes and was gone.

Méti Paul had given Stanley Clarke warning not to come between Harl and Frances. Harl had never prompted him to do that; of his own initiative the 'breed had sprung this warning.

What was his purpose? There could be only one answer to that question: Méti Paul secretly wanted Harl Armstrong to marry Frances and secretly he was working to that end.

AS he stood there thinking, Stanley's eyes were opened to a peril uglier than personal danger from Méti Paul. What if this 'breed should pack lies to Harl? He was cunning; he could mix infamy and the truth in shrewd fashion.

After a little while he gathered his things; and going up along the creek bank, struck the trail leading back to the post.

He had gone but a short way when unexpectedly he met Frances coming down the path. She had put on gauntlets and mosquito veil; he saw she carried two fly-rods and a light high-power rifle.

"I was wondering where I'd find you," she greeted him. "We're to go fishing. Harl sent you his rod."

"You mean—Harl wants me to go with you?"

Behind the veil her black eyes opened a little wider at his question. "Why, yes; he believed you'd like to."

They went back the path together and turned up the game trail along the creek bank. In a little while Stanley caught the muffled murmur of an overfalls ahead. But before reaching it the game trail, avoiding a rock ledge on the left side, led to the water edge and crossed.

Frances said: "We'll have to cross too. One can't fish from this side." And she stepped into the shallow water.

Stanley bade her: "Wait! There's no need—my boots are higher than yours—I'll carry you over."

She did not answer, but she stopped; and laying his things aside, Stanley turned again to her, and stooping, he picked her up. As he waded into the stream she put an arm about his neck, and clung a little tighter

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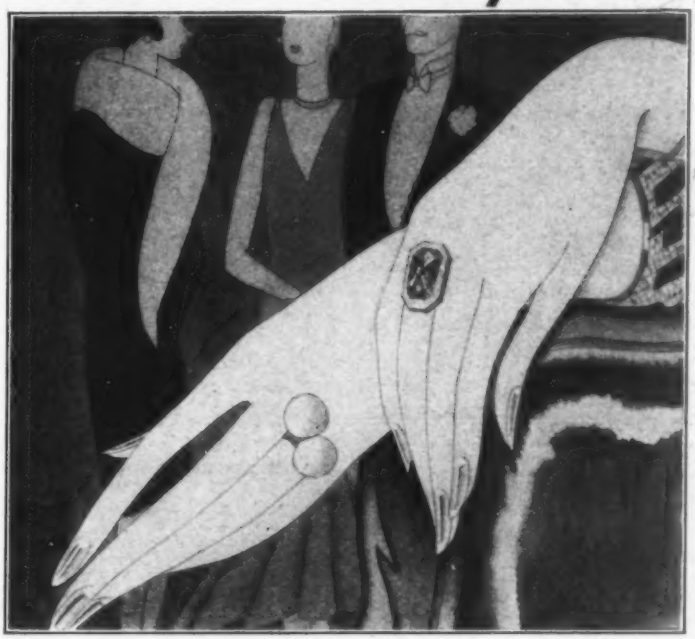

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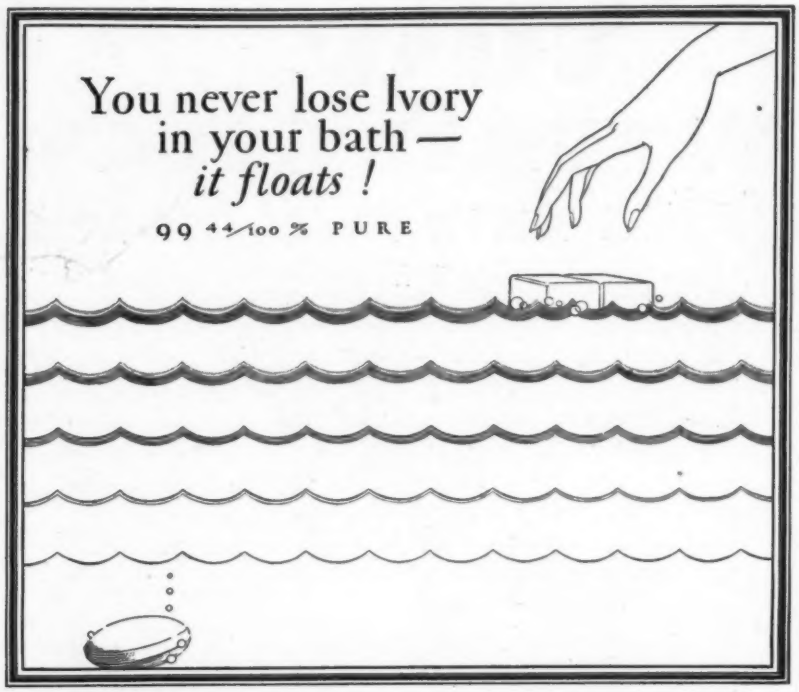

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when he slipped on a flat rock. Stanley felt the blood hot in his face where her veil brushed against him; he could see the heightened color of her cheeks and the quick beating of the pulse in her throat. A dizziness that was physical came over him, and as he bent, his lips touched her hair.

MÉTI PAUL, a few minutes after he left Stanley, had met Frances in the path, and wondered where she was going, and had shadowed her. He had seen the meeting between her and Stanley, though he could not catch what they said. Having followed them to the crossing, he was crouched beside the rock ledge now, peering through a screen of boughs. He saw Stanley pick her up unprotestingly, and he saw too what happened there in mid-stream.

A silent fury seethed in the 'breed to think that his sharp warning was scorned five minutes after it was given. He read the unacknowledged passion of this stranger, Clarke, for the fiancée of Tyee Harl. It was not, as he had first supposed, an affair of lips and eyes for one moonlit hour, but a passion that loomed like an ever-darkening shadow over her marriage.

With a snarl Méti Paul watched Stanley splash back across the creek for his things, and rejoin her, and go on with her out of sight. All his plans, built around her marriage to Tyee Harl, were tumbling down like a house of cards. God's Mercie, the marriage post, was looming up just ahead; her choice would have to be made before then—and he felt sure her choice would be not Armstrong but this stranger.

But if Clarke were removed—

Twice that day Méti Paul had considered speaking to Tyee Harl; now he turned to that as a certain and a deadly weapon. He saw a danger to himself in that, too; but it was as nothing to the specter of Frances marrying Clarke. . . . .

Standing on a shelf that sloped down into the water, they began casting out upon the foamy swirls where trout were leaping. Stanley drew in a couple of half-pounders, but the luck was chiefly Frances'; and he preferred to help her land them with his butterfly net and put them on the stringer. When she had caught a dozen, she laid her rod down and said: "Don't you think we should stop now? We have plenty."

They sat down then by the water-edge.

AS the twilight was deepening, great Arctic owls winged across the open space above the creek; close at hand two whippoorwills began their repetitious calling, and the red glow was fast fading from high clouds in the sky.

"You've met him now," Frances suddenly said. "What do you think of—of Harl?"

After several moments, he answered: "I'm remembering what you said of him last night, Frances. It's true, it's true."

She waited for him to say something more, to give her only a word; but Stanley looked away from her, silent.

"You're going with—with us? Harl told you of the Indian trouble, but you'll go with us?"

"At God's Mercie—you're going with him there; you'll marry him there? That's what you intend?" he asked.

She nodded, though her throat choked.

"You don't love Harl," he said.

"But I do! I do!"

"You don't want to marry him."

That brought her up sharp. She had no answer to that.

He said slowly: "But we—you mustn't hurt Harl. You don't dare hurt him."

Unawares, he heard voices mingled with the sound of the overfalls. They grew plainer; he turned in time to see Harl and Avery come out of the pines and to hear Harl's cheery, "Hello!"

THEY had brought with them a camping outfit and other things necessary to a supper here. After a few moments' chatting, Avery took the string of trout down to a riffle to prepare them; and Stanley, wishing to contribute his bit, went back along the trail to pick some oyster-shell mushrooms he had noticed on a log.

Frances had taken off her gloves and veil to help Harl with this supper, and she was waiting Harl's initiative, with that quiet docility or acceptance which had always been the chiefest trait he loved in her. In this first moment of their being alone together, Harl was shaken with a desire to end those doubts which preyed upon him. He went up to her and took her hands and demanded: "You're glad now—glad you've come back?"

"Yes, I'm glad." And then into her mind swept a flood of memories. Of how Harl's visits used to break the loneliness for her at God's Mercie. Of one November day when she and Harl went skating back into White Wolf Hills to herd his reindeer. Of that "other evening" here when they had laid plans for a lifetime together. Of the checks that had come to her four times a year since then.

She repeated, earnestly, impulsively: "Oh, I'm glad, Harl!"

Harl drew her close to him and kissed her hair, her lips. She did not resist him, but there was something in her yielding which made him release her and say humbly: "I'm sorry. You—you didn't want me to."

Frances could not bear the hurt look, the question and fear, so plain on his features. She lied desperately, whispering, "But, Harl, we're not alone!" and turned quickly aside to help find wood for their camp-fire.

As Harl scraped away the moss and needles to build a fire on bare soil, he tried to make himself believe that his fears were ridiculous. But the aching doubt had risen stronger than before. Frances had changed.

After a few moments of despair, he began reasoning doggedly with himself: "But she's been away for two years. That's long enough to make me almost a stranger to her. I can't expect, just a few hours after meeting her. . . . . I was worse than an Indian toward her just now. . . . . I'll have to give her a chance to remember, to get acquainted, to be friends again."

When Frances came back with an armful of fuel and crouched down near him, handing him sticks to feed the tiny blaze, he began talking of those things which had been in common between them and which might draw her closer to him.

"Avery has been telling me a good deal about airplanes, Frances. He knows of a plane at Regina, almost a twin to his and only been in the air a couple of dozen hours, which I can get for three thousand. If he can hold it for us till fall, we'll be able to buy it then."

"But I don't want a plane, Harl, unless you—"

"Why, it'll be mighty useful in a dozen ways. Before many months Steel-End on the H. B. will be pushed through to Fort Churchill. Think of us being only a few hours from a railroad!"

"When the ships start coming to Churchill, it'll give you the very best of facilities in marketing your reindeer, wont it, Harl?"

IT was like former times again, having Frances plan with him and discuss things. Harl built up his little blazing pyramid. "I'll be closer to New York and London than Winnipeg is now! And our plane—we wont feel so out of the world, Frances. They're using planes all through Alaska and the upper Yukon now—hunters, prospectors, the Mounted—in worse country than this for flying."

He went on: "You know, this morning I was talking to Stanley about those swarms of caribou flies. He didn't realize they were

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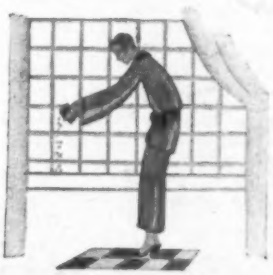

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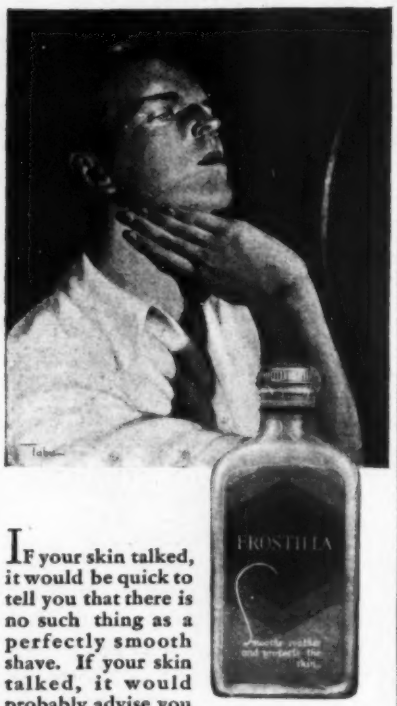

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a person's worst enemy in reindeer ranching, but he surely knew everything else about them; and he promised to try to work out some method of eradicating or controlling them. It's certainly nice of him."

Frances' heart quickened. Stanley was going on with them to the White Wolf Hills! It gladdened her to feel this liking between Stanley and Harl; it was like a confirmation of her own judgment, for Harl did not give his friendship to many men. Her foster-father had been one; Sergeant English over at Fullerton was another; beyond those two, she knew of none—until Stanley, now.

The four of them had supper together there by the overfalls, with Avery chatting away at his usual light-hearted clip. Shortly afterward he left them; a thunderstorm was rolling up from the southeast, and he wanted to anchor his plane more securely and cover the cockpit. Harl and Frances and Stanley watched the twinkle of his flashlight down the path and across the creek.

OVER his pipe Harl began talking about his trouble down north.

"Those Dogrib-French *métis* north of God's Mercie are all worked up over the idea of me daring to bring in supplies by airplane, Stanley. They don't mind charging me up to fifty cents a pound for freight—and bringing it whenever they take a mind to. They'll make a solemn agreement with you at a certain figure; then when they get the stuff halfway, they'll sit down on a portage and say 'Price too cheap; no go no furder.' And by golly, you'll pay 'em double the agreed price or they'll let your stuff lie there and rot! You can no more stir them with arguments about their promise or honor, than a log-chain can swim a river."

He placed the last of the wood on the fire.

"It's a little different story about the Smokies working for me. The trouble there all boils down to their shiftlessness. Most of the ranch work falls in the summertime, and that's when they like to do extra high-power loafing. Just when the caribou migration is passing and there's danger of my herd being sucked in and lost to the last hoof, that's when the Smokies are liable to run off and slaughter a band of musk-ox they've heard a rumor about. And they *will* keep dogs. Dogs and reindeer don't mix—especially those half-wolf mongrels they've got. We don't need dogs; a 'deer is a better sled animal any day.

"Here's another thing, Stanley. (I'm just hitting the high spots, you know.) I ought to put up some wild hay each summer. About one spring out of four, along comes a March chinook for a couple of days that turns the snow to slush. When the next blizzard hits, it freezes the slush to ice, coats the whole range with solid ice, and the 'deer can't paw down to the cladonia moss. You can lose your herd in two weeks of that. Just a little wild hay will tide you over fine, and I've got tens of thousands of acres of it! But at cutting-time I almost have to use a gun to keep the men from pitching off to some whitefish lake and leaving me in the lurch."

STANLEY said: "Yes, Frances told me, last evening at Lac Cœur d'Or, about that. But she says you have little trouble with them when winter comes."

"After the freeze-up you couldn't drive them away from the ranch with a gun. A man will take his family and slip away in June; he'll show up again in October and ask for supplies, just as blithely as if he'd never been gone. They haven't any more ideas of responsibility or steadiness than a plaster-paris dog has got fleas. It's the old story—dancing all summer and starving all winter; and it's a long winter we have down here, Stanley!"

"Why don't you bring in a better set of men, Harl—either Eskimos or these Crees here at Kez-Etawney?"

"Yes, that would work. But you've got to consider a lot of things. For instance, you don't like to see their women and kids starve. You'd rather fight along the best you can with them and try to wean them away from their weathercock way of living. And those Indians aren't a bad lot, except a few of them. They're just grown-up children."

Stanley nodded. He could see that Harl was trying to lift those nomad bands to the same level as the Indians at Mile 256. He was conducting nothing less than an experiment in primitive sociology. But the thing that really kept him struggling along with them was his tender-heartedness; however much he tried to pretend otherwise, he pitied them, he could not be hard and calloused and drive them away.

Harl went on: "So far I've been able to hold them. But now I don't know. This Bull Back-Fat is stirring trouble. He wants to be the big squeegee over the White Wolf Indians, and I sort of cramp his style. And there's some other reasons why he'd like to 'get' me and blot out my ranch."

Stanley saw Frances shudder and draw a little closer to Harl in the firelight; and he saw the significant glance between them.

Harl concluded: "With this Indian and *méti* trouble both coming at the same time, I'm in for a show-down. And I hope it comes in a hurry, for I haven't much doubt what the result will be."

He laid his pipe aside and arose and said: "I'll fetch more wood—unless you want to go back to the post now." When Stanley and Frances objected, he started out to where he had noticed a dead fallen jack-pine.

THE thunderstorm in the southeastern sky was not so many miles away. A wind was soughing and moaning through the boughs overhead. It was gloomy dark under the pines; and the overfalls, swaying in the fitful breeze, rose and fell in a strange minor incantation.

Harl had spoken so lightly of his trouble down north that even Frances was still deceived about it. As far as personal danger to Frances and Stanley and himself was concerned, he was indeed not alarmed. But his ranch there on the Arctic plains; the wilderness estate he had built up with his own hands until it had become a part of him; the blue shepherd hills and the poppy-carpeted, bee-thrumming valleys shimmering under the long summer sun and even more beautiful to him when they lay white and silent under the flash and play of the borealis—all that *was* in danger of being wiped out, and Harl knew it.

But Harl was thinking chiefly of Frances, as he found his way through the blackness under the pines. Something lacked. Something had happened with her that drew her away from him. She no longer met his eyes with the innocent fearlessness of that night here two years ago. He groped for reasons, but he could not think clearly—of her.

As he passed beside the low-branched balsam, Harl suddenly stopped, aware that an animal or man was close upon him. Then, a moment later, a whisper came out of the blackness, a shadow moved, and something touched his arm. Harl's hand dropped to the heavy revolver at his belt. But he did not draw, for the whisper came again:

"*C'est moi*—Paul Groudin. Do not speak aloud, Tyee."

"What—Paul? What are you doing here? What's happened?"

"Let us go a little farther away from those two yonder," Méti Paul whispered sibilantly. "There is something the Tyee must know tonight."

This engaging novel by the author of "Hearts Aflight" continues with ever-increasing power in our forthcoming April issue.

I WISH MY {WIFE / HUSBAND} REALIZED

(Continued from page 45)

That a husband gets in his business all the chastening his ego needs, and that what he wants from his wife is "Attaboy!"

That if his manners aren't always Chesterfieldian, neither are those of his contemporaries.

That when I take a bridge bid away from my wife it isn't purely a desire to "play all the hands."

That I prefer to buy my own cigars.

That a wife should cultivate a sense of humor.

That a woman should do the best she can with what she has.

That all men flick ashes on the rug.

That a courtier would be a poor husband.

That deeds speak louder than words.

That people must take me as I am or go take a jump in the lake.

That men hate high-brow stuff.

That I don't know anything about art but I know what I like.

That a wife is bound to hear all his stories at least six times.

That a wife can discuss matters of conduct without bringing in all the failings and mistakes of her spouse.

That it makes for peace in a family to treat your husband with the ordinary courtesy that you would extend to the ice-man.

That lack of money to get a wife a new dress may not prove a husband a failure.

That, on the other hand, economy may at times consist in going into debt for things that make life easier and brighter.

That it doesn't help domestic bliss to remind a husband of all his bad investments.

That in his association with other men he must spend a certain amount of money foolishly or be regarded as a short-skate.

That, having married a man because he isn't like everybody else, it's not sense to try to alter him to fit the regular pattern.

That the woman who says nice things to your husband may sincerely mean them.

That when your husband sometimes fails to listen to what you are saying it may be because he is figuring out a business problem, and not because he is bored.

That a husband is usually doing the best he can.

That patience is a virtue.

That men don't like to dress for dinner.

That a man's judgment about people is, because of his broader experience, better than his wife's.

That a man's work should come first in a wife's consideration, and her own concerns second.

That my wife doesn't understand me.

That marriage must necessarily be a partnership.

That a wife's criticism frequently is all that keeps a man from being a prize idiot.

That all women adore the man with charming manners.

That it's doubtful whether Work, Whitehead and Lenz are bridge experts—in their wives' opinions.

That wives buy better cigars for their husbands than men buy for themselves. They have to smell the smoke.

That very few husbands have any to cultivate.

That if she does, he wont do the best he can with what brain he has.

That that alibi is no good with any wife.

That a wise husband plays the courtier.

Not to a woman.

That a wife takes you as better than you are, and wants you to live up to it.

That most men gain culture only by being nagged into it.

That any wife can prove that it can't be art if her husband likes it.

That you can't expect her to laugh at them every time.

That putting a husband in the wrong is a universal weapon of wives.

That a stenographer would quit her job if you talked to her as some men talk to their wives.

That a new dress does more for a woman's morale than anything else in the world.

That your wife thinks she can use the money better for something else. And that debt doesn't brighten a woman's life.

That a wife doesn't win when a husband loses.

That a wife feels she must keep up with her neighbors.

That if your wife isn't interested in politics or economics, it's no use getting mad about it.

That the man who takes the trouble to be nice to women isn't necessarily a parlor snake.

That what you said to the boss and what he said to you may not be absorbingly interesting to the little woman, who has heard it all before.

That he doesn't really know how well he can do until his wife shows him.

That the man who has a patient wife is usually selfish.

That wives like to dress for anything.

That a man's judgment about women is regarded by all women as puerile.

That a wife's work keeps a husband in shape for his job, and besides, the place for *his* work is the office.

That she understands you too well.

That there is no such thing as a silent partner.

By Mr. and Mrs. Benedict

And now that we've got our balanced statement from 157,648 wives and 157,648 husbands, where are we?

Just where we started.

157,648,000 wives and 157,648,000 husbands couldn't do any better for us. For the husbands are all men and the wives are all women—and all you can get out of that is a hung jury. . . . . After all, we'll have to bake our own bread.

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Round the World With the Titcombs

By Donald Ogden Stewart

[Author of "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad"]

Illustrated by L. T. Holton

"Does it say in the guide book," he asked, "how long I should look at each picture?"

No. 3—ART IS LONG IN PARIS

FERGUSON J. ("PEEWEE") TITCOMB, husband of the rich granddaughter of the discoverer of Pearson's Vegetable Tonic, gazed doubtfully at the painting.

"Where do you think we had better have lunch?" he inquired of Mrs. Titcomb.

His wife looked down on him from the contemptuous heights of the esthetic appreciation which was beginning to overcome her whenever she stood with her Baedeker in front of anything that was marked.

"You're going to stay right here," she announced, "and look at these pictures."

Peewee glanced down the marble lengths of the Louvre.

"All of them?" he asked, somewhat tremulously.

"Every one of them," replied his wife. "We're not going around the world just so that you can eat lunch."

Peewee took out his watch.

"Does it say in the guide book," he asked, "how long I should look at each picture?"

"It does not!" snapped his wife.

"Do you suppose that maybe two minutes more on this one would be enough?" he questioned.

His wife's contempt increased.

"Do you realize," she demanded, consulting the guide book, "that this is perhaps the greatest painting in the world—that from those immortal eyes—"

"Five minutes, then," said Peewee hastily.

His wife was a woman of few compromises.

"You'll look at it just as long as I do!" she announced.

Peewee shifted feet and leaned on his umbrella. This trip around the world promised to be very educational. Here they were only in Paris, and there must be art galleries in Rome and Florence and Vienna and Budapest. He groaned and thought of China. Maybe there weren't any art galleries in China.

"When do we get to China?" he asked.

But his wife did not reply. She was reading the book again now, and so Peewee, somewhat sullenly, fixed his attention on the painting.

"What's the name of it?" he asked his wife.

"It is the celebrated *Madonna of the Rocks*," Mrs. Titcomb answered.

"Rocks?" questioned Peewee, doubtfully, walking closer to the painting.

"It is considered by many," continued his wife, "to be da Vinci's masterpiece, expressing as it does the mystery of life, the sumptuousness of—"

She stopped suddenly.

A little way down the hall a group of visitors were surrounding a painting which was being explained to them by a guide. The guide's voice was quite loud, and this is what Peewee and his wife overheard:

"This is the famous *Madonna of the Rocks*," he was saying, "painted by Leonardo da Vinci in—"

Peewee looked at his wife and smiled.

"Probably some other rocks," he suggested benignantly, "or some other Leonardo da Vinci—" And then, seeing a certain look come into his wife's jaw, he quickly returned to his contemplation of the painting.

(Next month—a good one on the King of Spain.)

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SMILING JIMMY TOUTS

(Continued from page 83)

"You asked for two."

"I've got to pay you back," Jimmy reminded him. "I need that extra grand to work with."

"Ever hear of me staking a man who came to me as you've done?"

"No sir."

"Think I'm going to give you two thousand dollars just because you walk in here and ask me for it?"

"Yes sir."

Colonel Allentown threw back his head and laughed soundlessly. He wiped his lips carefully with his napkin.

"Perry!" he said.

"Yes sir," said the secretary.

"Go down to the desk with this young man and get him two thousand dollars."

"Yes sir," said the secretary.

He opened the door leading to the hall and stood aside for Smiling Jimmy to pass out.

"Thanks," said Smiling Jimmy to the Colonel.

"Don't mention it," the Colonel replied.

Smiling Jimmy walked out. The secretary followed him and closed the door. Colonel Allentown slapped his knee and laughed aloud.

"There's a hustler after my own heart," he said gleefully. "Wow! I got a kick out of that!"

THE WHINING KID stood in the train shed with Smiling Jimmy watching the taillights of the Crescent City Limited recede in the general direction of New York.

"Nice folks," Smiling Jimmy said warmly, speaking of the Florios, now safely aboard the train.

"All right," said the Whining Kid. "We wont fight about that. What I want to know is when do we eat?"

"Right away," said Smiling Jimmy. "That is, if—"

"If what?" the Whining Kid asked, alarmed.

"If you want to work for it," Smiling Jimmy explained. "Listen to me close now and don't be dumb about what you hear."

A half-hour later Smiling Jimmy and the Whining Kid walked into the Heather Glen night-club and ordered a dinner with bootleg trimmings that ran into real money. With the entrée came the club proprietor, Nate Montcrieff, smiling, hand extended.

"Well, Jimmy!" he said hospitably. "First time I've seen you this winter. Still picking winners, I suppose?"

"Gettin' my share," said Jimmy modestly. "Nate, I want you to meet a friend o' mine from up east—Sharkey Tyler. This is Nate Montcrieff, Sharkey."

The Heather Glen proprietor and the Whining Kid shook hands.

"Down here for the racing?" Montcrieff asked.

"Mr. Tyler's one of the best known of the younger bookmakers around the eastern tracks," Smiling Jimmy explained.

"So?" said Montcrieff, impressed. "Operating here, Mr. Tyler?"

"Not much," said Smiling Jimmy, speaking for the Whining Kid. "He's here on a vacation but o' course he can't lay off altogether. He takes a bet here an' there from people he knows."

"Got to keep your hand in, hey?" Montcrieff chuckled.

"That's it," said the Whining Kid. "Doin' just enough to keep in practice."

"You better not practice on Jimmy McCann," Montcrieff warned him. "I never see a man could pick horses like Jimmy."

"He's poison," the Whining Kid agreed.

Summer Snow-peaks! . . . no words can overtell the lure of the High Sierra . . .

High Sierra glaciers and snow-pockets fascinate Southern California's summer vacationists

[Written by an Easterner who came to Southern California in 1927]

BLIZZARD-SWEPT and ice-locked, and resisting close approach, the High Sierra assume even more awesome magnificence in winter.

Just after I came to Southern California I had my thrills crossing the Sierra via Tioga Pass one *July* day, driving through snow-pockets and fishing icy trout-abounding waters. I longed to experience the Sierra's winter moods.

With eastern visitors I have been basking in the mellow winter sunshine of the Owens Valley town of Lone Pine, watching great snow-swirls batter themselves against the shivery gray granite walls of Mt. Whitney. The contrast between the valley's sunny comfort and the mad battle on that loftiest of United States peaks (14,501 ft.) is astounding. I wish you had witnessed it, too.

The photograph above was made last July. So, when you come out this summer, a few hours drive from Los Angeles will put you into the heart of thousands of square miles of scenery so faithfully expressed in the illustration.

To my never ending delight I find islands rivalling Capri rising out of the blue Pacific; for 270 miles extends an American Riviera. Golden-fruited orange groves are on every side as you motor to the Old Spanish Missions. Beaches are broad and safe. You will quickly agree with me that there is no end to the new things to see and do here!

Los Angeles, with its Hollywood—in the very heart of this scenic wonderland—is the Pacific coast metropolis! Gay hotels, cafes, fine theatres, "Symphonies under the Stars" in the Hollywood Bowl—everything! Night life, you too will find, lacks nothing. Los Angeles County oil fields alone are rated at a billion dollars. Agricultural products annually approximate $95,000,000. Hawaii is reached over the southern route from Los Angeles.

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Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

"How do you like Hawaii Lad in the third race tomorrow, Jimmy?" Montcrieff inquired anxiously.

Jimmy shrugged. "You know me, Nate," he said. "I never ask questions nor answer 'em when it comes to horses. Never take tips nor give 'em. I pick my own and play my own."

"Stingy!" Montcrieff chided him.

"Not that," said Jimmy. "If I gave you a horse 'at could win, an' he had bad racing luck, you'd blame me for losing your dough for you."

"I wouldn't do that, Jimmy," Montcrieff protested.

"Maybe not," said Jimmy. "Anyhow it's a rule with me. I never tout."

"You like Hawaii Lad?" the Whining Kid asked. "I'll lay him for you. Two, four to five and one to three. The track odds'll be less."

"Sure," said Montcrieff. "Two hundred to win, two hundred show."

"Done," said the Whining Kid, and scribbled a memorandum.

Smiling Jimmy called a cigarette-girl. He selected his smokes and fumbled in his pockets.

"Nate, split this ten-mile note for me, will you?" he asked, handing Montcrieff a thousand-dollar bill. "I haven't got a cent of change."

Montcrieff, impressed, brought the change in hundreds and tens.

"You got the life, Jimmy," he said enviously. "If I could pick 'em like you I'd never worry with this night-club racket. Lots of grief in it."

"Every bug to its own crack," said Jimmy. "Can't all be cockroaches."

"Don't be a stranger," Montcrieff begged, rising.

"We'll be around," Jimmy promised.

Montcrieff went away to salve other customers. Smiling Jimmy and the Whining Kid went on with their meal.

Over the coffee they got into an argument. Their voices rose as the verbal battle grew hotter. Customers at the other tables became interested. Suddenly Smiling Jimmy stood up and slapped the Whining Kid's face. The Whining Kid leaped to his feet and made a pass at Jimmy. They clinched and wrestled, upsetting their table. Waiters grabbed them, pulled them apart. Nate Montcrieff stepped between them, begging them to be good.

"I'll pay for what's broke," Smiling Jimmy promised. "I just want one good sock at that lousy little rat."

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" Montcrieff begged. "You two boys are friends. You don't want to fight."

"Friends!" the Whining Kid snarled, struggling to get at Jimmy. "Just gimme one swipe at him an' I'll bed him down in the morgue!"

The waiters finally got them well apart. The Whining Kid joined a near-by party, the members of which were glad to feed him drinks to learn what the row was about. Smiling Jimmy paid the check and left, vowing vengeance.

"I'll get him!" the Whining Kid declared loudly when Smiling Jimmy was gone. "Tryin' to tell me Colin was a greater horse than Man o' War, the dirty pup! I'll get him!"

IN the third race the next afternoon Hawaii Lad ran fourth. In the evening the Whining Kid dropped in at the Heather Glen and collected four hundred dollars from Nate Montcrieff. Also he laid him another horse in the following day's race, place and show. The horse showed and again the Whining Kid and Nate adjusted their financial affairs, with a slight profit to the former, and again Nate made a bet. Also he inquired after Smiling Jimmy.

"Don't mention that guy's name to me!" the Whining Kid snarled. "I'll get that guy one o' these days an' get him right!"

For a week the Whining Kid visited the Heather Glen Club each night and each night he took a bet from Nate Montcrieff. Sometimes he lost and sometimes he won. At the end of the week the balance was several hundred dollars in favor of the Whining Kid. Jimmy had not been seen in the club since the night of the fight.

Then, one evening, Smiling Jimmy dropped in alone. Nate Montcrieff greeted him cordially.

"Where you been?" he asked.

"Around," said Jimmy.

"Your friend's been in every night."

Jimmy raised his brows questioningly.

"Mr. Tyler," Montcrieff explained.

"Friend!" Jimmy exclaimed bitterly. "I'll get that guy if it's the last thing I ever do in this life! Listen, Nate, I know I brought him in here an' introduced him to you an' all that, but I'm tellin' you he's a wrong one."

"He's into me for a few hundred on the week," Nate said darkly.

"He been layin' you?" Jimmy asked eagerly.

Nate nodded. "Every day, for a bet or two," he said. "I haven't had much luck."

JIMMY leaned across the table, his eyes glowing.

"Listen, Nate—do somethin' for me, will you?" he asked. "I know how I can get at this guy but you'll have to help me."

"Sure," said Nate. "What's the play?"

Jimmy reached in his pocket and fished out a roll of bills.

"Play a thousand for me with him, will you?" he asked. "Don't let him know it's from me, you understand, or he wouldn't take it. He knows I can pick 'em an' he doesn't want any part o' my bettin'. Just let on this is your own an' I'll take him for a wad that'll send him to the bank with a pick an' shovel. I'll make him dig!"

"Put your money up," Nate said. "Me an' Tyler bet the finger and settle each night. Sure, I'll play the thousand for you. What's the horse?"

"Dancing Demon in the last race tomorrow," Jimmy whispered. "He'll be around ten or fifteen to one an' he can't lose. I happen to know somethin' about that race. It's one o' those things, see? It's all ribbed. There's only three horses in that race got a chance to trim the Demon an' the jocks on all of those three are greased. They're gettin' plenty bet for 'em on the Demon an'-they're all three of 'em goin' to have a lot o' bad racin' luck, see? I'd have you bet more'n a thousan' for me but I'm afraid Tyler might smell somethin' an' refuse the bet."

"Ten or fifteen to one and sure!" Nate gloated. "Oh, boy! Listen, Jimmy, are you sure Tyler's good for that strong a take? He wont welch on us, will he?"

"No," said Jimmy positively. "He's a no-good pup an' I hate him from hat to shoes, but I got to say for him that he's on the up-an'-up. He pays. Anyhow, Nate, you take this dough an' keep it to protect yourself."

"Oh, no," said Nate. "If you say he's good for it, he's good for it as far's I'm concerned."

"Take it," Jimmy insisted, pressing the bills on Montcrieff. "I don't ask anybody to hold the bag for me. Do you s'pose Tyler'll be in tonight?"

Montcrieff nodded. "Due any time," he said.

"I'll slip along then," Jimmy said, rising. "Be better if he don't know I've been around. Give him the works easy now, Nate. Don't get him suspicious."

"No," said Montcrieff. "I'll handle him O. K. Don't worry."

A HALF-HOUR later the Whining Kid appeared. After a little Nate Montcrieff wandered to his table and sat down. He paid Tyler a hundred and eighty that he owed on the day's betting and suggested a bottle of wine. While waiting for the champagne to be brought, he ostentatiously studied a racing form for the following day.

"You've been knocking me off pretty regular, Mr. Tyler," he said. "I'm well in the barrel on the week."

"That's the way it goes," the Whining Kid said philosophically. "Up an' down. First me an' then you. It evens up in the long run."

"I'm sick of betting on these short-price horses," Montcrieff said. "I need a long shot to put me on top."

"That's where you're wrong," said the Whining Kid. "Stay with the short-price solid horses an' you'll win in the end."

"That's your story," said Montcrieff. "I got a different tale. Now, here's one I like. In the last race—the Dancing Demon."

"A pig!" said the Whining Kid scornfully. "Leave that one for the suckers, Mr. Montcrieff. I wouldn't want to see you waste your money on one like that. He's outclassed for one thing. Three horses goin' in that frame that can take him in a gallop. Besides that he's yellow even when he's runnin' with horses of his own class. He just aint a horse, that Dancin' Demon."

"I like him," Montcrieff said stubbornly. "What'll you give me on him?"

"Let's have a look at that form," the Whining Kid said. He glanced over the entries and made a grimace.

"If you're bound to play this pig, I might as well have your dough as leave some other goof take it," he said. "I'll lay you fifteen to one on him."

"I'll take a thousand at that price," Montcrieff said, trying unsuccessfully to make his voice sound casual.

"A grand?" the Whining Kid said, surprised. "Pressin' a little, aint you?"

"Tired of piking," Montcrieff explained. "I want to win a wad or go on the nut, one of the two."

"You'll go on the nut," the Whining Kid promised him. "A thousan' to win?"

"Right," said Montcrieff.

"Done," said the Whining Kid and scribbled a memorandum. "I thought you were a smart horse-player, Mr. Montcrieff," he said almost regretfully. "You ought to know better than to stab at a long shot like this one."

"I like the horse," Montcrieff insisted. "I'll go for a little more on him if you want it."

THE Whining Kid shrugged. "A grand's plenty," he said.

"I heard you'd take any amount," Montcrieff said, sneering. "Heard you were a game layer that never got scared."

"Scared!" said the Whining Kid. "Of a pig like Dancin' Demon? Say, fella, I'm tryin' to let you down easy!"

"I'm of age," Montcrieff said. "What about it? Want to take some more on the Dancing Demon?"

"Sure!" said the Whining Kid nastily. "Same price. All you want of it! You think I'm yella, huh? Tryin' to let you off easy—an' all I get for it is, you think I'm yella! Long's you feel that way about it I'll take you for what I can get."

"Take two thousand more?" Montcrieff asked with a quaver in his voice.

"Like a baby takes milk," the Whining Kid agreed. "Two thousan'? That your limit?"

"Make it five more," Montcrieff said, shaking. "Six in all."

"Done," said the Whining Kid, making a further memorandum. He laughed. "Don't tell me I didn't warn you! I'm tellin' you that horse aint got a chance. I might just as well be layin' you a hundred to one on him."

請乘總統輪船

Noted traveler* explains new way to see the World

Harry A. Franck, author-traveler, in the accompanying article, has described with great clarity the advantages of this unique steamship service. You go as you please, stopping where you please for as long as you like. Then when you are ready, continue on a similar ship in identical accommodations.

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*HARRY A. FRANCK

Harry A. Franck

World Traveler and Author of
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"Yes?" said Montcrieff, smiling. "I hope the loss wont hurt you—because you're going to lose."

The Whining Kid shrugged. "Oh—the loss!" he said lightly. "I could take it without gettin' dizzy if all the other horses in the race dropped dead an' this pig o' yours did happen to stagger around without fallin' down. I had a pretty good season up east this year. Let's split another bottle o' wine on what you're goin' to pay me tomorrow."

When the Whining Kid had departed, Montcrieff got Smiling Jimmy on the phone and told him the news.

"Oh, great!" said Jimmy joyfully. "Landed for five grand of your own in addition to my thousan'? Baby! I guess this'll jar that guy Tyler's back teeth loose! Didn't think he'd fall for that much. You didn't let him know I was in on it, did you?"

"Oh, no, sure not," Montcrieff said. "He didn't suspect a thing, either."

"Great," said Jimmy. "Listen, Nate, one thing: Don't tell anyone about this horse. Keep it dark. I've sent away two thousan' to be bet for me in pool-rooms all over the country. A little here an' a little there, you know. Takin' the track odds. The stable's bettin' it that way too. Not puttin' anything into the machines here. If the news got out here in town the boys might bet plenty an' hammer the odds down on us. Keep it to yourself, will you?"

"Sure," Nate promised. "Absolutely. Wont tell a soul. See you at the track tomorrow, Jimmy."

NATE MONTCRIEFF kept his promise for at least ten minutes after it was made. Then a particular friend of his dropped in and he gave the word to him under pledge of the strictest secrecy and the promise not to bet more than a hundred. The friend went forth and gave it to fifteen or twenty others and these in turn scurried around and passed the tip to scores more. Nate got mellow and generous along toward morning and whispered the tip to a few more cronies. By post time the following day the tip on Dancing Demon was about as secret as the name of the reigning king of England!

AFTER the running of the second race Smiling Jimmy located Montcrieff in the grandstand. Jimmy wore a worried look.

"Listen, Nate, you didn't spill this Dancin' Demon thing to anybody, did you?" he asked.

"No," Nate lied. "Didn't tell a soul, Jimmy. Honest!"

"Somebody's squawked," Jimmy said. "The tip's all over the bettin' ring downstairs. Everybody's got it, from the stewards on down to the swipes over on the back-side. I'm afraid they'll hammer the odds down on us."

"We should fret," said Nate. "We got ours laid with Tyler at fifteen to one."

"Yeh, but I'm takin' the track odds for two thousan' out through the country," Jimmy reminded him. "That aint so good for me."

"Oh," said Nate, trying to sound sympathetic. "I forgot about that. Who do you suppose let it out?"

"I dunno," said Jimmy. "If I could find the guy I'd put him where he wouldn't be able to talk for a spell—I'll promise you that!"

When the first odds, the morning approximation, went up on the board prior to the running of the last race, Dancing Demon was quoted at twenty to one.

The second approximation of odds went up. The Dancing Demon showed at ten to one.

"There you are," said Jimmy glumly. "They're backin' him. Somebody's broadcast this thing."

Nate Montcrieff squirmed guiltily.

The bugle blew for the horses to leave the paddock. The third approximation of odds was posted. Dancing Demon showed at four to one!

"If I could find the guy that blabbed this!" Jimmy wailed. "Nate, you're sure you didn't tell a soul?"

"Didn't open my mouth," Nate lied. "Must have been somebody else."

The horses came on the track, led by the red-coated parade leader. They passed the grandstand in review, and the final approximation of odds went up. Dancing Demon was backed down to nine to five! Less than two to one. He was the favorite!

"I'm worried," Jimmy admitted.

"What's the matter?" Nate asked.

"Plenty," said Jimmy. "If this pig wins now after bein' backed down to the first choice, the stewards are maybe goin' to get nosey an' ask how come. It's too big a form reversal hooked in with this bettin' that's got no sense to it. He could win at fifteen or twenty to one an' no questions asked, but with all this money played on him—"

"They wont disqualify him, will they?" Nate asked fearfully.

"Liable to if he wins," said Jimmy. "What I'm frettin' about is he's liable not to win now. Them jocks aint dumb. They'll roll over an' play dead if they can make it look good, but with this outsider so heavily backed—I dunno! It looks bad to me—an' believe me, fella, I can't afford to spit away three thousan' without feelin' it. I'm goin' to be hard hit if this don't come off!"

"Me too," said Nate fearfully. "I got five thousand of my own on him, you know. Maybe it will be all right."

"Maybe," said Jimmy pessimistically. "I doubt it."

The horses fussed at the barrier for a time and finally broke in line. As they passed the grandstand Dancing Demon was a bad last.

"It's over," Jimmy said sadly. "They aren't even shootin' with him."

"It's a long race," Montcrieff said, desperately hopeful. "Maybe he'll come from behind."

"He'll finish where he started," Jimmy prophesied. "Last. They're afraid to pull it with the horse backed down to a favorite. Oh, if I could only find out who blabbed this!"

Dancing Demon finished last by ten lengths. He was scarcely under the wire when a small mob besieged Nate Montcrieff demanding to know where he got the tip he had given.

"So you passed it out!" Jimmy exclaimed.

"I only told two or three people," Montcrieff whined. "They promised to keep it to themselves."

"Listen," said Jimmy in a whisper. "For the love o' Pete don't let Tyler know that he's winnin' any o' my money. I couldn't bear that! Keep it dark, Nate, an' I'll slip you another one soon that'll go over an' break this guy."

"Sure," said Montcrieff. "Honest, Jimmy, I didn't mean to let it get around."

Jimmy shook his head reprovingly. "The next thing I give you, keep still about it," he urged. "We got to take this guy Tyler an' get our money back."

THE WHINING KID dropped in at the Heather Glen at seven-thirty and collected—a thousand of Smiling Jimmy's money and five thousand from Nate Montcrieff.

"I told you," he crowed. "Where'd you get the idea this pig Dancing Demon could win? He didn't have a chance!"

"You're pretty lucky!" Nate growled. "Never mind. There'll be another day."

The Whining Kid pocketed the winnings and departed. A few minutes later Smiling Jimmy dropped in. Nate Montcrieff sat at a table with him.

"Got anything for tomorrow?" he asked eagerly.

"Nope," said Smiling Jimmy. "I broke

my rule for once and touted you. You spread it all over town and killed the thing. That's good enough for me. Never again!"

"Jimmy!" Montcrieff pleaded. "Give me a chance to get even."

A pair of entertainers, a man and woman, were dancing in the middle of the floor.

"Bum hoofers!" Jimmy sneered. "Not half as good as the Florios."

"The Florios!" Montcrieff exclaimed. "I had them here for a while."

"Yeh," said Smiling Jimmy. "I know. They told me." He rose and laughed at Montcrieff. "Well, sucker," he said genially, "good night! Don't take any more wooden nickels. The bank wont cash 'em."

He passed out while Montcrieff sat at the table gasping like a newly hooked fish and managing, at last, to put two and two together and get something approximating four.

ON a near-by corner Smiling Jimmy met the Whining Kid and led him to a restaurant that had private booths. Ensconced in one of these Jimmy took a fat roll from the Whining Kid.

"We make about five thousan' seven hundred an' fifty off the sucker all told," he estimated. "A grand o' that enough for you, kid?"

"A grand!" said the Whining Kid. "First time I ever knew that was anything but a word."

From the restaurant Smiling Jimmy went to a telegraph office and wired Tony Florio as follows:

"You don't owe me a dime. Collected from Montcrieff for back salary and damages. Regards to Nina. My best.

"Jimmy McCann."

Thereafter he made his way to the hotel and called on Colonel Allentown.

"There's your two grand, Colonel," he said, handing him the money. "Many thanks for the lift."

"Hit a long shot?" the Colonel asked.

"No," said Smiling Jimmy. "Touted a sucker."

The Colonel frowned. "Didn't think you were a tout," he said.

"I aint," said Smiling Jimmy. "This wise guy I took was the gypster that put my pal in the jam. He had it comin', Colonel. I never touted a guy before an' I never will again."

"Um," said the Colonel, smiling. "There are times—and times. Good luck, son."

Smiling Jimmy left the room with all his debts paid, Florio enriched by a thousand and the Whining Kid paid off with as much, and still he had better than twenty-five hundred in his pocket. He met the Whining Kid in the lobby.

"You're a record-breaker," the Whining Kid said admiringly. "Listen, fella, if you'd only come hustlin' with me—"

"Nope," said Smiling Jimmy firmly. "Every man's entitled to do anything once—if he can get away with it. I touted a guy once an' got away with it. I'm through. Never again! 'By, kid. Good luck."

HOW DREYFUS WAS SAVED

(Continued from page 73)

him that it had been retrieved from the German Embassy. The card was addressed to an officer of the French army, Commandant Esterhazy, 27 Rue de la Bienfaissance. From that moment the honest and astute Colonel Picquart took a keen interest in the character and person of Commandant Esterhazy. He also took steps to obtain samples of his handwriting.

ESTERHAZY was a person with fierce mustachios projecting beyond sharp features. He began his military career as one of the Pope's mercenaries, but when that force was disbanded in 1870, he obtained a commission in the French army. Hungarian blood flowed in his veins, and his birth was the result of a union that was not a marriage. Once Colonel Picquart got on the trail of Esterhazy, he was able to find little that was to his credit. Once this man had forged a citation on his record in the War Office. In letters to a woman friend he had revealed in unmistakable phrases a hatred of the other officers of the army to which he had attached himself. He had swindled a young kinsman with the practiced skill of a confidence-man. Esterhazy was a bad man, unscrupulous, loyal to nothing.

In January, 1898, Major Esterhazy was brought before a court-martial on the charge of high treason. He was tried as the author of the *bordereau*, the document supposedly written by Dreyfus. The court-martial was a miserable farce. By order, Esterhazy was acquitted. Naturally this had to be done, because if Esterhazy was guilty, then Dreyfus was innocent. Matthieu Dreyfus, wealthy brother of Alfred, had openly accused Esterhazy.

The deposition made by my father was then in France, and it was shown to, among others, Émile Zola. After the amazing acquittal of Esterhazy, Zola flamed out with an impassioned but logical review of the Dreyfus case which he addressed to the president of France under the title, "I Accuse." About this time the name Carvalho began to appear in the headlines of French newspapers along with that of Dreyfus.

"I accuse the first court-martial of having violated the law in condemning an accused person on a document kept secret," Zola had written. The document he referred to was one that had been forged by an officer of the French military intelligence in order to clinch the case against Dreyfus.

"And I accuse the second court-martial" (Esterhazy's) "of having in obedience to orders covered this illegality by committing in its turn that which is a crime—knowingly acquitting a guilty person."

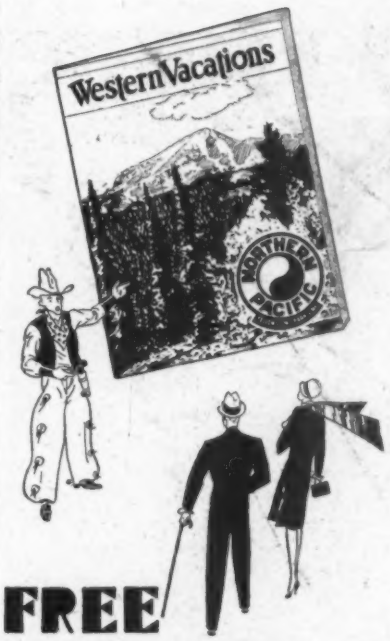
For that Zola was brought to trial. He was convicted, but escaped the consequences on an appeal. Then he was tried again, and again convicted. He left France; but the anti-Dreyfusards were losing strength. The truth was becoming too heavy a burden.

Immediately after Zola's trial, Madame Dreyfus brought before one of the French courts a petition for the revision of the court-martial of her husband. She asked for this on the ground that his conviction had been brought about by illegal means. Zola's sacrifice had accomplished much for her case. The French Government prepared for the reopening of the case. On the side of the bureaucrats were several French handwriting experts, including Bertillon, who had originally studied the *bordereau*. On the side of Dreyfus was David N. Carvalho.

IT was a stormy night in July, 1899, when a white-haired, emaciated exile was landed in France, and surrounded by infantry with fixed bayonets, was placed on board a special train for Rennes, where there was a military prison. Madame Dreyfus was there waiting. They had been separated more than four years, measured by ordinary calendars, but in that time Dreyfus, born thirty-nine years before, had become an old man. This second trial also was a court-martial.

M. Bertillon was the principal witness of the prosecution. He leaped upon his portfolio, snatched forth its contents, dashed at the president, confronted one judge after another. What he was shouting was a meaningless jargon.

"Five millimeters reticulation," he declared



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at the top of his voice. "Twelve point five centimeters *gabarit*, and a millimeter and a quarter imbrication. Always you find it. Always, always, always!" His voice became a shout.

My father recited the testimony of Bertillon for my benefit many years afterward. I had asked him to tell me about the case.

"Can you understand *'reticulation,' 'gabarit,' 'imbrication,'* Claire?"

I shook my head from side to side.

Father smiled gleefully, and combed his beard with his fingers as if to stir his memory. "Neither could those French army officers," he said.

Two of the officers voted to acquit Dreyfus; five voted to save the faces of their superiors. The verdict of the majority spoke of "extenuating circumstances" and caused him to be resentenced to ten years' detention. A few months later he was pardoned "in principle" by the council of ministers.

AFTERWARD occurred the confession of forgery and the suicide of Colonel Henry; then Esterhazy made a confession and fled to England, where he died. In 1906 the highest court of France declared that there was no shadow of guilt upon Alfred Dreyfus. One week later the white-haired man, once more attired in his uniform as a captain of the French army, was marched into that quadrangle of the Ecole Militaire where he had been degraded more than ten years before. Again the troops were brought in, but this time they passed in review before Captain Dreyfus. He was then, in their presence, decorated and made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The high official of France who kissed him on each withered cheek and then stood back to receive his salute called him Major Dreyfus. The career of the prisoner of Devil's Island had begun again.

It was the day after that splendid occasion that I looked up from the morning paper at the breakfast-table and asked my father to tell me about the Dreyfus Case. When he had finished, I still was puzzled.

"But how," I asked, "how could you know that he was not the writer of that traitorous letter, the *bordereau*? How could you, an American, persuade anyone against the clamor of Bertillon?"

"Reticulation, imbrication, gabarit," he recited. "Gibberish, damned nonsense! Instead of nonsense I told them common-sense things.

"The very instant I saw that newspaper reproduction of the *bordereau* and the authentic copy of Dreyfus' handwriting, I was sure he never had written it. That was instinct; but when I had studied the case, my conclusion was based on a certitude. Dreyfus could not have written it.

"Suppose you saw a lame man limping in the street. You know he limps because it is difficult for him to walk. He walks in the only fashion of which he is capable. Suppose you saw behind him an agile boy mocking his affliction by walking with a limp grossly exaggerated. You would know at once the lame man could not limp in any such extreme fashion. His frail leg would not permit it. So it was with Dreyfus.

"A particular feature of all of the writing of Captain Dreyfus was that all of his initial letters started from the base line, and that the second letter is in general curiously raised above the line. The raised part comprises ordinarily the third and sometimes the fourth letter, after which the writing returns suddenly to the line describing the section of a circle.

"I have learned by many years of experience that when a man tries to disguise his handwriting, he tries to avoid the dominant and apparent characteristics of it. He never tries to accentuate those characteristics. On the other hand, if he attempts to imitate the handwriting of another, he will look for these dominant and apparent characteristics and make them more intense in order to draw attention more particularly to these special points. That is what Esterhazy had done. He was the agile boy imitating the lame man, but at times in that treasonable writing he forgot to limp. He wrote like Esterhazy. Don't ask me why he tried to throw suspicion on Dreyfus. I know that it was discovered finally that he had sent more than one hundred and fifty communications to Schwartzkoppen. Undoubtedly he lived in terror of apprehension, and it is quite possible he took that cruel and daring expedient as a means of diverting suspicion from himself at a time when he feared immediate discovery of his treachery."

WHEN news reached this country that Alfred Dreyfus had so distinguished himself at the Battle of the Marne that he had been made a lieutenant-colonel, my father rejoiced as if he himself had been honored. When he learned that it was Colonel Dreyfus who had discovered the espionage work of Mata Hari, the fascinating Eurasian dancer, who died before a firing-squad in Paris during the war, he was elated.

In the Dreyfus Case my father gave his services without cost to the family of the unfortunate man. He said he had no compunction about taking money from the State for helping to convict the guilty; but when he helped to save innocent men from prison, he enjoyed working as a crusader.

My father could entertain himself for hours with detective stories in which fictional interchanges were molded so as to move the characters toward a preconceived solution of a case, but in his work he would permit his mind to be swayed only by facts. He was not concerned with anything but truth.

Sometimes if I made a dogmatic statement based on intuition he would become petulant.

"Now you are jumping at a conclusion," he would say, and rattle his newspaper savagely. "Be guided by facts! Judgment based on facts is sounder and more civilized than a conclusion based on instincts. If you drag a suit of my clothes down the street you can fool a bloodhound that might be trying to track me. Don't you be misled by a few coincidences."

ONE evening when he was lecturing me in that fashion at the dinner-table, he burst out with an exclamation.

"This fellow Holt that shot J. P. Morgan," he said, "may be a Harvard professor who disappeared some years ago and who is wanted by the police of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The question is: are Frank Holt and Erich Muenter separate individuals with criminal tendencies, or are they the same personality? I'll bet anything you like they bring this problem to my office. Am I never to have a minute to myself?"

Before he left the house he was pouting about the extra work that was being piled on him—and yet I knew, and he knew that I knew, that he was delighted at the prospect of a fresh problem. No cross-word puzzle fan ever had a minute part of the appetite for things to sharpen his wits on such as was constantly gnawing at David N. Carvalho like a terrible hunger.

This was in 1915, in the second year of the war. I was married, but never a day passed without at least one visit from my father. In his eyes I was still a little girl, and even the inescapable fact that he was a grandfather could not alter that situation for him. So, he gave commands, presents, affection and lectures in the same proportions as when I had been his motherless housekeeper.

For days the newspapers were occupied with the case of Frank Holt, and as Father predicted, the authorities came to him for assistance.

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THE Morgan home on the shore of Glen Cove, Long Island, was invaded one July morning by a maniac who flourished a revolver in the face of the astounded butler who had responded to his ringing of the door-bell. Holding the revolver in position to fire any instant, the intruder, with eyes shining fiercely, rushed from room to room until he found Mr. and Mrs. Morgan on the second floor.

The man harangued the financier insanely about shipments of munitions to the Allied nations, and then began to shoot. Mrs. Morgan flung herself upon the man, and so disturbed his aim that his purpose was not accomplished. He did not kill Mr. Morgan, although one bullet tore into the banker's groin and another lodged in his abdomen.

In spite of his wounds and fearful shock, Mr. Morgan, who is a muscular person, seized the man and was wrestling with him when servants rushed to his aid. Yelling wildly, the would-be assassin was borne down under their weight until his shoulders were pinned to a fine Persian rug. It was probably no satisfaction whatever to the prisoner when he finally was trussed up with some of Mr. Morgan's cravats, that among the weapons with which he had been overcome were priceless Chinese porcelains. Probably there never has been a rough and tumble fight in the midst of so much luxury.

A search of the rumpled clothing of the man, after he had been overpowered, revealed the presence in an inner pocket of several sticks of dynamite. At the Glen Cove jail, and later in the Nassau County jail, the prisoner identified himself as Frank Holt, an instructor of German at Cornell University.

In the fight Holt had been pretty savagely handled. His features were badly swollen; he was black and blue, and his head had been lacerated; but every breath he drew was expelled in the form of passionate words concerning his purpose. He was determined, he said, to stop the slaughter overseas that was being accomplished with tools of death fashioned in America.

Under questioning in jail, Frank Holt confessed freely that his attack on Mr. Morgan had been planned deliberately, and also that he was the man who had deposited a bomb in the capitol at Washington. Holt's wife was the daughter of a Texas minister. Concerning them he was an altogether different person. In letters to his father-in-law he expressed contrition but declared he had been trying to do his duty.

DID this man have a criminal record? Puzzled policemen seeking an answer to that question finally determined that there was a resemblance between Frank Holt and photographs in their files of a former instructor of Harvard University, Erich Muenter. The authorities were unable to trace Holt's life any farther back than the year 1908. Muenter had disappeared in that year.

Muenter's wife had died after the birth of her second baby. She had some stomach trouble. No death-certificate was issued, and the coroner ordered her viscera sent to the laboratories of Harvard Medical School. The husband took the body of his wife to Chicago, arranged for its cremation and left his two children with their grandmother. Then he dropped from sight; and a few days afterward the police of Cambridge, Massachusetts, began to hunt for him. The report from the medical school laboratory had disclosed that Mrs. Muenter had died from the effects of arsenical poisoning. A warrant was issued, and Muenter was indicted for murder.

It was about that time that Frank Holt appeared in Mexico City. Some of the Mexico City news-stands carried papers published in the United States. In these Frank Holt read all about the Muenter case. There was a bond between Muenter and Holt in

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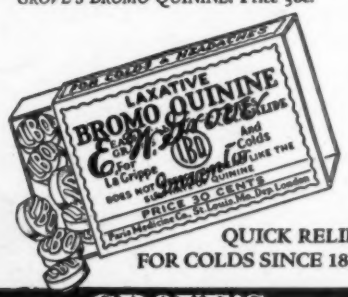

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that both of them made their living as instructors of German.

The irrational Holt took an extraordinarily keen interest in the Muenter Case. He wrote a pamphlet about the case in which a critical eye might have detected a threat to get even with the world. Did that prove that Holt was Muenter? Or did it simply present another instance of a man identifying himself with the troubles of another because of a similarity in their professions? We all do that when we go to the theater or read a story. The troubles and triumphs of the hero become our troubles and our triumphs.

In jail at Mineola, Long Island, Holt denied that he was Muenter. The sisters of Muenter came and looked through eyes blurred by tears at the bandaged head of the sullen prisoner. They declared that he was their brother, although he assured them they were mistaken.

A few days later the miserable man climbed up as high as he could on the bars of the cell and then dived head downward to the concrete floor.

In this terrible manner Frank Holt died; but did Erich Muenter die also?

MY father was given samples of Holt's handwriting, and from Cambridge came papers covered with the writing of Muenter. He studied them for four days before making a report. Then he said that the writings were those of two distinct personalities.

I was inclined to question his judgment at the dinner-table that night, but my incredulous manner did not irritate him. He was too sure of his ground.

"You are jumping at a conclusion, Claire," he said. "But you are not alone in that. So are the police of Nassau County and the police of Cambridge. The police do not like to have unsolved mysteries on their books. Such things compromise them. There is no reason for you to be in any such hurry to dispose of a murder mystery, though. Some day Muenter may be caught."

"But, Father," I protested, "how can you say that Muenter and Holt are distinct when there are so many circumstances pointing the other way?"

"I'd rather have one fact," he retorted, "than a bale of circumstances. There was a foreign cast to the writing of Muenter, a quality that I could not find at all in that of Holt. This man Holt who tried to kill Mr. Morgan wrote with much more facility than was apparent in anything produced by Muenter, the Harvard instructor.

"They were different men, you may be sure of that. A man can shave off a beard. Muenter undoubtedly shaved his face smooth when he went into hiding; but how could Muenter disguise every muscle of his arm?

"The matter of alignment, of slope and angle, of pen-pressure, or relation of letters to the base line, spacing and speed—in all of these things I was told confidentially, you might say, by the prisoner himself that he was *not* Erich Muenter. I'd like to bet you a hat, though, on one thing."

"A good hat, Father?"

"The best you can buy—because I'll never be called on to pay it. I'll bet that wherever he is, Erich Muenter is laughing sardonically at the police of Cambridge and the police of Nassau County. What more could a fugitive from a murder charge ask than to have the body of another man buried as his own?"

It was a bet I did not take. Muenter has never been found.

(Noted forgery cases solved by David Carvalho will be described in an early issue.)

WOMEN ARE JUST TOYS

(Continued from page 53)

"Take me back," she sobbed. "I want to go back. I don't want to marry you, anyway. I hate you!"

I got up and pressed the starter for the engine. Nothing happened. I tried again. Still no response. Something was wrong.

"Looks bad," I admitted, after several more attempts. "I can't start the thing—and we're a mile from shore at least. Not an oar on board."

"Isn't there a crank?" she gulped, wiping away her tears.

I opened a long box near the engine and found the crank. I turned the engine over a few times with it, but nothing happened.

"Prime it," Dorothy suggested.

After some pottering about, I located a drain on the fuel line. I turned it experimentally. A stream of gasoline shot out. I cut it off quickly and began to look around for some sort of container. I finally found a paper cup beside the keg under the stern seat. After spilling a lot of gas, I finally got the cup filled, but I couldn't find the petcocks on the engine. The sides of the boat cast a shadow over the engine-pit, and I couldn't see what I was about. Quite foolishly, I struck a match.

Instantly there was a flash. A great tongue of flame shot skyward. I dropped the cup in alarm and that added to the flames. In a moment the fire was spreading in all directions.

"There isn't a life-preserver on board!" I shouted to Dorothy who had jumped on the deck. "Can you swim?"

She nodded. There wasn't a trace of fear about her.

"Then jump!" I yelled. "This boat will blow up in a second."

And with that I dived overboard. The water took my breath. It was ice-cold. I came to the surface and looked up. Dorothy was still standing on the deck. I felt an unspeakable fear gripping me. Could she really swim? Had she lied to reassure me? Maybe she had lied to get me to go ahead without her. I shouted again. The flames were mounting higher.

It's strange, but it takes a crisis like that to bring a man to his senses. Looking at her standing in the path of those hissing flames, I knew there was only one girl in this world I could love. I'm not a very good swimmer, and I was afraid I couldn't get her to shore. I was frantic. If she died that night, I was determined that she wouldn't go alone. I couldn't live without her.

And then I had an inspiration. I remembered the empty keg. Supported by that, she could easily make shore.

"Get that big keg under the stern seat!" I shouted. "Quick!"

"Why?"

"Never mind why. Do as I tell you. Get that keg! Quick! Don't argue. Now's the time to show your spunk. Don't stand there asking questions. Hurry!"

"Love me?" she asked impudently.

"Yes, yes, but for God's sake, get that keg. Jump—and hang onto it, whatever you do."

SHE stooped and caught hold of the keg. It must have been stuck. But after a few pulls, she managed to get it out. She was terribly slow. Her strength seemed exhausted. A second's delay might mean her life. All I could do was to yell to her to hurry. Damn that life of ease and jazz!

She finally lifted the keg and jumped with it into the water. I thought she would never come up, but by the time I got to her, her blonde curls were bobbing on the surface of the lake.

"Now hold onto it," I told her. "Save your breath. We're a long way from shore."

She started to say something, but I stopped her.

"Don't try to talk. Just follow me and do as I tell you. I'm a poor swimmer, and you've got to do your part. Now is the time to show your stamina. I might be able to get you to shore, but my clothes are so heavy I'm afraid to take a chance on it. Thank God, you haven't got on enough clothes to hamper you. I'll never say anything against flapper costumes again. No, don't talk. Save your breath for swimming. And don't let go that keg whatever you do. Hang onto it like death."

Brave little girl! It was all she could do to swim, even with the keg. She must have been freezing, because I could hear the sharp intake of her breath.

"Hold to it," I shouted encouragingly. "We'll make it! Just stick right behind me. I'll lead the way. Show me some real spunk, now. We'll be there in a jiffy."

But it was a long pull. Occasionally her head went under, but she was up in a moment, kicking away with all her might. She was having a hard time, but the kid was game to the core.

Never did minutes seem such eternities! The shore seemed to be moving away from us. Behind us, the launch looked like the funeral pyre of an ancient Norseman. The fire, gorging itself on the gasoline and the oil-soaked framework, mounted higher and higher.

We were well away from it when the explosion came. There was a dull boom, and the blaze was suddenly extinguished. The boat had sunk from the explosion.

How long we stayed in that water, I can't say. I only know it seemed a lifetime. I stayed close to Dorothy so as to be at hand if she gave out, but not close enough to get in her way. She certainly put up a great fight. No question about her spunk. And I thought she was the bravest girl in the world to tell me she could swim so I'd go ahead without her.

Every time she seemed to lose her hold on the keg, I would shout to her to show the stuff she was made of, and she'd groan a couple of times and try harder. She kept the keg under her most of the time, and as long as she did that, I knew she was safe.

WE reached shore just as she passed out completely. I grabbed her as she did and waded in with her in my arms and laid her on the bank. In a few minutes the crowd rushed up. Tom arrived first.

"We saw the fire, old scout," he told me, "but there wasn't a damn' boat on this side to come out after you. We knew you could both swim, so we've been running around the road to see where you'd head."

"Swim? Who said she could swim?" I demanded. "The only thing that saved her life was that keg! Never, as long as I live, will I say anything against likker. It saved her life—that, and her clothes. Let me tell you, from now on the flappers can wear as little as they like as far as I'm concerned. I'm for 'em—"

"Keg?" says Tom. "Keg? What keg are you talking about?"

"Why the empty keg you left in the launch yesterday. It saved her life. I made her hang onto it, and that's how she got here."

"You mean she swam in with the keg that was under the stern seat?"

"Exactly."

Tom whistled.

"Well, no wonder she's all in! You poor fool, do you know what you made that girl do?"

"Say, what's the matter with you?" I demanded. "Of course, I do. I've told you twice I made her hang onto that empty keg."

"Why, you numbskull," he cried, "if that's an empty keg, Tom Heflin is the next President. I took out that likker keg this morning. The carpenter was doing some work on the hull, and he left an unopened keg of

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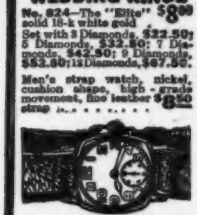

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iron bolts under the stern seat. That's what she got—fifty-five pounds of iron bolts! And you made her swim halfway across Lake Balsam with it! God, but that girl must have a backbone! And now you try to tell me that she can't swim! Why, she'd make Gertrude Ederle think she'd got a coat of lead instead of grease! Here come the rest of the crowd now. Wait until they hear about this. I'll give you five minutes' start, if you want."

But if a cannibal cook had given me five minutes' start, I wouldn't have left Dorothy. Not even when she kept asking feebly if she'd saved the keg.

After that I got a plate of bolts with cream and sugar at every meal. I found my suitcase full when I got back.

So there was nothing left for me to do but ask the girl to marry me. And let me tell you, I was so scared she might refuse, I shook. When she finally said yes, she said it with a kiss that would make the Cremation of Sam McGhee read like an ice-factory inventory. And do I like it? Just ask me! Aint love grand?

TOO MANY CROOKS

(Continued from page 43)

the night. Just as he reached the divan the big toe of his right foot collided with something sharp and hard. *"Ow-w-w!"* said Murgatroyd. He had stubbed his toe against Juicy Pete's drill.

AN hour later, in the upstairs hall of the east wing, a door opened quietly. Silver Slippers, clad in a fetching negligée, stepped into the hall and tiptoed toward a door at the northern end. Behind that door slept Waldo Blenham. The door was unlocked, a fact Waldo Blenham had made known to Silver Slippers inadvertently while arguing with Murgatroyd in the library. Murgatroyd had suggested that Waldo Blenham lock his door. Waldo Blenham had replied in a loud and impressive voice: "There are no thieves, Murgatroyd. There are—merely—people who steal." He had refused to lock his door.

Silver Slippers reached the end of the hall without mishap. She took gentle hold of the doorknob.

A hand reached from the darkness and gripped the arm of Silver Slippers firmly. Another hand muffled her little scream. She was borne backward toward a window by the staircase. There she was released and stood blinking at Dippy Dinah Dodge.

"The old badger game, eh?" said Dippy Dinah, her narrow, dark face stern in the moonlight. "Well, it's off."

Silver Slippers was taller than Dinah. Surprise had passed into anger. She brought her hand around and slapped Dinah's face sharply.

"Oh, you—" Dippy Dinah clutched for a handful of blonde hair. Silver Slippers sidestepped, and got set for a straight right to the jaw.

Another door opened, and a shaft of light flooded the hall. Mrs. Phelps, the housekeeper, a stout, determined-looking woman, peered at the struggling girls.

"What's going on out here?" Mrs. Phelps demanded.

Dippy Dinah and Silver Slippers were old campaigners. Silver Slippers closed her lovely brown eyes, grew rigid and thrust her arms before her. Dippy Dinah said, "Sh-sh-sh!" to Mrs. Phelps.

"She's walked in her sleep, poor dearie," whispered Dippy Dinah. "In another second she'd of fell down the stairs. Having bad dreams, too, poor dearie. I'm taking her back now."

Mrs. Phelps looked decidedly incredulous, but she, like Murgatroyd, had her orders.

"Well—" she said. "Well—" And she closed her door.

Back in Silver Slippers' room, Dippy Dinah said: "I'm wise to you, Miss Snooty. Think the rest of us are gonna let you and High-hat pull any blackmail racket in this party?"

"It was my own play," said the Slippers sulkily. "High-hat wasn't in on it. I've an idea he's figuring on teaming up with Gladrags. So I thought I'd shake down old Blenham on my own and show him I didn't need a partner."

Dinah's mood changed. She was sympathetic.

"Is he ditching you, kid?"

Silver Slippers laughed.

"Oh, it's just a business matter. Homer and I never teamed up any other way. That's what made us such a good team. We never let anything interfere with business. That's why I hate to see him falling for this flapper from Chicago. The first job he pulls with her she'll get jealous or something and land Homer in a jam."

"Aint men dumbbells?"

"Rather."

After fifteen minutes of talk on the dumbness of men, Dinah was proposing that she and the Slippers team up, and the Slippers thought it not a bad idea. . . . .

At six-fifteen Murgatroyd left the living-room. Three minutes later Bill the Bump-off entered. He eyed the rugs, the paintings, the vases and bric-a-brac. Going to a teakwood table in a corner, Bill selected the largest vase in sight. He then passed into the dining-room and searched a sideboard there. Not finding what he wanted, he penetrated to the butler's pantry and emerged presently with his pockets bulging.

Bill the Bump-off had got his. Now for the get-away! He espied French doors at one end of the living-room. A quick lam through them, a sprint across the yard, and two miles over the hills to the railroad and a freight train.

Just then Hughes the butler entered the living-room to draw back the curtains. Bill's exit was blocked. Discovery was imminent. Bill the Bump-off measured the bulky frame of Hughes and drew his trusty "persuader." He crept in back of the unsuspecting butler. He raised his arm. . . . .

"Oh, I say, William!"

BILL hastily pocketed the persuader and wheeled. Hughes turned likewise. High-hat Homer sauntered into the living-room in a jaunty sports outfit. Hughes stared at Bill's pockets and at the vase which Bill had set on the floor.

High-hat Homer smiled reassuringly at Hughes.

"The windows will do very nicely, Hughes," he said. "Just the proper morning light in which to examine Mr. Blenham's *objets d'art*. Mr. Clenahan; here, is something of a connoisseur. I am sure you will excuse us, Hughes? These art discussions are boring to you, I know."

Hughes breathed wheezily, started to say something, remembered the express instructions of Waldo Blenham, bowed and disappeared into the butler's pantry.

Bill scowled at High-hat Homer.

"I guess youse t'ink youse is wise, crabbin' my act dat way. Huh?"

The society crook lighted his pipe.

"Ah, William, William," he sighed, "what tangled webs we weave when first we practice to deceive! See here, William, isn't house-work out of your line?"

"Wot's de diff where I get mine? I don't have tuh stick tuh street-woik all de time, do I? Where's de law dat says so? Huh?"

High-hat Homer grinned.

"No law, William. Just common sense. You're out of your element, that's all. Per-

haps I can make my point clearer if you will allow me to examine a specimen of that silverware you lifted. May I?"

Bill handed over a tablespoon.

"Bad, very bad," said Homer, eying it through a monocle and feeling the weight. "Not more than thirty per cent. You must have got into the second-best tableware drawers, William. And that vase on the floor—was it your selection?"

"I guess you t'ink dat's phony too, huh?"

High-hat Homer regarded the vase critically.

"Only fair Japanese cloisonné, William. Not of the best. Not of the best at all. H'm! Let's look about." He led William to a niche above the fireplace. "Why not that jade Buddha, William? Worth five thousand of any man's money. And that rose quartz jar on the table yonder. It must have cost our host twenty-five hundred or so. Oh, William, William! With that Goya at the first turn of the staircase and that exquisite Tintoretto on the wall yonder, you walk off with a Jap whatnot and the second-best silver!"

The expert thug and hold-up man blew his nose on his sleeve and looked sheepish. He put the Japanese vase back on the table and regretfully emptied his garments of the silverware.

"T'anks, High-hat," he said humbly. "It's never too late to mend. I'll know better next time."

High-hat Homer returned the silver to Hughes, and scolded him for allowing several egg-spoons to show tarnish.

IT was Sunday afternoon. Waldo Blenham sat on the west veranda of Blenham Wood under the sun and the bright blue August sky. Gazing at the round, urbane countenance of Waldo Blenham, you would have thought him a cheerful man. And so he was. But he was also a puzzled man, a man with a problem, a man gallantly fighting off an anxiety neurosis. He stirred uneasily in his chair now and then as if the anxiety neurosis were yelping beneath it and nipping his heels.

Waldo Blenham was bewildered by his guests. In the first place he had discovered on meeting them all at breakfast that each had become an egocentric and non-social unit overnight. They were quivering bundles of traumatisms. They had no harmony in their hormones. In short, each one of the seven seemed to have got up on the wrong side of the bed.

Then, too, he had found them extremely difficult to entertain. Mr. Fontenay's eyes had kindled at the suggestion of a horseback ride, but he wanted Miss Tuthill to accompany him. She did not know how to ride a horse, and disclosed an authentic inferiority complex by refusing to learn. Just when Mr. Blenham sought to probe deeper into the complex, Mr. Fontenay and Miss Tuthill had strolled off somewhere. Mr. Blenham had proposed croquet or tennis. He particularly wished to ascertain the degree of muscular coördination and optical reflexes possessed by Mr. Clenahan and Mr. Genardi. But Mr. Clenahan had tossed his croquet mallet down with an oath after progressing to the middle wicket.

Mr. Genardi refused to attempt either croquet or tennis. He produced two long-barreled revolvers and began target practice in the yard behind the laboratory. Mr. Blenham had, after some diplomatic talk, succeeded in persuading Mr. Genardi to desist. But not before the noise had virtually wrecked the nervous systems of three guinea pigs, which Mr. Blenham was using in an experiment, and rendered them quite useless. Mr. MacArthur and Miss Andrews had been equally difficult.

These two had started a craps game in the garage with Tom the chauffeur, Henry the yardman, and two stableboys. His em-

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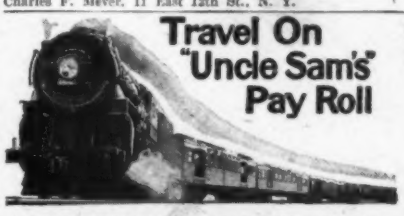

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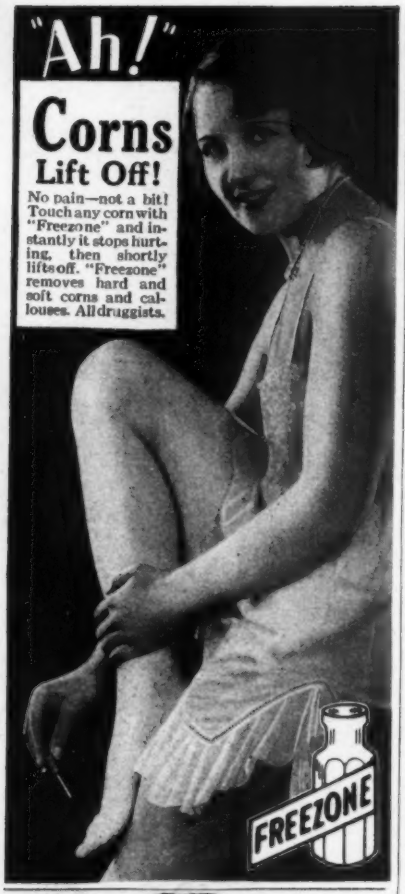
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ployees approached Mr. Blenham in a body shortly before lunch with the accusation that his guests had used crooked dice. This Mr. MacArthur and Miss Andrews heatedly denied. There was an unpleasant scene, a most unpleasant scene. Mr. Blenham privately instructed Murgatroyd to repay whatever his retainers had lost.

AFTER lunch Mrs. Phelps had kindly arranged a table of bridge for herself, Miss Andrews, Miss Tuthill and Miss Mercer. The game went along with verve and grace until Miss Mercer reneged a second time. Whereupon Miss Tuthill had drawn a large pistol and threatened to slay Miss Mercer if she reneged again. Mrs. Phelps had fainted and upon being revived had announced she would give notice unless Mr. Blenham sent his guests away.

Waldo Blenham sighed. Science is truly a long and rutty road. Waldo Blenham sighed twice.

"You are in pain, sir?" inquired Murgatroyd, who must have floated out to the veranda.

"Eh? In pain?" Waldo Blenham was made of sterner stuff. "There is no such thing as pain, Murgatroyd. Pain is a transition between awarenesses."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Where are my guests, Murgatroyd?"

"Miss Andrews and Miss Mercer are in the summerhouse. Mr. Fontenay and Miss Tuthill went for a walk in the woods pasture. Mr. Clenahan, Mr. Genardi and Mr. MacArthur are talking together in the shade of the willow tree by the duck pond."

The great criminologist and humanitarian sighed once more.

"Mr. Fontenay and Miss Tuthill have been acting strangely, Murgatroyd. Can it be that their mass-reactions to the summer scene"—he waved an arm—"are merely tropisms? Did the woods pasture draw them as insects are drawn to light? What do you make of their behavior, Murgatroyd?"

"I would say, sir, that they are in love," ventured Murgatroyd timidly.

"Love? Nonsense, Murgatroyd. There is no such thing as love. It is merely a stimulation."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"No, I can't tabulate those two at all," Mr. Blenham went on. "I sought to find some genetic taint in Mr. Fontenay's case history. But he is palpably a Nordic blond and assures me he comes from a long line of Episcopalian divines. Now, the girl is a little different. I found a clew there. She tells me that she has always done whatever she felt like doing. No inhibitions, you see, Murgatroyd?"

"Yes, sir."

The two on the veranda were attracted by a movement of figures on the lawn near the duck pond. There was a shrill whistle and three figures appeared on the bank of the pond. Then two more appeared from the direction of the summerhouse and presently a couple emerged from a wooded knoll and joined the others.

Waldo Blenham sprang to his feet, excitedly.

"Eureka! Eureka, Murgatroyd," he gasped. "Look at that! A spontaneous occlusion of hitherto unsocial units. The so-called criminal is *not* unsocial, Murgatroyd. Here is a forceful demonstration of the gregarious impulse. Quick, Murgatroyd, my notebook. We have turned the corner with our experiment! Oh, the ducks—the dears! Look at them, Murgatroyd, assembled at last in perfect autocoidal harmony!"

CHAPPIE MAC tossed a cigarette-butt at a swan,—which in a fit of hauteur swam to the other side of the pond,—and addressed his comrades in crime.

"Folks, we got to get together. We've stalled long enough on this proposition. So far it's been each one on his own and everybody queering everybody else. And what have we got to show for it? Nothing."

The others nodded.

"Now I been doing a little gum-shoeing today," Chappie went on impressively, "and I heard Murgatroyd complaining to that housekeeper that his boss wont let him take the swag out of the safe in the living-room. He said there was forty grand of negotiable stuff in that box."

Juicy Pete swore and glared at Glad-rags Gladys. She did not glare back. She was looking at High-hat Homer.

Chappie continued:

"I listened in on some gabble in the kitchen before lunch, and I heard the maids tell the cook that Murgatroyd was half crazy from worrying. They said he told somebody that old man Blenham wouldn't report a theft if it was pulled off, because if he did all his scientific friends would give him the ha-ha. Blenham has started out to prove that we're reformed and he's going to stick to it if he chokes. Get that? Then, what could be sweeter?"

Juicy Pete spat into the pond.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll soup that crate tonight and divvy up even all around if the rest of youse will take care of that nosey Murgatoid, and help me with the get-away."

"That's fair enough," said Chappie.

"Dat suits me," said Bill.

Silver Slippers shook her head emphatically.

"The idea of appointing one of us to open the safe is okay with me," she said. "But Pete's not the boy to do the job. He'd have the whole house down on our heads. This job has got to be pulled quietly so when it's over nobody but old Blenham and maybe Murgatroyd will know. Then Blenham can keep quiet about it to save his face."

Dippy Dinah nodded approvingly. "My sentiments exactly, dearie."

PETE growled, but Chappie and Bill hushed him up. Silver Slippers looked at High-hat Homer.

"Homer!" she said. "Could you and Miss Tuthill give us your kind attention for just a teenie-weenie moment?"

The society crook and the flapper bandit of the Loop came back to the duck-pond with a start and tried to look interested in the conference.

"Homer is the lad to pull this," said Silver Slippers. "He can work that combination. How about it, Homer?"

High-hat Homer tugged at his mustache, cast Gladys a questioning glance, received some subtle response.

"I thought you'd all suggest something intelligent eventually," he drawled. "I feel greatly flattered by the confidence you have reposed in me."

"Confidence, hell!" said Bill the Bump-off. "If you double-cross us, you'll be planted so deep you can't even sprout yer wings, High-hat."

Glad-rags Gladys flipped out her automatic with a graceful gesture.

"Don't talk so rough, Ugly-face!" she snapped.

Peacemakers were extremely busy for several minutes. Then the conference went into session to pick an *aide* for Homer. Some one proposed Silver Slippers, but she said modestly that holding a gun made her nervous and she might pull the trigger. Bill and Pete were counted out. It was agreed that Murgatroyd would be guarding the safe and that Bill and Pete disliked him so much they might allow their trigger-fingers to twitch. The choice simmered down to Chappie and Glad-rags Gladys.

"I withdraw in favor of the lady," said the confidence-man gallantly.

The robbery plan was succinctly stated by Silver Slippers:

"Gladys will put the gun on Murgatroyd, and when he is tied and gagged, Bill and Pete can carry him to the summerhouse and lock him in. Homer will open the box and collect the stuff. In the morning we'll tell dear Mr. Blenham how much we have enjoyed the week-end, make our adieus and drive to the station. When we are on the train we'll divide the haul. Okay?"

"I t'ink we had ought to divide it sooner'n dat," said Bill, glowering at High-hat Homer.

"We'll do our fighting over the cuts on the train. It's safer," said Silver Slippers.

Bill was voted down. The conference ended with a general handshaking.

Observing this from the veranda, where he was furiously scribbling notes, Waldo Blenham beamed.

"Mark that, Murgatroyd? Even Mr. Clenahan, poor wretched sufferer, responds! Doomed from birth by deficient thyroxin. Childhood shadowed by cretinism. Handicapped by a strong Œdipus complex and an overactive anterior lobe of the pituitary gland. Yet even he, the least among them, responds. He shakes hands with his brothers and sisters, Murgatroyd. He shakes hands!"

Murgatroyd sniffed.

THE seven recent house-guests of Mr. Waldo Blenham of Blenham Wood had crowded into a stateroom on a city-bound express train. Already the train was slackening speed for a suburban stop.

"Wot's the idea of waitin' any longer?" grumbled Bill the Bump-off. "Show us thuh swag, High-hat. Let's get thuh divvy started."

High-hat Homer and Glad-rags Gladys sat together on the seat nearest the door.

Silver Slippers eyed them narrowly.

"It's time to produce, Homer," she said.

There were nods from Chappie and Pete and Dinah.

The society crook spoke to Gladys:

"All right, my dear, open your bag."

The others leaned forward tensely as Gladys opened her small traveling bag.

She passed it to Homer and he put both hands into its depths.

"Here's the stuff," said Homer.

He jerked his hands out suddenly. Each held an automatic. Gladys leaped up and swung open the door. Homer covered the five in the stateroom.

"I know it sounds rather incredible," Homer said pleasantly, "but I didn't open that safe at all. Gladys and I have decided to chuck the racket. We decided to start clean. Sorry. Cheerio and by-by!"

Homer's tall blond figure backed through the door. Gladys slammed it shut. The train was drawing to a stop.

With an oath Bill drew his pistol. Chappie pulled him back.

"No gun-play, you fool!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Pete.

"Double-crossed," said Dippy Dinah.

Silver Slippers stared at the closed door.

"No," she said slowly, "I think they told the truth. They didn't get it." Then she laughed. "Old Blenham reformed two of us, anyway."

WALDO BLENHAM beamed upon Murgatroyd, who had just been rescued from the summerhouse, and was clutching at his throat.

"Not a thing missing in the entire house!" he said gleefully. "We have checked every item. My experiment was an unqualified success—an unqualified success! Although—" He looked puzzled for an instant. "I cannot quite understand why Mr. Genardi and Mr. Clenahan should have treated you so roughly, Murgatroyd. I think they must have suffered a momentary attack of schizophrenia. Yes, schizophrenia. That would explain it, Murgatroyd."

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Department of Education will help you solve the problem of your child's future training—see pages 8-18.

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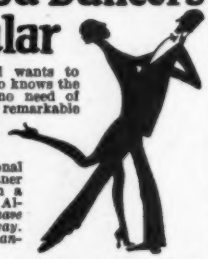

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MERMAID AND CENTAUR

(Continued from page 89)

She put out her hand, and Jason was almost less embarrassed at being announced as a bridegroom than at receiving the delicate little hand that left a long black beard to clasp his own. The lady tore loose from Jason, whirled and kissed Zarna and screamed to the other members of the family:

"Gladys! Ethel! Count!"

The fat girl rolled down in an avalanche of pink flesh, escorted by the living skeleton and the girl with the illustrated skin.

Jason shook three of the strangest hands he had ever encountered, and wondered if he were not really in bed having a crazy dream. The dog-faced boy ran forward and vied with the Wild Man from Borneo in extending the most charming felicitations from wildernesses of hair. The human horse galloped up, and lifting a black hand like a colt's hoof, said:

"I sho' wish you-all well! Miss Zarny is a angel, and we'll miss her like the doo-drop loves the rose."

Giggling and astounded at her own luck, Zarna led Jason to the door of the tent, thrust a towel out into the sheeted rain, and washed his face, his hands, and her own.

She dried them on the other towel, and brushed his clothes as best she could. Then she painted his wrist with antiseptic, snipped off gauze and adhesive tape from her kit and dressed his wound with an adroitness that made him proud of her.

Now she lifted her scarlet face to say:

"Maybe I got you wrong, Mr. Brafford. Maybe you didn't mean to ask me to—to marry you?"

"Why else would I come all the way over to Newton?"

"Is it just for Rita or—"

"It's for Rita too, but—if you could know how I've wanted you! I—I've just been burned alive."

"It's all right, then. And when were you thinkin' of steppin' off the dock?"

"Gettin' married, you mean?"

She nodded.

"This minute, if you will."

"Thanks for the rush, but—well, in the first place I got to finish out my week; and in the second, you got to apply for a license and wait a few days in most States."

"I don't know how I can live much longer without you."

Grateful wonder filled her eyes as she sighed with great dignity:

"I thank you!"

AND they stood bewitched, unconvinced of their happiness, while Mrs. Febiger and the others put their heads together in conference and after much whispering and nodding came forward eagerly to plead, with Mrs. Febiger as spokesman:

"Zarna darling, we've thought up the greatest idea! Have your wedding in this tent—as a special feature. You'll get elegant publicity."

Zarna looked at Jason. He gasped:

"I'd die of embarrassment."

"And I'm through with publicity," said Zarna.

Downcast, the conspirators retreated.

Zarna saw through the rain that a few people were coming up the Midway.

"I got to run and do my work," she said. "You fix up everything, will you? And let me know, will you? Up to Sat'd'y night my soul belongs to Uncle Tom. After that, I'm —yours truly. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Zarna!" said Jason, letting her hand slip through his as if it were a life-rope escaping. They stood and stared, Zarna through tears, Jason blinking.

From behind came the anguished voice of the fat girl, a glutton for romance:

"For Gawd's sake, aint you goin' to kiss 'im?"

She kissed him and ran. And he walked out into the rain, thinking it violets.

Zarna went through the tent in a haze, deaf to the questions fired at her from her friends who were taking their places behind their photographs.

She was already plucking at the buttons of her dress. She went with bowed head through the corridor where the rain was splashing loudly from the canvas eaves.

With a start she remembered Querl. She found him seated on a trunk. The clown was kneeling and trying to renew his bandages before he drew a pair of tights up over them.

"Harry, you poor thing! Let me help you!" Zarna cried, as she ran to him. All Querl said was:

"You little ——"

It was enough. She went to her own little compartment, stripped, and reached for her bathing-suit.

Men were strange animals!

THE cold rain brought out aches and bruises that Jason had not realized in the cloudburst of unexpected excitements that had broken over his head.

Into the last half-hour more surprises had been crammed than into any half-year he could remember. Storms of wrath were such tempests in his soul that they left him sick and weak. He was sick and weak now with the exhaustion of his hatred and terror of Querl.

He met a policeman and asked him:

"Could you tell me where I could get a license?"

"What for? Gun, dog—"

"Marriage."

The officer pointed to the county courthouse. Jason found the bureau and approached the clerk with the timidity more traditional among brides than grooms. Luckily in this State the bride did not have to appear in person. But Jason was required to fill in the answers to certain questions concerning her.

He hung over the form, realizing that he knew the irreducible minimum concerning Zarna. But then, she knew no more of him.

He supposed that he ought to go back to the carnival and ask her the questions the county asked of him. But that was more than he could face.

It offended a delicacy in his soul to pry into her past so ruthlessly. He decided that it was better for him to lie a little than to offend her much, so he made the politest answers he could. He wrote down that Zarna was white, single, twenty-one years old and that she had never been married before. He wondered if she had been. He wondered just how old she really was. He supposed that he would never know. He remembered hearing his father say once to a census-taker who asked him how old his wife was: "I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea. I've never dared to ask."

When Jason put it down that Zarna had never been married before, he wrote what he hoped. He had suspected for a time that she was Querl's wife, but he had dismissed this notion when she advised him to apply for the license.

The crisis arrived when he came to the filling out of his wife's full name. He stood gnawing the end of the pen in utter perplexity. Zarna was the only name he had ever known for her. Rita had called her "Miss Zarna," and had not been corrected. So Zarna must be her last name. But Querl called her Zarna. Well, that might be the custom of professional people, as one said

"Bernhardt" or "Patti." But what could her first name be?

It flashed across him that he had seen on a billboard or in an advertisement "Mlle. Zarna." His confused brain decided that he had misremembered the spelling, which was plainly impossible. Nobody could be named *"Mlle."* because nobody could pronounce such a word. He tried—it could not be done. Her name was probably "Millie." It must be "Millie," and a right nice name, too. So he wrote it down that his prospective bride was named Millie Zarna, and forthwith began to think of her in his soul as "Millie."

"Zarna" was all right for a circus performer, a diving Venus, but "Millie" was the name for a farmer's wife.

The clerk in the bureau made Jason's path easy; he told him that he could come back for the license in two days and be married the following day, or at any time thereafter within the month.

Jason wandered back into the rain with a receipt for the fee. He supposed that he ought to go to Zarna and report progress. But he was overcome with shyness and decided to send her a postal card. He bought one at the post office and wrote on it with the post-office excuse for a pen, and in ink as thick as molasses:

"Dear Millie: I got the application for a license and I get the license Thursday and we can get married Friday or Saturday. I will be back Saturday.

"Your loving Jason."

He wrote on the opposite side: "Miss Millie Zarna—care Spivey Shows—City."

He was about to drop this in the slot when it occurred to him that so intimate and tender a message comported ill with the stark nudity of a postal card. So he bought a stamped envelope, wrote the same address on that, sealed the postal card inside it, mailed it and went to the railroad station to wait for the next train back to Midfield.

DRENCHED though he was, he was dry before the train left. But he reached home in time for supper, thanks to the dubious privilege of riding out in the rickety flivver of old Keziah Tanner. This included the penalty of being cross-examined all the way on everything Keziah could think of that was none of his business. As the father of "Two Cents" Tanner and the would-be father-in-law of the Brafford acres, Keziah devoted himself especially to Jason's interest in Zarna.

He was very insulting to her memory, but Jason could not find a way to defend it without betraying his plans, and he was more afraid of discussing his marriage with Zarna than of all other imaginable terrors. So Jason kept silent mostly—which had always been his habit and did not surprise Keziah.

The old man graciously carried Jason to his gate and accepted a mumbled "Much obliged!" for his fee. Delia, who had heard the racket of the Tanner car, met Jason at the door with lugubrious news of Rita, who had added her fears for his safety to her own distresses.

Jason's return uplifted her amazingly, and they had a pleasant supper together, except that she kept asking him questions about his alleged journey to Johnstown and he dared not tell her the truth. When Delia had carried off the dishes, however, and left them alone, Jason confessed:

"To tell you the truth, honey, I didn't go to Johnstown at all."

Rita was startled at his deception and plainly so hurt that he knelt by her cradle, stretched his arms across it and was about to speak with great trepidation when she gasped:

"Your poor wrist! It's hurt! Oh, what happened, what happened?"

Something—many things saved him from telling her that his wound was a souvenir

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THERE is probably no one problem in business that gives an employer so much concern as this—*"Which man shall I promote?"*

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WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIALS

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of the fangs of her adored Captain Querl. He dismissed it as a bruise received on the train coming home from Newton.

"Newton?" cried Rita. "Newton! That's where the carnival went. You've seen her! You went to see Zarna!" He nodded. "How was she?" "Fine!" "How was Susanne?" "I didn't see her, but I heard her." "And how was Captain—Captain Querl? Did you see him?" "Oh, yes, I saw him—quite a lot of him. And he was right lively while I was there. Seemed to be enjoying himself right well part of the time. But I didn't go over to see him. I— Can you stand some big news, honey?"

"Yes, yes! Tell me!"

"Well, you know Zarna. You like her pretty well, don't you?"

"I love her. I miss her so I don't know what to do. She's the sweetest thing!"

"We wont quarrel about that. Well, we had quite a talk and she—I—we—well, here's a little paper I bought. It says that I'm—that—well, it's the application for the license for Zarna and me—to—to—"

"Oh, Jason! Jason! Tell me!"

"To be married."

Rita was gone. Her soul had flashed from her with the fleetness of a frightened bird. But it came back, and her happiness was so perilously great that he had to warn her:

"O' course, we're not married yet. There's always the chance of a mishap. But if nothing happens, and you can stand it, Zarny will be here as your sister-in-law in a few days. And she's bringin' your daughter with her."

"Susanne? Susanne's not comin' here to live?"

"If you don't mind."

"Oh, Jason, are you my brother or are you some angel?"

HAD Zarna been his most hateful enemy Jason would have felt it worth his while to bring her home for the rapture the mere possibility rained on Rita's heart. Being the radiant creature she was to him, the bliss was almost unbearably perfect.

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She uses it as a matter of course, for she knows that the correct practice of feminine hygiene is a vital part of her toilette. It protects her health and her youthfulness, which are essential to her charm.

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The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you a frank booklet, free, which gives sound, professional information, written by an eminent woman physician. Just send the coupon below.

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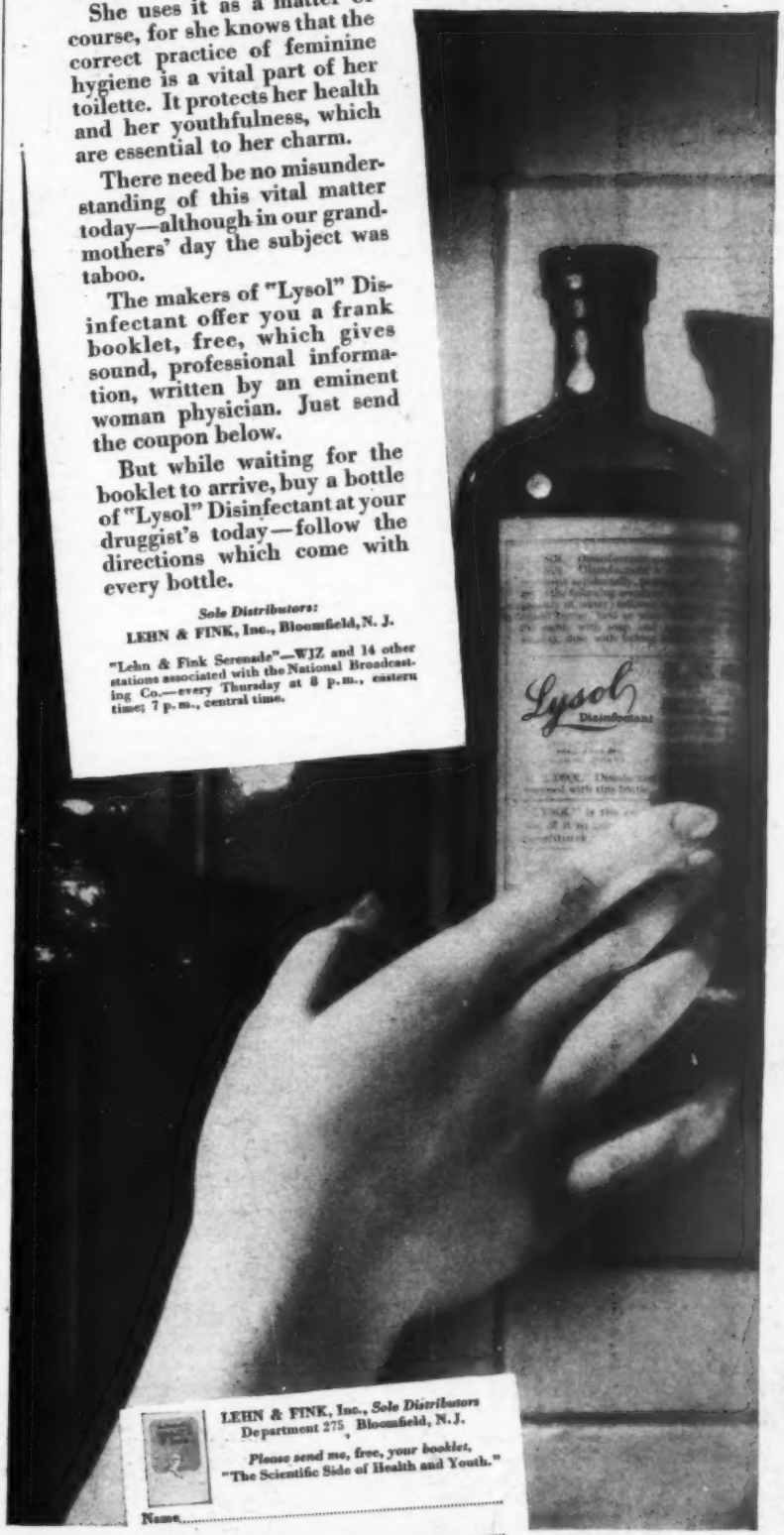

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Lost Her Job! *because of* Gray Hair

She was willing and capable, but gray hair made her look old and slow. "A younger woman would work more snappily," was the verdict.

Gray hair *does* make a person look old, but gray hair is an unnecessary burden. Today, many women—and men—know that a mixture of sage tea and sulphur actually restores gray, faded or streaked hair to its original life and color. You can either prepare the mixture at home yourself, or more conveniently, buy it already prepared and ready to use. All druggists carry it in the form of Wyeth's Sage & Sulphur, and since the cost is only 75c a bottle, there is really no need to prepare it yourself. You simply moisten a comb or soft brush with it and draw it through your hair, one strand at a time. One application banishes the gray and one or two more completely restores your hair to its original color, so evenly, so naturally that no one can possibly tell you have used it.

Protect your skin, scalp and hair from infection and assist the pores in the elimination of waste by daily use of

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WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIALS
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of the fangs of her adored Captain Querl. He dismissed it as a bruise received on the train coming home from Newton.

"Newton?" cried Rita. "Newton! That's where the carnival went. You've seen her! You went to see Zarna!" He nodded. "How was she?" "Fine!" "How was Susanne?" "I didn't see her, but I heard her." "And how was Captain—Captain Querl? Did you see him?" "Oh, yes, I saw him—quite a lot of him. And he was right lively while I was there. Seemed to be enjoying himself right well part of the time. But I didn't go over to see him. I— Can you stand some big news, honey?"

"Yes, yes! Tell me!"

"Well, you know Zarna. You like her pretty well, don't you?"

"I love her. I miss her so I don't know what to do. She's the sweetest thing!"

"We wont quarrel about that. Well, we had quite a talk and she—I—we—well, here's a little paper I bought. It says that I'm—that—well, it's the application for the license for Zarna and me—to—to—"

"Oh, Jason! Jason! Tell me!"

"To be married."

Rita was gone. Her soul had flashed from her with the fleetness of a frightened bird. But it came back, and her happiness was so perilously great that he had to warn her:

"O' course, we're not married yet. There's always the chance of a mishap. But if nothing happens, and you can stand it, Zarny will be here as your sister-in-law in a few days. And she's bringin' your daughter with her."

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"If you don't mind."

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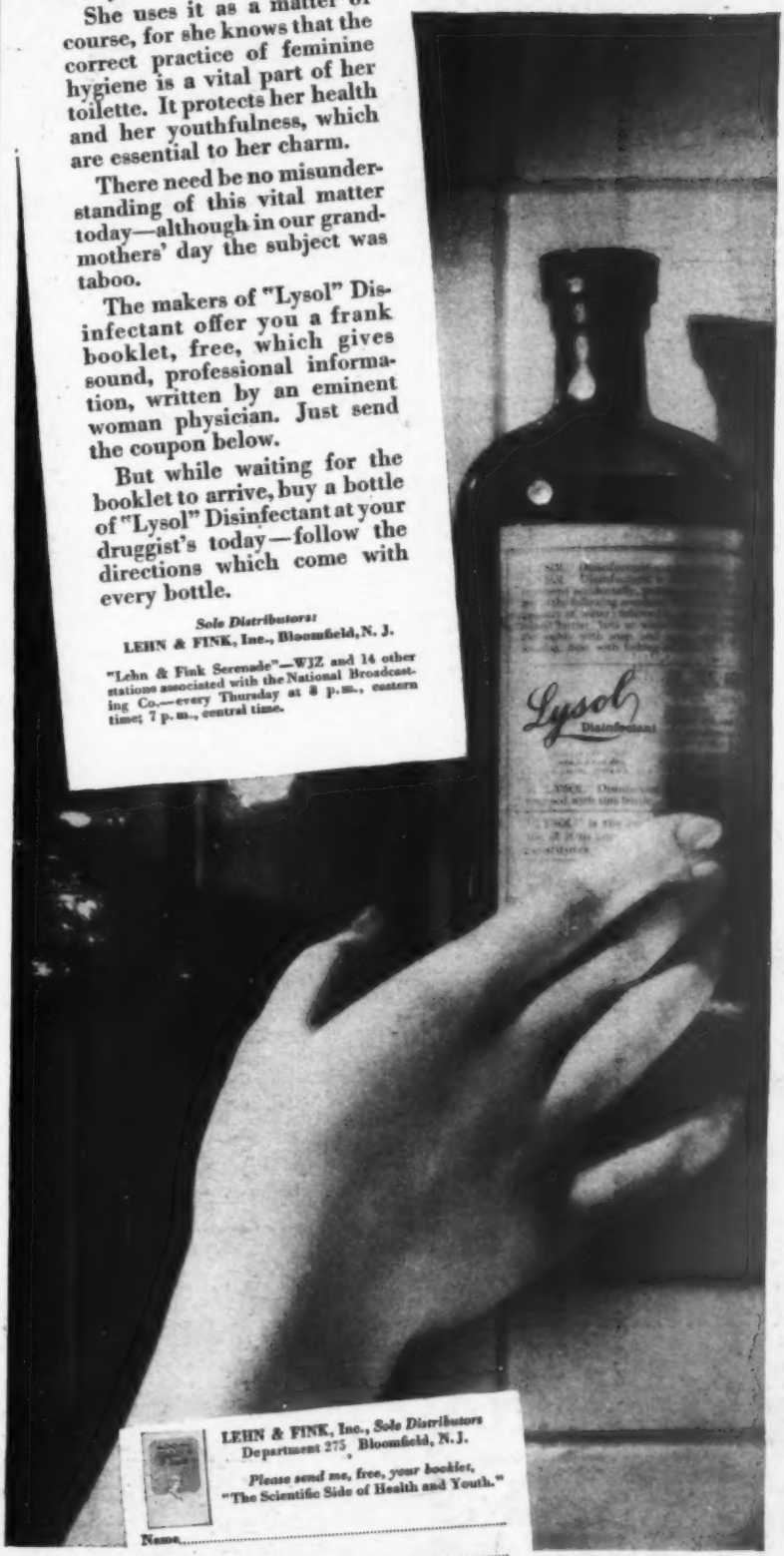

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When you purchase a beautifier for the eyelashes, insist upon *Maybelline.* Beautiful women the world over have found this dainty beautifier not only delightful to use, but *harmless* and *safe.* Maybelline does not stiffen or break the eyelashes. It instantly darkens them and makes even scant lashes appear long and luxuriant—but always *natural!* Truly, there is nothing else just like Maybelline. Make sure you get the *genuine.* The lovely Maybelline girl on each box is your guide.

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I like it better than the 'Madumzelle' it stood for."

"Oh, was that what it stood for? Madumzelle, eh? Are you French?"

"I should say not! I don't know anybody a frog is safer with than me, and as for a snail—ugh!—no snail could get me to eat him unless he could run faster than I can. So let my last name go as my public knows it. But to you I'm just plain Millie."

He was so happy that he was inspired to invent one of the oldest jokes in the world:

"Not plain Millie. Pretty Millie." He wanted to say "Beautiful Millie!" But "beauty" and all its children were words he feared to utter.

They secured the marriage license without difficulty, except that the stolid clerk was so excited over the privilege of meeting the lovely diver in person that he could hardly do his part of the writing.

"I seen you at the carnival, Miss Zarna," he said, "and if ever I saw divin' dove, you done it."

"I thank you," said Zarna graciously.

Outside, Jason looked on Zarna as almost his own, and he said:

"I laid out consid'able money dressin' myself up for the 'casion. Don't you need some new clothes or somethin'? You look grand to me, but brides usually like a lot of things, don't they? I'd be mighty glad to have you get what you want and leave me pay for it. Go as far as you like and the farther you go the gladder I'll be."

She squeezed his arm and loved him better. But she said:

"I'd a little rather that any expense I am to you wouldn't start till after we're married, if you don't mind."

"What suits you, suits me," he said, and she was pleasantly assured that he really wanted to spend money on her—which belied a little the reputation farmers had gained among the carnival people.

Before he left her, he asked her what "accommodations" she wanted prepared for Susanne, and where. He was a little jarred to have her say:

"Well, she'll have to be pretty close to me for a while. Have you got a room she could have near us, or just outside?"

"We got a spare room for visitors if we ever had any," he said.

"That'll do," she said. "And after she has her baby, they can live down in a house by the pond."

All of this bewildered Jason, but he decided that it was customary in cases where men married women with trained seals. He resolved that Zarna should have no cause to complain of Susanne's treatment—if he slept out in the pond himself!

He left her at the carnival grounds and suffered horribly from the fact that she dared not grant him a good-by kiss in the presence of so many witnesses.

THEY had no sooner left the license bureau than the clerk hastened to telephone to the Newton *News* of the great event he had just licensed. The editor wrote and published an announcement of it in terms so glowing that *Romeo* and *Juliet* could hardly have lived up to them if the contracting parties had also been a young empress and a President of the United States.

Jason fortunately did not see this. But Zarna did, and the carnival people made her life miserable with their quotations. Worse yet, the press-agent did everything in his power to persuade her to have a public wedding on the grounds.

She refused so stubbornly that he appealed to Uncle Tom, reminding him that when the lion-tamer, Vivette, and the Strong Man, Hercules, had been married, the wedding had been held in the lion's cage, and the receipts had broken all Spivey records.

But Uncle Tom reminded him that the Strong Man had been so frightened by the

DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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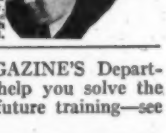

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sleepy lion that his stammered responses had made the audience roar louder than the lion; also that the marriage had not lasted a week; Vivette had chased Hercules off the grounds with her lion-whip, and he had never come back; also that the lion had later so mangled Vivette that it had taken six men with crowbars to get her out of the cage alive, with the result that the lion had ever since been a battered wreck, and Vivette had refused to enter the cage again. She was now telling fortunes and calling herself a "mentalist."

WORSE than that, Uncle Tom tried to persuade Zarna not to marry Jason at all.

"You don't know what you're doin', my dear," he pleaded. "You wont last out the first month on a farm. I know you and I know farms. And that man you're marryin'—"

Zarna put up her hand: "Easy does it, Uncle Tom. You know I love you, but there's one thing I can't take off'm even you, and that is—"

"I'm not sayin' anything against him as a man, or as a farmer. I don't misdoubt but what he's the finest man and farmer in this whole State; but the better farmer he is, the more he wont do for a husband for you!

"Can't you see? You're wore out with the rain and the bad business, and the carnival is an old story to you, and the farm's a new one, and it's spring—and even a swamp is lovely in the spring. But the hot summer, the mournful fall, the long icy winter, the stoopidity of it—it'll drive you mad. The loneliness will eat your heart out.

"I had a farm—inherited a big one and no mortgage on it. I could have done well, too, but I couldn't stand it. I'd rather go broke and clean out hyena cages than live on a farm. The carnival's in your blood, Zarna."

"Yeah, just like typhoid germs. I had those too. But I got 'em out. And if you counted the carnival germs in my blood now, they wouldn't come up to the amount of dollars you had in your house last night, and that's nothin' to write home about."

"Ah, Zarny, take the 'dvice of an older man than you are, and—"

"Please, Uncle Tom, you fired me, and I'm goin' to stay fired."

"You know I didn't mean that. It was just my terrible temper. You stay with us and keep along with Harry Querl like you've done so long."

Zarna's muscles tautened at that name, but Uncle Tom pleaded:

"I know you've had a spat. But Lord, what's a spat? Harry's hasty, but a nicer lad never lived. You don't want to break his heart."

"Heart!" laughed Zarna. "Don't make me laugh. Why, he was so drunk last night that even the high dive didn't sober him. And he was out with that hula hopper, that Hawaiian beauty from Schenectady. He's so crazy about her he don't know me from a catfish."

"Ah, Zarna, you know it's love of you that drove him to liquor and to that girl. I'll fire her this minute if you'll stay. I'll have to fire her anyway, if she don't let Harry alone. He's not responsible without you."

Zarna shook her head. She was in a mood of loathing contempt for Harry Querl, so bitter that she forgot how often she had been in this same mood and come out of it and forgotten it. She thanked Uncle Tom, but she was not to be dissuaded from the match. He stared down at her with sorrow and mumbled:

"All right, Zarny, but just remember two things: you'll soon be wishin' you was back with us in the worst bloomer we ever had. And when you're sorriest, remember that as long as your Uncle Tom has a show, he's got a job waitin' for you."

She had to throw her arms around him

Though smiles reveal glistening teeth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

***Pyorrhea, Ignoring Teeth and Attacking Gums, Takes 4 out of 5 As Its Victims**

EVERY time you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for the purpose—Forhan's for the Gums. For only proper care of the gums will preserve teeth and safeguard health against the attack of dread Pyorrhea.

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See your dentist at least once every six months, and start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night.

Results Will Delight You

After using this dentifrice for a few days you will notice a distinct improvement in the health and appearance of your gums. They will be firmer, healthier and more youthful. As you know, Pyorrhea and other dread diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, your teeth will be cleaner and whiter. For without the use of harsh abrasives Forhan's cleans teeth and protects them from acids which cause decay.

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Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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FRIENDS coming for the week-end . . . or an evening of bridge . . . clean towels in the bathroom . . . fresh soap. . . . Oh! If that toilet were not so stained and discolored. Sani-Flush can clean it . . . almost in a moment make it sparkle!

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for that, and cry a little into his upper waistcoat pocket. She went through her turn that afternoon and the next and Friday also, and none of her public could tell from Querl's ballyhoo that he did not think her the loveliest thing that ever dived, or that she had anything but the highest respect for him.

She noted that he never took his eyes off her while she was doing her work, but she could not see how his eyes worshiped her. All she knew was that every time he spoke to her off the platform he knifed her with a sarcasm or with a eulogy of his hula queen.

Saturday morning at eleven she stole away unnoticed, crawled under the canvas behind a cage, and met Jason secretly where he waited in a hired car.

She saw at once that his right hand was bandaged and taped, and cried out in anxiety.

"It's nothin'," he laughed. "The Midfield paper had a story in it about us gettin' married, and the editor tried to be funny about it, so I went in and told him he was so funny the first time he needn't ever be funny about me again. He had buck teeth, kind of, very prominunt—they're not so prominunt now. It was nothin'—just a little fun."

Zarna's heart sank. "Oh, my darling, you're fighting again for me! The people in your town don't want me there. You don't want me there! Let me go. I don't want to ruin your life."

"Don't you?"

"No, no!"

"Then don't talk about anything except our gettin' married. Maybe I'll ruin yours. I'm goin' to try not to, but one thing's sure, if you leave me now—well, you just can't, that's all."

"No, I can't. God help me, I love you, God help you!"

Chapter Thirteen

AT best there is an element of suspense in any marriage, but the union of Zarna and Jason contained the promise of unusual dangers. Still, neither of them was afraid of life, and in a lottery any two tickets have as good a chance for a prize as any other two.

"There's a justice of the peace within walkin' distance," said Jason.

"Married by a J. P., eh?" thought Zarna, but did not mention the thud in her heart. She had never been truly religious; yet there had lurked in her soul the longing for the elaborate ceremony that is the dream of nearly all women and the nightmare of nearly all men.

Her bridal initiation was beginning with a decided slump. Still, perhaps it was best to begin with the worst and ascend from that, rather than dive from the top to the bottom.

Nothing could have been less romantic than the officer of the law who ratified their contract, a fat and boozy harnessmaker in shirt-sleeves, who had to call in as witnesses a wife and daughter who were the worst possible testimonials to the advantages of wedded bliss.

"By vircher of th'orthoraty vested in me by the lor I naow pernaunce you man 'n' wahf," he intoned at last. . . . .

It infuriated Jason to have to leave his bride at the rear entrance to the carnival and see her sneak under the tent to her dressing-room while he slunk away as if there were something illicit about their acquaintance. But Zarna had warned him that they must either marry secretly or in a fanfare of publicity. He ate a dismal dinner at a fly-rendezvous and wandered about in such loneliness that after he had performed a few pre-marital chores, he was driven to the desperate step of attending the carnival.

A huge Saturday afternoon crowd had gathered as if to make Zarna's farewell appearance all the more glittering in her memory; and she was strangely troubled about many things as she stood behind the canvas flap with Susanne and heard Harry Querl intone her praises. She could imagine that he was troubled too.

She did not know that Jason was also in the mob, listening with curiously different emotions to what he had heard with such indifference on his first visit to his first carnival:

"Yew-nee-versally concedid to be the most gracefill, be-yeau-ti-fool and a-jyle di-vaire that ever plunged the hee-u-min form in wataire! Zarna, lovely Zarna, the diving belle, favoryte of princis and potintates. Brought to Newton at enormis expense, she—" And so on and on.

JASON wondered what the princes and potentates would think of her now if they could know she was only a farmer's wife.

When she strutted her stuff in her gaudy Spanish shawl, he could hardly believe that he had ever seen her before. She must be some changeling. When she set her fist on one hip and cried "Olá!" it was not her voice he heard.

When Querl brought in his stale pun about her diving costume being "nautical—I said nautical, *not* naughty," Jason's fists clenched of themselves.

When Zarna threw her arms apart and exposed to the mob her white flesh, and almost all of it, he felt a tempest of wrath surge up in him. Yet he was enraged when he heard his own thought spoken aloud: "The shameless hussy! The police ought to arrest the disgraceful creature!"

But next he heard approval that was even less acceptable:

"Wow! What a bebby!"

"Hey, Zarna, where you swimmin' next Toosd'y night?"

They were eying her with such greed that they did not even see the murderous look Jason gave them. Furious as he was, he realized that he must not start a public brawl over his wife, but he had to leave the accursed place.

After hours of idle meandering and a lonesome supper in another dreary restaurant, he was drawn back to the carnival for a final torment.

Jason had to stand at the rear of a crowd in the tent, and only his height enabled him to see the tank. When Zarna came forth, there was an enchantment of distance about her. She was almost elfin in her remoteness, and appropriate to the poetry the old man was chanting.

Jason felt that he had gained a heavenly being for his own, and wondered how long he could keep her, wondered if he had any right to steal her from the light and hide her under his own plain bushel basket. Every time that Zarna climbed out of the tank, drops of radiant water slid down along her everywhere, and he wondered if there were not some of her own tears among them. There were.

After she had run through the whole catalogue of her feats, the people were still reluctant to let her go. Jason muttered to himself triumphantly: "You can't have her any more. She's mine now."

At last she was gone for good, and Querl was up there exploiting himself, and he also was small and far away. Jason left the tent, forced his way out through the incoming tide, and sought a man with an automobile to rent.

IT was not easy to find a closed car in which the driver was shut off from the passengers. These Newton people evidently had little need for privacy. But Jason had an overwhelming need of it.

He haggled with the driver over the price he would charge to carry him and a lady

to the next town, Westville, where Jason had arranged by telephone for the "bridal suit" at the best hotel.

Creeping close to the tent, Jason lurked there until a hand thrust out a suitcase and Zarna scrambled out under the uplifted canvas. She was startled a little to find Jason, and she was as shapeless a mass of clothes as she had been lately a shapely precision of flesh.

Jason caught her in his arms and hugged her hard, then hurried with her into the cab and told the driver, "All right!" And nothing had ever been so right to him as diving into the dark and finding himself alone with Zarna. He felt for the first time that she was his own. He was at home with her.

After the first rapture of the elopement Zarna was profoundly depressed by the peculiar woe that envelops a public performer when the bright lights are quenched, and she could no longer rise to Jason's sense of triumph. It pleased her to be able to render any man so frantic, yet it frightened her too.

As the car gained speed and struck out into the black roads of the country, she felt an impulse to call for help, for rescue. She was being carried off to some strange retreat by some strange being whom she had loved as a simple, awkward, timid giant; but as the car drew into Westville, the few lights gave her a sense of security. There were people about, and her phobia was the reverse of crowd-fear. She tried to laugh at herself for her hysterical panic.

THE car stopped at a dark hotel, an old-fashioned small-town hotel for farmers and such traveling men as carried cheap lines. In the office there was a dim light.

Inside the lobby they were greeted by a snore. A young man who had started to clean out the office had dropped his broom and mop and spilled himself all over a chair.

Jason was full of cyclopean mischief tonight and it delighted him to steal up on the sleeper and snatch his higher foot to the floor. He woke gasping and startled.

"You think you're funny, don't you?"

"You got a reservation for J. Brafford and wife?"

The clerk staggered behind the desk, took a key from the rack and came out yawning. It amused Jason to hang a suitcase on each of the clerk's hands and hold Zarna back till the youth had mounted the stairs and vanished to the right.

Then Jason startled Zarna. He whipped her into the air, tossed her to his shoulder, seated her there, and ran up, three steps in a stride.

Jason set her on her feet at the top of the stairs and marched with mock solemnity to where the clerk stood dozing at an open door. He had set the baggage down inside and turned on the light. Jason gave him a quarter, and even that did not waken him. But he shuffled down the hall.

Zarna stared into a murky cave and went in, whipped dumb, and trying to be brave as Jason closed the door and turned the key with a click.

CHURCH bells woke Zarna. The bronze voices of the denominations warred with one another a long while before she could lift her heavy eyelids from her somber eyes. Before their lashes were disengaged, she saw through them a strange man staring at her.

She sat up with a start. Then she remembered: he was her husband.

Slouched in a chair reading the comic supplement of a Sunday morning paper, he beamed across the crudely colored pages.

"Hello, Lazy-bones! Goin' to sleep all day? I been up for hours an' hours. Had my breakfast a'ready. Went down and had it in the din'-room while you snoozed. But don't worry. I took the key with me so's nobody could bust in on you."

She gave him a puzzling look and said:

SOMEHOW a gift of the Mi Choice Package seems to add a subtle perfection to the ceremonial we call Easter. The formal beauty of the package, the smooth chocolate coatings — the surprise fillings all convey the good taste of the giver.

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Send for "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

"What key do I have to keep *you* from bustin' in on me?"

He stared at her uncomprehendingly, then guffawed with laughter.

"Gosh, but you do say the funniest things! I thought it'd be all right, though, to let you have your sleep out, being as it's Sunday. But I never could seem to sleep late, Sundays or holidays, sick or well. No old rooster has to call me. Moe says I call the roosters! Seems as if I could feel the daylight a hundred miles away, and I'm wide awake just as the old sun begins kind of twitchin' at the blindfold, like."

Very interesting, thought Zarna grimly, and she did not return his smile. She loved to see the sun rise as well as anybody, but she believed that it should put a red seal on a beautiful blue night, not serve as an alarm-clock for a busy day. She groaned to think she had attached herself for life to a man who would not only go to bed with the chickens but bounce out of it with them.

He had called her "Lazy-bones" amiably enough now, but how long would he smile when he said it? Well, he might as well learn once for all that her ways were hers as much as his were his.

She fell back with a sigh, drew the covers over one high shoulder and in its shadow closed her eyes. Then she heard him chuckle, and throw down the paper. She heard the chair creak as he lifted his crushing weight from it, heard him chuckle:

"Don't want to get up, eh? Well, I don't mind."

"I'll get up!" she said hastily.

SHE persuaded him to have breakfast brought up to the room; so he had to go downstairs to arrange for this violation of the hotel rules which were posted conspicuously on the door: "Breakfast 6 to 8 A. M.—Sundays 7 to 9 A. M."

Seated at the sunlit table and seen across the coffee-cups and oranges, Zarna found Jason once more the man she had known.

He fell on his knees by her chair and begged her to love him. She put her arms about him and pressed his head to her bosom and called him her "baby."

After the waiter had carried out the tray they sat by the hotel window looking out on the quiet Sabbath of the streets. The coarse lace curtains made patterns of shadow on her arms and face as she sat in his lap. By and by the people began to drift home from church, and Jason and Zarna talked about church-going. She had never been compelled to go and he had, so neither of them went now. After a long silence, he asked her:

"What you thinkin', Zarny?"

"I thought you were goin' to call me Millie."

"Really want me to? Well, what you thinkin', Millie, then?"

"I'm thinking that 'Millie' would be a good name for you to call me all the time, because it will help people to forget that I am—I was—Zarna. Seeing all those folks dribblin' home so peaceable from their churches, you'd never imagine how furious they always get at us carnival people. But that's the way I know 'em. I was thinkin' what a lot of trouble you're bringin' on yourself by takin' me home."

"Trouble? You! I'm takin' heaven home."

"Many's the man that thought he was takin' heaven home and found out it was hell. Did you ever stop to think, what a lot of talk you're goin' to start in Midfield? You're goin' to be criticized nearly as harsh as I'll be, and that will be some criticizin'! Oh, boy, but the cats are sharpening their claws. I can hear 'em from here."

"Let anybody say a word against you, and—well, they'll answer to me, that's all."

"They'll answer all right. Use your imagination, Jason, and try to figure out what you're running into. . . . . How we goin' home? How do you get there?"

"We take the three o'clock train; it's due in about five; and I'll hire a car at the depot to take us out."

"We got to land at that station and ride through all those streets?"

"Why not?"

"Don't you remember the way they stared and pointed the other times?"

"I'll wring their necks for 'em!"

"You can't wring all the necks in Midfield, especially all the old hens. Isn't there some way we could slip into the farm by the back door, kind of?"

"Well, we could get off at the station just this side of Midfield—Northfield, it's called—and drive over from there; but do you suppose I'd sneak back home with you, when I'm so proud of you?"

"After makin' all my entrances behind a brass band and a ballyhoo, believe me, Mamma would relish a quiet sneak-in more than anything she can think of just now. Nobody is goin' to sell tickets to see us—it's just you and me goin' home, isn't it? Well, then, let's get off at Northfield."

So they did. The station was closed for Sunday, and Jason had no little trouble persuading a villager to drive him and his wife to the Brafford place.

The car was rickety and the road still ailing from the cloudburst, but Zarna said:

"The sky's nice."

It was blue, and herds of white clouds were asleep in it.

"The fields are nice, too," she cried. "You can almost hear things growin'. The crops go right on growin' just as if it wasn't Sunday, don't they?"

"Some Sundays," said Jason.

NOBODY expected them at the farm and Jason noted that Delia, who should have been with Rita, was out in a pasture trying to learn to ride a horse bareback and astraddle, to the high entertainment of Moe, who was pinching her leg as usual and eliciting her usual squeals.

From her high vantage point Delia caught sight of Jason and Zarna driving in and she gave such a start that the horse gave another and she slid off over its tail. Which brought whoops of delight from Moe, until she made him understand.

She had to limp in and change her dress before she could make her appearance.

As Jason led Zarna into the house, Rita recognized both their steps on the porch and cried out to them wildly.

Instead of running to her as usual, Jason held the door wide and let Zarna step in under his high arm, then dropped it round her and approached the cradle.

"Are you married?" cried Rita.

Jason nodded.

"Ooh—then I got the wish I didn't dare to wish!"

She flung out her little arms and tried to gather in the two leaning over the bar of her cradle. She kissed them both again and again, and they were all as happy at that moment as any other three on earth perhaps.

The next installment of Mr. Hughes' extraordinary novel develops a situation of unusual interest. Watch for it in our forthcoming April issue.

Ida M. Evans

She began her literary career in the pages of this magazine, and her stories have for years been special favorites. You may look forward to one of her best in an early issue, under the title—

"The Night-club Hostess"

A box of candy for *her* and let your tooth paste pay for it

What an agreeable surprise to find that Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c saves you $3 per year as compared to 50c dentifrices. Spend the saving as you please. Candy is one suggestion. Flowers, another.

Try this great dentifrice at 25 cents

IT doesn't take long to discover that among tooth pastes this new one is a great value. Merit makes itself known almost instantly.

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If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste we urge you to do so. Compare it with any and judge by results alone. Note how swiftly—and how safely—it cleans. Note how little brushing is necessary.

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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Two Sets or Three?

Lucky is the baby born of the modern, intelligent mother. While she dreams that her child will be a great man, perhaps President of the United States, she studies and plans for his health.

ONE of the things this modern mother found out is that teeth, so vital to well-being, begin to form before birth. And that in order to give her baby good teeth her own diet must consist largely of eggs, fresh vegetables, fruits, whole-grain cereals and milk.

The first set of baby teeth is very important in its effect upon the second set and should be given the greatest care. When one of the little teeth is lost, before nature is ready to send out its successor, the shape of the jaw is likely to change in such a way that the second teeth will be crowded and come in unevenly.

Especial attention must be paid to the double molars of the temporary set. By good dentistry, these should be made to last until the tenth or eleventh year. And so, when her child is only four years old—hardly more than a baby—and thereafter every six months, the modern mother takes him to her dentist.

The first permanent teeth are called the six-year molars because they come in at about the sixth year. They appear behind the two temporary molars, and can easily be distinguished by counting the double teeth on each side. If there are three double teeth in a row the back one is the permanent one.

These first permanent molars are the keystone of the dental arch and govern the position of all the later teeth. Coming in as they do in a mouth full of temporary teeth, they are frequently neglected and sometimes extracted as part of the baby set.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are built by food—like every other part of the body. First in importance comes the food the mother eats before her baby is born, then the food she gives him through babyhood, and finally the food that he selects for himself. Teeth are living parts of the body and need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Lucky is the baby whose mother has determined that he shall have such fine first and second sets of teeth that he will never need an artificial set.

Your Doctor will tell you

Poison from tooth infection may damage vital organs, may cause eye, nerve, or joint trouble, rheumatism, headache, or any one of a long list of serious ailments.

The expert dentist of today employs much of the wisdom of medical science; he uses real engineering skill and his work is often touched by the grace of artistry.

If teeth are lost, artificial substitutes can usually be made which will insure comfort, good appearance and efficient service. Without the latter, good digestion and therefore good health are impossible.

A famous physician once made the statement "Bad teeth are the most common cause of physical breakdown".

Health scientists warn us that teeth should be watched not from the outside alone, but from the inside as well and that a tooth which has never ached nor shown decay may yet hide unsuspected poison. Dentists use x-ray photographs to tell the story. If the x-rays show poison at the root that cannot be dislodged by treatment, perhaps the tooth should be extracted.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail its booklet, "Good teeth, how to get them and keep them," to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet No. 39-R.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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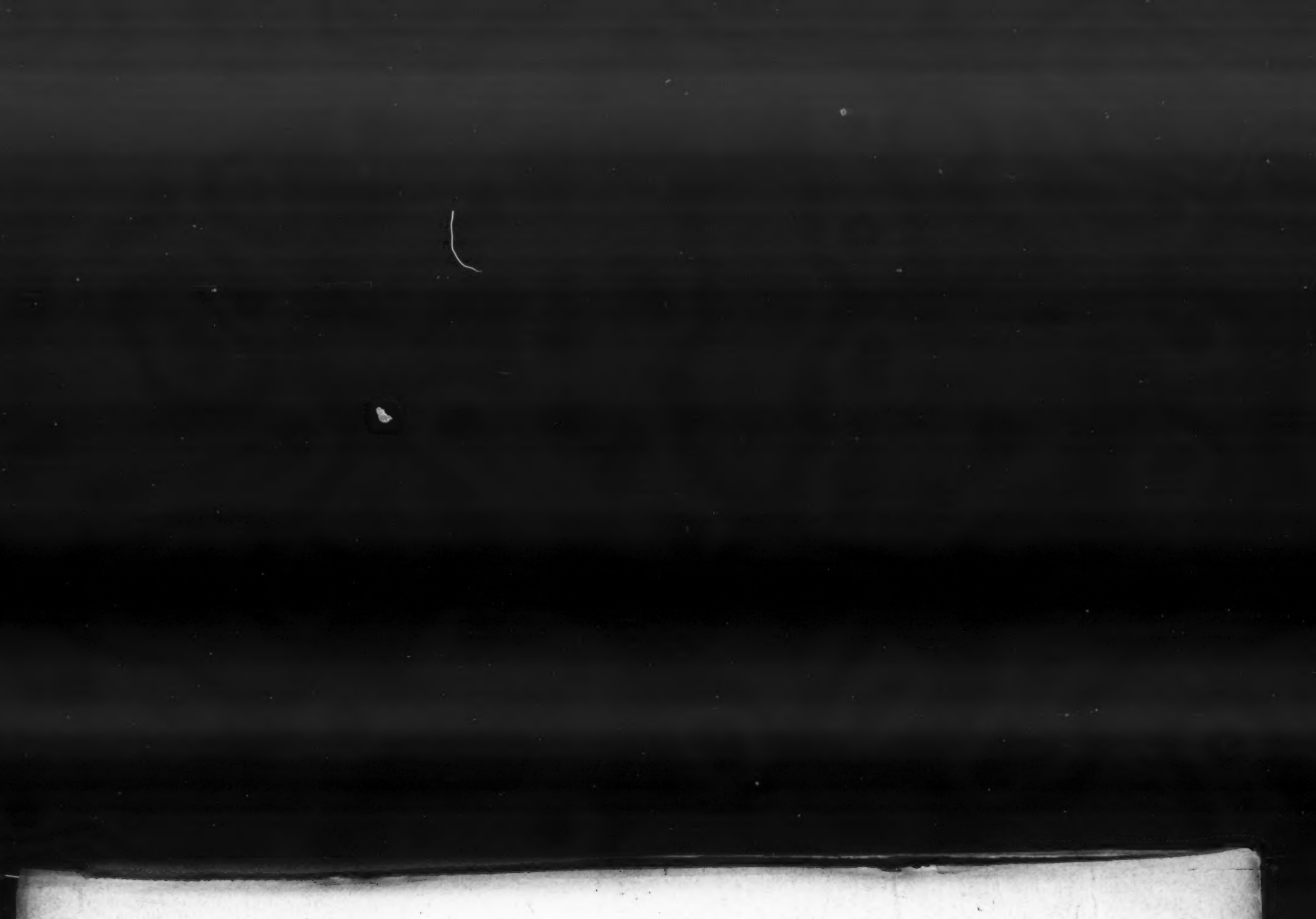

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